THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded nj. Franklin

AUG. 28, '09

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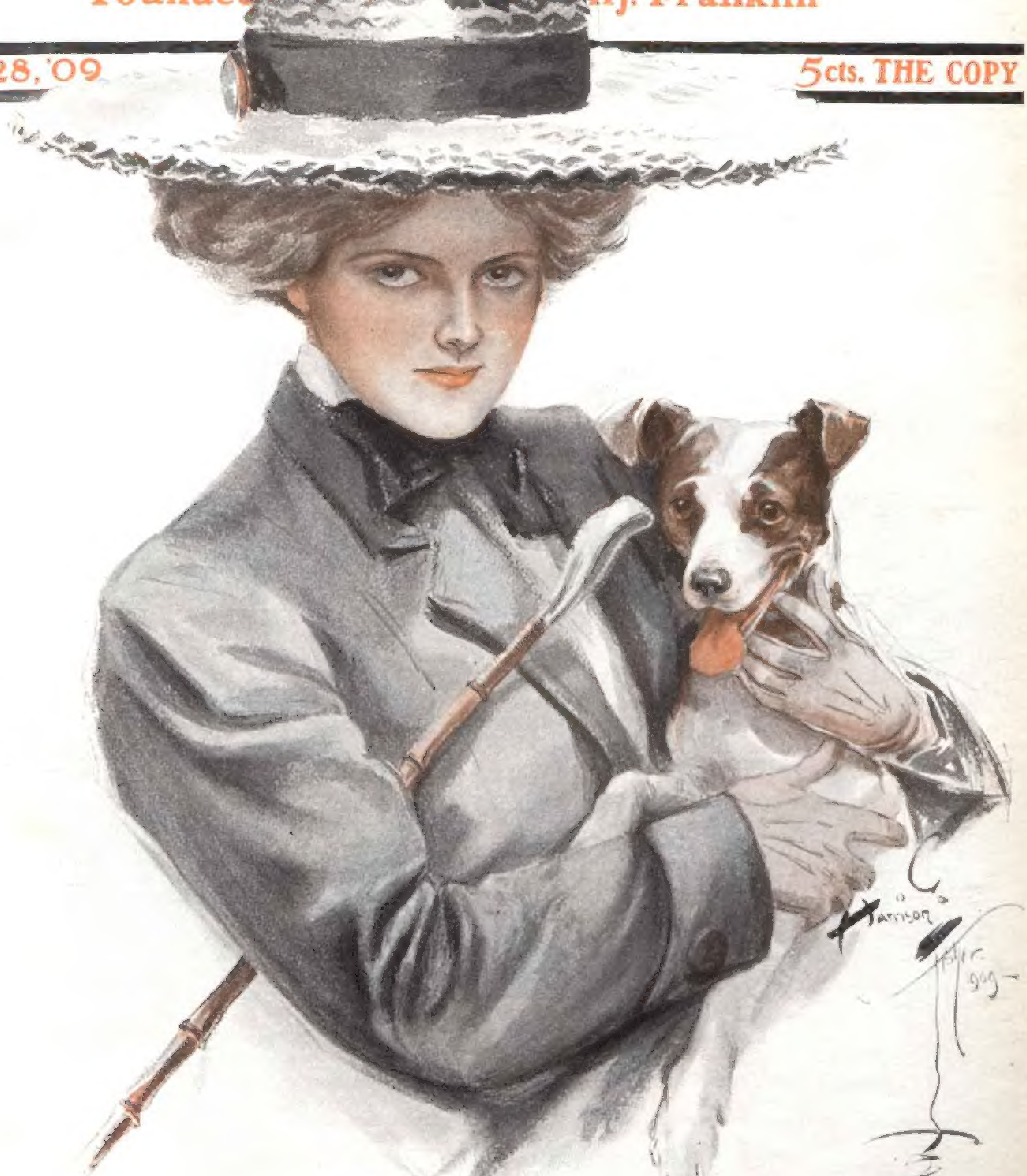
Harrison Fisher
1909

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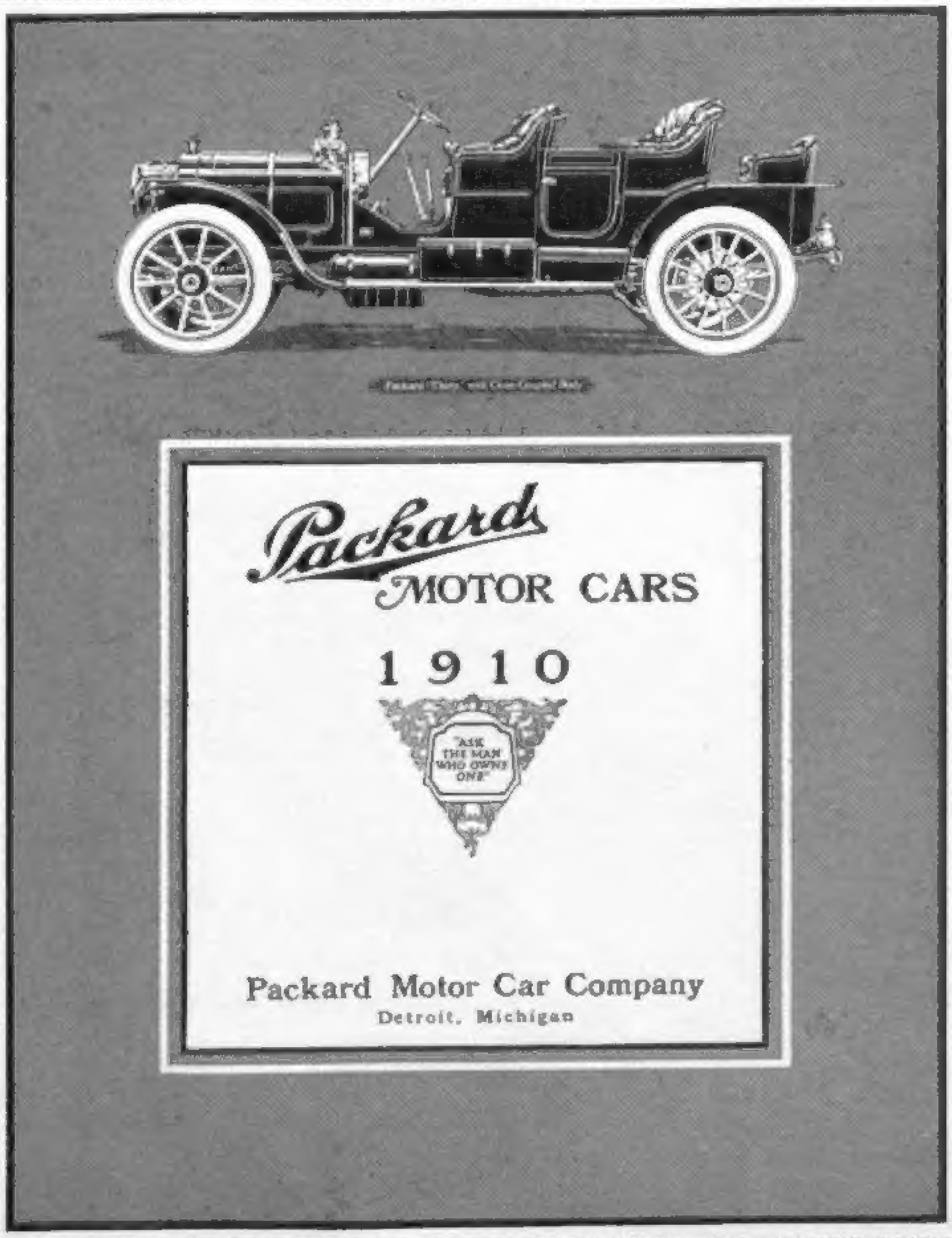

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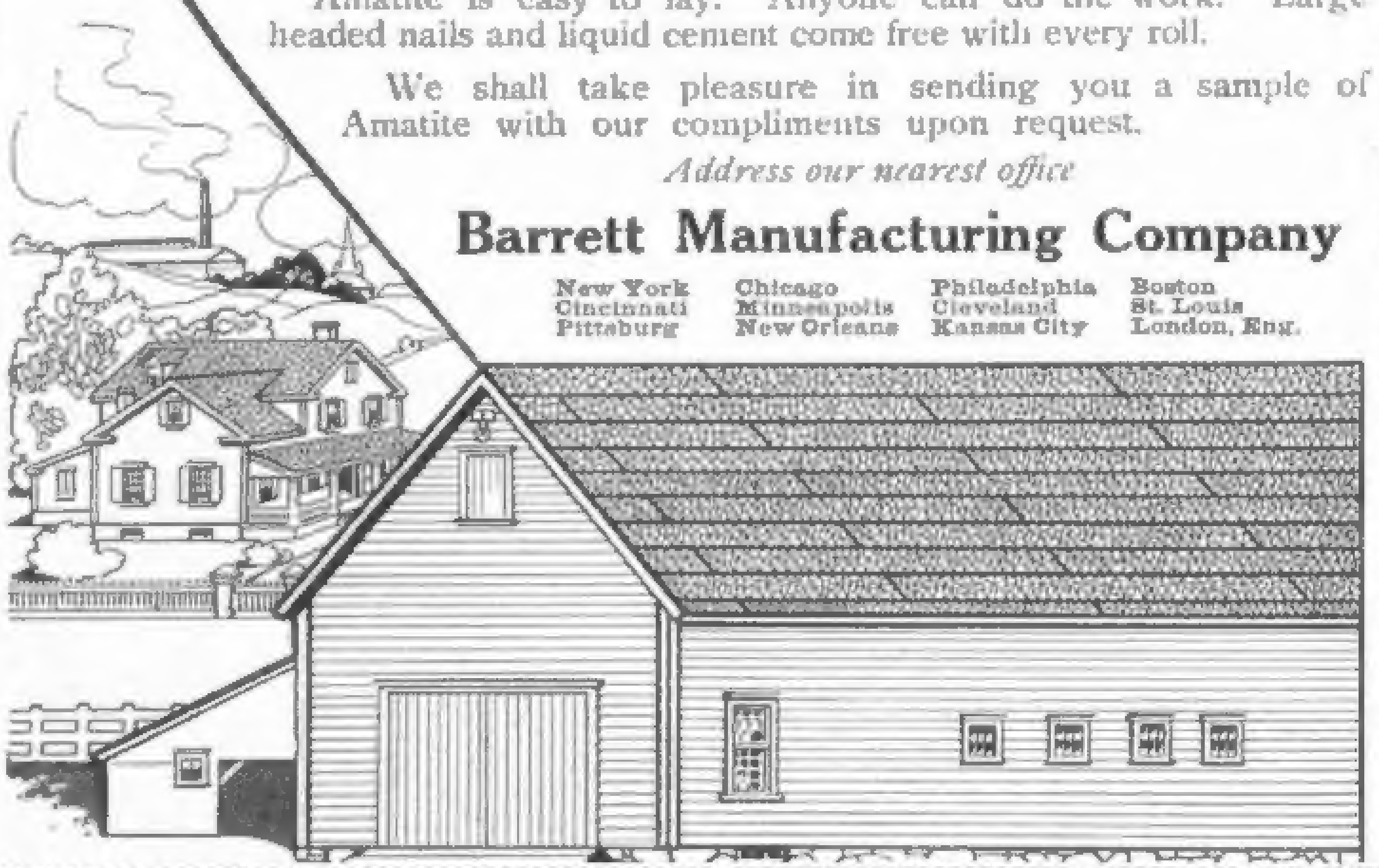

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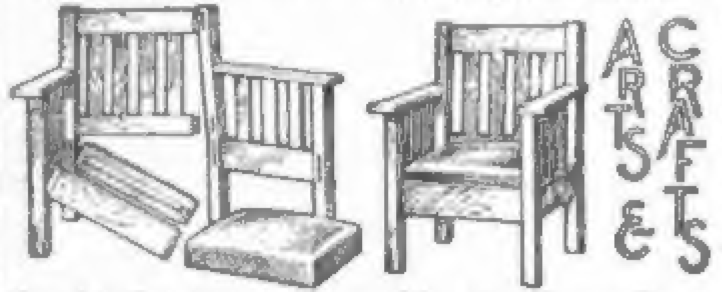

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Table of contents free.
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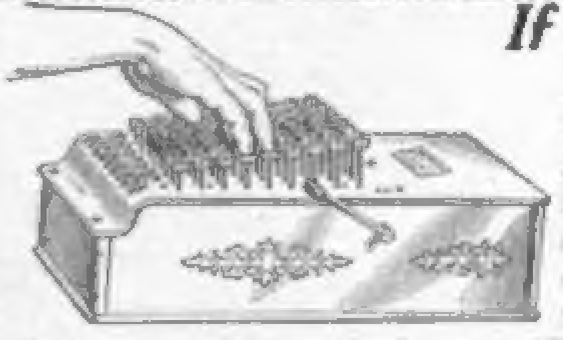

If you could only add a column

of figures with absolute accuracy in one-half the time that you now can; if you could multiply accurately six times as fast as you now can or divide accurately four times as fast as you now can, wouldn't it mean something to you? How much would it mean in your office? Wouldn't your value to your employer be tremendously increased? Just suppose, for instance, that you could extend your office bills and figure the discounts on them, as well as the incoming bills at a saving of one-half. What would that mean in your office?

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I Want to Make You a Present, Madam—A White Porcelain Patent Drip Coffee Pot

holding 2 quarts given without cost to you

—and here's the reason. A good cup of coffee is the most essential feature of a satisfying breakfast; and the making of the coffee is a most essential part of a good cup of coffee.

I want to prove to you that my **Blanke's "Faust Blend"** and **"Grant Cabin"** Coffees are absolutely the **best** that have ever graced your breakfast table—yet I cannot personally come to your kitchen and show you just how to make the most delicious coffee you ever tasted. That's why I want to send you my special representative—my new patent 2-quart White Porcelain Drip Coffee Pot.

I want friends at your breakfast table and I am confident that if I can only persuade you to try my **Blanke's "Faust Blend"** or my **Blanke's "Grant Cabin"** Coffee I shall have friends at your breakfast table and you will at last learn how really good, good coffee can really be. You will then be convinced that the name

Blanke On Coffee is a Guarantee of Cup Quality

Cup Quality is only attainable when the selection, roasting, blending and packing are done by one who "knows how."

It takes years of experience to get the "know how" and I doubt if any other man that ever lived has given as much deep study or as much of his personal time to the perfecting of "cup quality" coffee as I have.

I personally superintend every detail in the production of Blanke's Celebrated Coffees—the selection of the coffee berry—the roasting and blending of the coffee. As a result I have unbounded confidence in the drinking qualities of my coffee and because I have this unbounded confidence, I am willing to make you a present of one of my new patent Drip Coffee Pots with your first purchase of my **Blanke's "Faust Blend"** or **"Grant Cabin"** Coffee, that you may enjoy the best coffee you have ever tasted.

"Faust Blend" is my special pride—originally created exclusively for the world-famed Faust Café, with whom it was not a question of price but of "cup quality." Finally I persuaded Mr. Faust to permit me to market this blend as **"Faust Blend."** When you buy **"Faust Blend"** you know that you are getting the very best "cup quality" coffee possible to produce.

Many prefer my **"Grant Cabin"** Blend—it is a little cheaper in price than the **"Faust Blend"** and a close second in quality. It also has that delicious "cup flavor" which makes it very popular among competent judges.

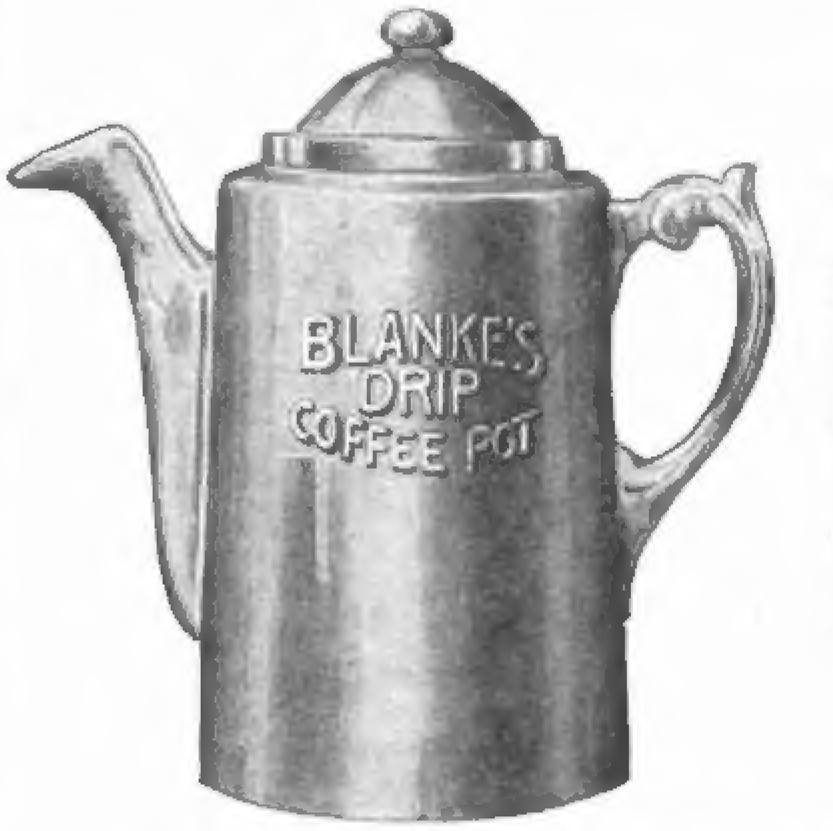
As soon as roasted—while yet warm—my **"Faust Blend"** and **"Grant Cabin"** coffees are put in air-tight, tin packages, not only to retain all the original, appetizing and delicious aroma of the coffee, but to keep it free from contaminating odors—that's the way you buy them.

This is the Coffee which was Awarded First Prize at 3 Great World's Fairs

Drip coffee is a most delightful beverage—to make delicious drip coffee you must have the right kind of a coffee pot. I found that out long ago and I searched everywhere for a coffee pot that would meet my requirements and found to my amazement that such a coffee pot was not made and apparently had not even been thought of.

When I found I was obliged to design a coffee pot I made it of porcelain, determined to put on the market at least one absolutely sanitary coffee pot—one that would preserve all the original, delicate flavor and aroma of my **Blanke's Coffees,** unspoiled and uncontaminated.

My new Drip Coffee Pot is absolutely scientific and sanitary. I want you to have one of these coffee pots and in it I want you to try my **"Faust Blend"** and my **"Grant Cabin"** Coffee, because I am absolutely certain that in one of these brands of coffee you will find the "cup quality" which will make lasting friends for me at your breakfast table.



Here's the Coupon You Must Use to Get My New 2-Quart Porcelain Drip Coffee Pot FREE

Cut it out, mail to us, and by return mail we will send you a "Certificate Order" on your dealer good for one of my Patent Sanitary White Porcelain Drip Coffee Pots to be delivered free with your first purchase of one can each of the "**Faust Blend**" and "**Grant Cabin**" coffees at $1.00 for each can.

Each can of the "**Faust Blend**" contains 2 lbs. 7 oz., of the best coffee the world produces, and each can of "**Grant Cabin**" 3 lbs. of the best 35c per pound coffee the market affords.

C. F. Blanke, Pres., C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir: I am interested in good coffee and desire to try your coffee and secure one of your 2-quart Drip Coffee Pots. Please send me "Certificate Order" on my dealer, so that I may secure a pot with my first purchase of $2.00 worth of your coffee as per offer in this advertisement.

My Dealer's Name ....

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City .... *State* ....

I Will Send My Silent Salesman

absolutely without cost to every grocer who asks for it

Now, Mr. Grocer!

I Want to Talk to YOU

The undoubted confidence I have in the "Cup Quality" of my coffee—the confidence which justifies my making a present of an ideal coffee pot to each new purchaser of my coffee, with which to prove how good my coffee really is—this confidence prompts me to invite you to participate in my "**Special 60-Day Guaranteed Sale Offer.**"

That means that upon your request I will send you, without charge, **My Silent Salesman.** It is a handsome metal easel display stand over 6 feet high by 3½ feet wide, with castors, and is an ornament on the floor of any grocery store. With it I will send a $60.00 assortment of Blanke's Coffees, wholesale prices, including $10 worth of teas (the tea can be omitted if you desire) f. o. b. your city, (if West of Denver I will allow freight to Denver).

My confidence in my entire line as business producers is so great that I am willing to send you this stand, the coffee and tea, in accordance with my "**60-Day Guaranteed Sale Plan**" which means that you will receive my personal written agreement and the agreement of my company, that any of the $60 order of Blanke's coffee or tea remaining unsold at the expiration of the 60 days may be returned to me at the expense of my company.

I will put into this assortment such coffees as I know will sell and please every coffee drinker who comes into your store—popular sellers—including enough **Blanke's "Faust Blend"** and **Blanke's "Grant Cabin"** coffee, in hermetically sealed tins, to meet the demand which our aggressive advertising is sure to create.

I will also furnish you with some of my New Patent 2-quart Sanitary White Porcelain Drip Coffee Pots, without charge, which you are to use as free gifts to start new purchasers of one can each of "**Faust Blend**" and "**Grant Cabin**" coffee at a dollar for each can.

You can make as much profit selling my coffee as you can selling any other coffee when you give your customers full value for their money. The only difference is: after giving you the best coffees, I help you sell *my* coffees.

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Dealers' 60-Day Guaranteed Sale Offer Coupon

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Tea & Coffee Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir: Send me your $60 assortment (wholesale prices) of Blanke's Coffees and Teas, also your free Silent Salesman and Coffee Pots, as specified in your advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post*. I receive these goods with the express understanding that any remaining unsold at the expiration of 60 days may be returned to you at the expense of your company.

My Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Fill Out the Coupon and Mail it To-day

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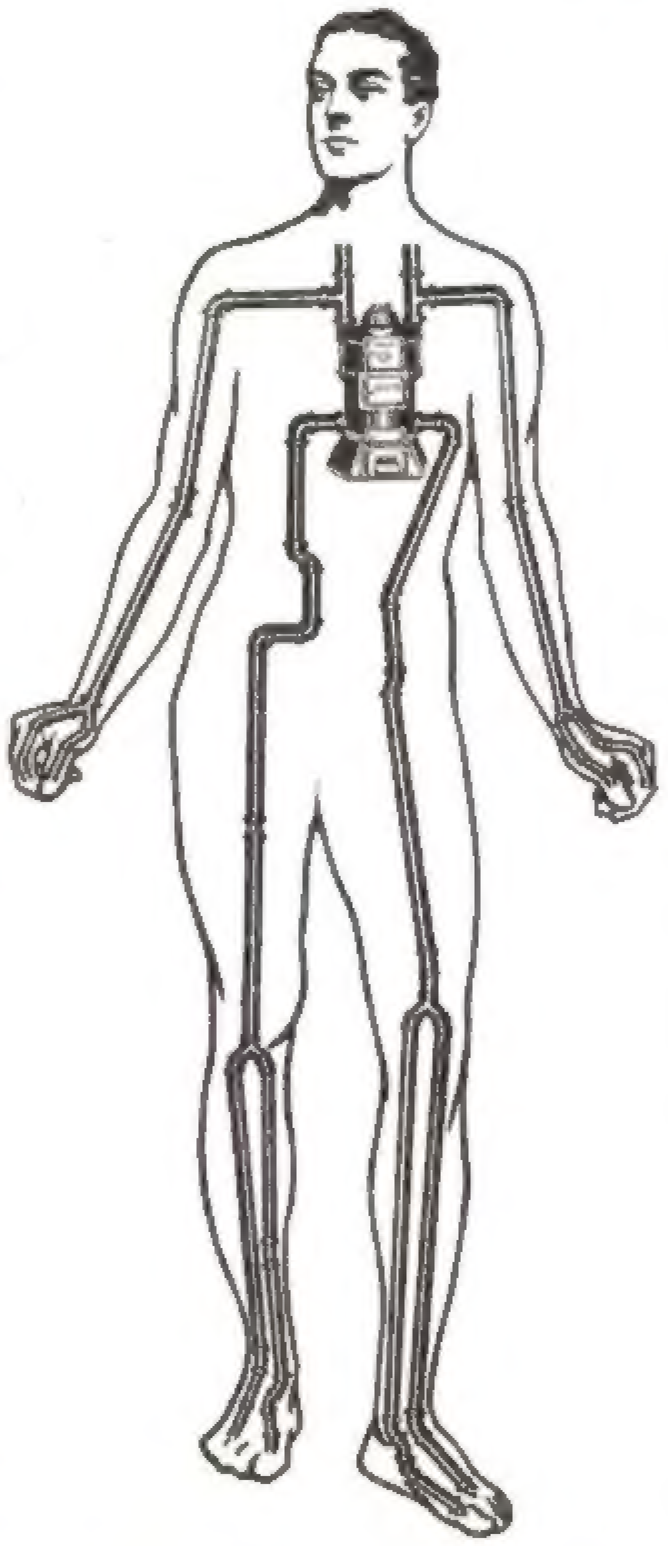

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will keep your rooms as accurately at 72 degrees as the human body is kept at the temperature of $98\frac{3}{5}$ degrees. Why not heat your building as nature heats your body? It's the least expense, with least care, and is the most healthful known—that is why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are used exclusively in hospitals, sanitariums, greenhouses, laboratories, barracks, palatial homes, etc.

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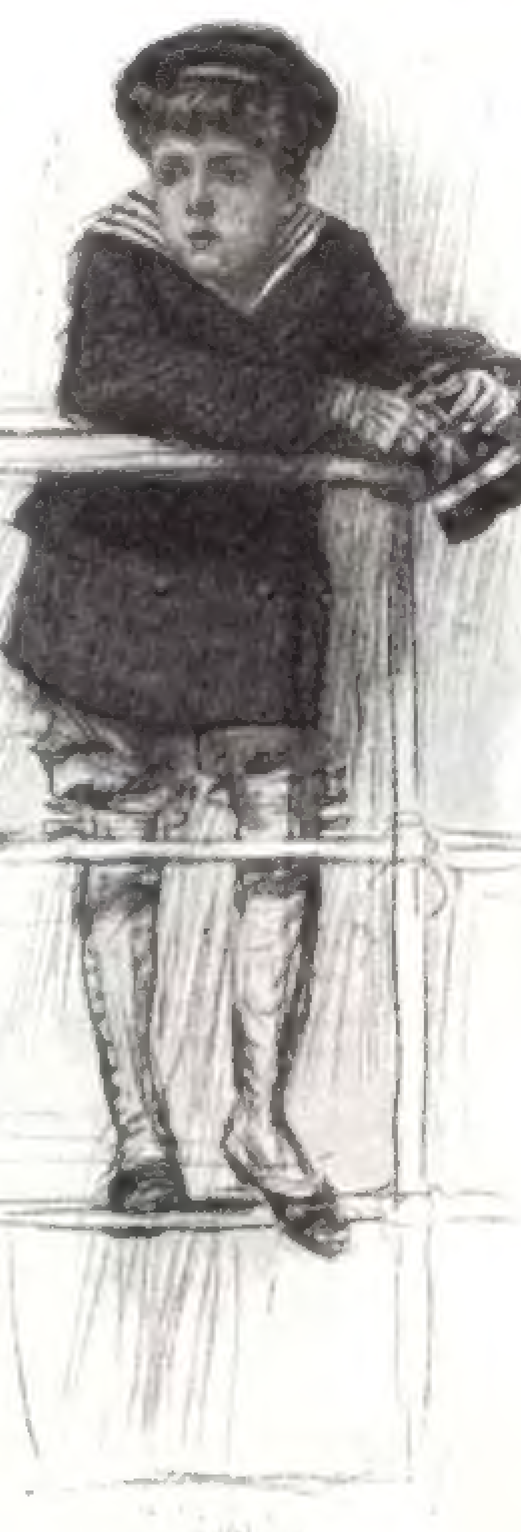
THE SPREAD EAGLE

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

IN HIS extreme youth the adulation of all with whom he came in contact was not a cross to Fitzhugh Williams. It was the fear of expatriation that darkened his soul. From the age of five to the age of fourteen he was dragged about Europe by the hair of his head. I use his own subsequent expression. His father wanted him to be a good American; his mother wanted him to be a polite American. And to be polite, in her mind, was to be at home in French and German, to speak English (or American) with the accent of no particular locality, to know famous pictures when you saw them, and if little to be bosom friends with little dukes and duchesses and counts of the Empire, to play in the gravel gardens of St. Germain, to know French history, and to have for exercise the mild English variations of American games—cricket instead of baseball; instead of football Rugby, or, in winter, lugeing above Montreux. To luge upon a sled you sit like a timid, sheltered girl, and hold the ropes in your hand as if you were playing horse, and descend inclines; whereas, as Fitzhugh Williams well knew, in America rich boys and poor take their hills head first, lying upon the democratic tum.

It wasn't always Switzerland in winter. Now and again it was Nice or Cannes. And there you were taught by a canny Scot to hit a golf ball cunningly from a pinch of sand. But you blushed with shame the while, for in America at that time golf had not yet become a manly game, the maker young of men as good as dead, the talk of Cabinets. But there was lawn tennis also, which you might play without losing caste "at home." Fitzhugh Williams never used that term but with the one meaning. He would say, for instance, to the little Duchess of Popinjay—or one just as good—having kissed her to make up for having pushed her into her ancestral pond, "Now I am going to the house," meaning Perth House, that Mrs. Williams had taken for the season. But if he had said, "Now I am going home," the little Duchess would have known that he was going to sail away in a great ship to a strange, topsyturvy land known in her set as "the States," a kind of deep well from which people hoist gold in buckets, surrounded by Indians. Home did not mean even his father's house. Let Fitzhugh Williams but catch sight of the long, white shore of Long Island, or the Brooklyn Bridge, or the amazing Liberty, and the word fluttered up from his heart even if he spoke it not. Aye, let him but see the Fire Island lightship alone upon the deep, and up leaped the word, or the sensation, which was the same thing.



Home Did Not Mean Even His Father's House

One Fourth of July they were in Paris (you go to Paris for teagowns to wear grouse shooting in Scotland), and when his valet, scraping and bowing, informed Fitzhugh Williams, aged nine, that it was time to get up, and tub, and go forth in a white sailor suit, and be of the world worldly, Fitzhugh declined. A greater personage was summoned—Aloys, "the maid of Madame," a ravishing creature—to whom you and I, good Americans though we are, could have refused nothing. But Fitzhugh would not come out of his feather bed. And when Madame herself came, looking like a princess even at that early hour, he only pulled the bedclothes a little higher with an air of finality.

"Are you sick, Fitzhugh?"

"No, mamma."

"Why won't you get up?"

His mother at least was entitled to an explanation.

"I won't get up," said he, "because I'm an American."

"But, my dear, it's the glorious Fourth. All good Americans are up."

"All good Americans," said Fitzhugh, "are at home letting off firecrackers."

"Still," said his mother, "I think I'd get up if I were you. It's lovely out. Not hot."

"I won't get up," said Fitzhugh, "because it's the Fourth, because I'm an American, and because I have nothing but English clothes to put on."

His mother, who was the best sort in the world, though obstinate about bringing-up, and much the prettiest woman, sat down on the bed and laughed till the tears came to her eyes. Fitzhugh laughed, too. His mind being made up, it was pleasanter to laugh than to sulk.

"But," said his mother, "what's the difference? Your pajamas are English, too."

Fitzhugh's beautiful brown eyes sparkled with mischief.

"What!" exclaimed his mother. "You wretched boy, do you mean to tell me that you haven't your pajamas on?"

Fitzhugh giggled, having worsted his mother in argument, and pushed down the bedclothes a few inches, disclosing the neck and shoulders of that satiny American suit in which he had been born.

Mrs. Williams surrendered at once.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "if you feel so strongly about it I will send your man out at once to buy you some French things. They were our allies, you know."

"Thank you, mamma," said Fitz, "and if you'll give me the pad and pencil on the table I'll write to Granny."

Thus compromise was met with compromise, as is right. Fitz wrote a very short letter to Granny, and drew a very long picture of crossing the Delaware, with Nathan Hale being hanged from a gallows on the bank; and Mrs. Williams sent Benton for clothes, and wrote out a cable to her husband, a daily cable being the one thing that he who loved others to have a good time was wont to exact. "Dear Jim," ran the cable, at I forget what the rates were then per word, "I wish you were here. It's bright and beautiful; not too hot. Fitz would not get up and put on English clothes, being too patriotic. You will run over soon if you can, won't you, if only for a minute," etc., etc.

I know one thing of which the reader has not as yet got an inkling. The Williamses were rich. They were rich, passing knowledge, passing belief. Sums of which you and I dream in moments of supreme excitement would not have paid one of Mrs. Williams' cable bills; would not have supported Granny Williams' hothouses and Angora cat farm through a late spring frost. James Williams and his father before him were as magnets where money was concerned. And it is a fact of family history that once James, returning from a walk in the mud, found a dime sticking to the heel of his right boot.

Fitzhugh was the heir of all this, and that was why it was necessary for him to be superior in other ways as well. But Europeanize him as she would, he remained the son of his fathers. French history was drummed in through his ears by learned tutors, and could be made for the next few days to come out of his mouth. But he absorbed American history through the back of his head, even when there was none about to be absorbed, and that came out often, I am afraid, when people didn't especially want it to. Neither could any amount of aristocratic training and association turn the blood in his veins blue. If anybody had taken the trouble to look at a specimen of it under a microscope I believe he would have discovered a resemblance between the corpuscles thereof and the eagles that are the tails of coins; and the color of it was red—bright red. And this was proven, that time when little Lord Percy Pumps ran at Fitz, head down like a Barbadoes nigger, and butted him in the nose. The Honorable Fifi-Grey, about whom the quarrel arose, was witness to the color of that which flowed from the aforementioned nose; and witness also to the fact that during the ensuing cataclysm no blood whatever, neither blue nor red, came from Lord Percy Pumps—nothing but howls. But, alas! we may not now call upon the Honorable Fifi-Grey for testimony. She is no longer the Honorable Fifi. Quite the reverse. I had her pointed out to me last summer (she is Lady Khorset now), and my informant wriggled with pleasure and said, "Now, there is somebody."

",You mean that slim hedge-fence in lavender?" I asked.

"By jove, yes!" said he. "That's Lady Khorset, the wickedest woman in London, with the possible exception of Lady Virginia Pure—the Bicyclyste, you know."

I did know. Had I not that very morning seen in a Piccadilly window a photograph of almost all of her?

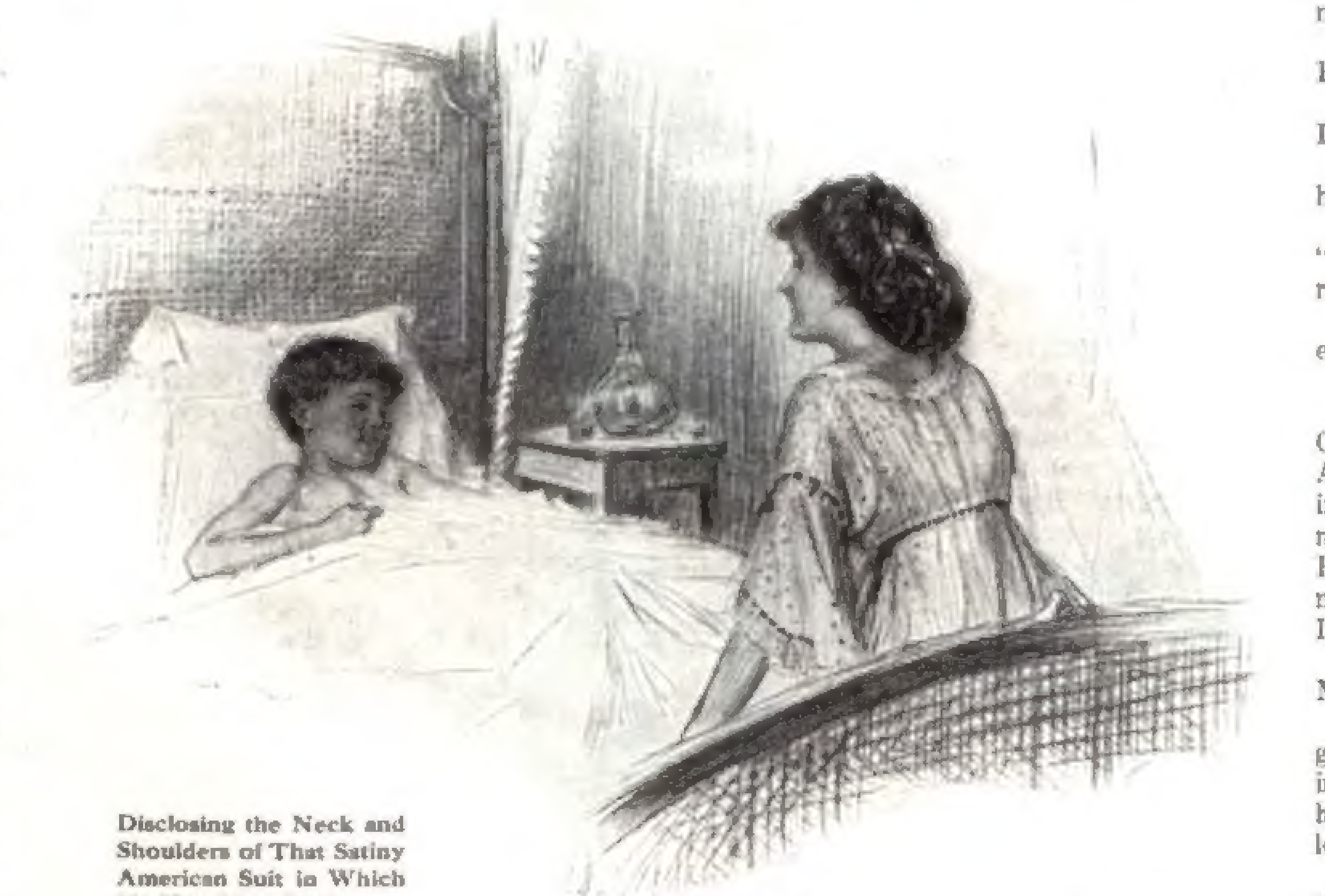
Fortunately for Fitzhugh Williams' health and sanity little children are pretty much the same all the world over, dwelling in the noble democracy of mumps, measles and whooping-cough. Little newsboys, tiny grandees, infinitesimal sons of coachmen, picayune archdukes, honorableines, marquisettes, they are all pretty much alike under their skins. And so are their sisters. Naturally your free-born American child despises a nation that does not fight with its fists. But he changes his mind when some lusty French child of his own size has given him a good beating in fair fight. And the English games have their beauties (I dare say), and we do know that they can fight—or can make the Irish and the Scots fight for them, which is just as good. And it isn't race and blue blood that keeps little Lady Clara Vere de Vere's stockings from coming down. It's garters. And they don't always do it. Point the finger of scorn at little Archibald Jamison Purdue Fitzwilliams, Updyke Wrennfeather, who will be Duke of Chepstow one day; for only last night his Lordship's noble mother rubbed his hollow chest with goose grease and tied a red flannel round his neck, and this morning his gerfalcon nose is running, as the British would have run at Waterloo had not "would-to-God-Blucher-would-come" come up.

Peace, little bootblack; others bite their nails. See yonder night garment laid out for the heir of a kingdom. It is of Canton flannel, a plain, homely thing, in one piece, buttoning ignominiously down the back, and having no apertures for the august hands and feet to come through. In vain the little king-to-be may mumble the Canton flannel with his mouth. He cannot bite his royal nails; and, hush! in the next crib a princess asleep. Why that cruel, tight cap down over her ears? It's because she *will* double them forward and lie on them, so that if something isn't done about it they will stick straight out. And you little Hebrew of Hester Street to whom life is so burdensome just now, be of good heart. Step aside with me, for I am going to mention a vulgar thing. You won't mind because you are just naturally vulgar, and are suffering from one. And I don't mind because no one will hear me say it but you, and I do it to comfort you, and will be extra fastidious afterward, to make up. Listen, then, little Hebrew, once in London town I sat in church, my kind of a church, not yours. And I saw the backs of divers royal heads. One was a child's head, a child about your age, Duke Something or other, I suppose, and I won't guarantee what was on it, but it looked to me mightily like a *ringworm*. There!

So Fitzhugh Williams was brought up among and by children, fashionable children, if you like. Snobs, many of them, but children all the same. Some good, some bad, some rough, some gentle, some loving and faithful with whom he is friends to this day, some loving and not faithful. The dangers that he ran were not from the foreign children with whom he played, fought, loved and dreamed dreams; but from foreign customs, foreign ways of doing things, foreign comfort, foreign take-the-world-easiness and all. For they *do* live better abroad than we do; they do have more amusing things to do. They eat better, drink better, smoke better, are better waited on and have more time. So Fitzhugh was in danger of these things which have hurt the Americanism of more than one American to the death, but he ran the dangerous gauntlet and came out at the other end unscathed—into the open.

He could rattle off French and German like a native; he could imitate an Englishman's intonation to perfection; and yet he came to manhood with his own honest Ohio accent untouched. And where had he learned it? Not in Ohio, surely. He had been about as much in Ohio as I have in the moon. It was in his red blood, I suppose, to speak as the men of his family spoke—less so, for his vocabulary was bigger, but plainly, straightly, honestly, and with some regard for the way in which words are spelled. So speak the men who are the backbone of liberty, each with the honest accent that he is born to. Don't you suppose that Washington himself held forth in the molten, golden tones of Virginia? Do you think Adams said *bought* and *caught?* He said *bot* and *cot*. Did Lincoln use the broad *A* at Gettysburg? I think that in the words he there spoke the A's were narrow as Heaven's gate. I think some of them struck against the base of his nose before they came out to strengthen the hearts of men, to rejoice God, and to thunder forever down the ages.

It is, of course, more elegant to speak as we New Yorkers do. Everybody knows that. And I should advise all men to cultivate the accent and intonation—all men who are at leisure to perfect themselves. But honesty compels me to state that there has never been a truly great American who spoke any speech but his own—except that superlatively great Philadelphian, Benjamin Franklin—of Boston. He didn't talk Philadelphianese. And you may cotton to that!


Disclosing the Neck and Shoulders of That Satiny American Suit in Which He Had Been Born

II

WE MUST go back to the Fourth of July. When Benton returned with the French clothes Fitzhugh Williams rose from his downy couch and bathed in cold water. He was even an eager bather in France, rejoicing in the feeling of superiority and stoicism which accompanied the pang and pain of it. But in England, where everybody bathed—or at any rate had water in their rooms and splashed and said ah! ah! and oh! oh!—he regarded the morning bath as commonplace, and had often to be bribed into it.

He now had Benton in to rub his back dry, and to hand him his clothes in sequence; it being his mother's notion that to be truly polite a man must be helpless in these matters and dependent. And when he had on his undershirt and his outer shirt and his stockings, he sat down to his breakfast of chocolate and rolls and millet de Tours, which the butler had just brought; and afterward brushed his teeth, finished dressing, and ordered Benton to call a fiacre. But finding his mother's victoria at the door he dismissed the hack, and talked stable matters with Cunningham, the coachman, and Fontenoy, the tiger, until his mother came—one of these lovely, trailing visions that are rare even in Paris, though common enough, I dare say, in Paradise.

They drove first of all to Gaston Rennette's gallery, where Fitz celebrated the glorious Fourth with a real dueling pistol and real bullets, aiming at a lifesize sheet-iron man, who, like a correct, courteous and courageous opponent, never moved. And all the way to the gallery and all the way back there was here and there an American flag, as is customary in Paris on the Fourth. And to these Fitz, standing up in the victoria, dipped and waved his hat. While he was shooting his mother took a "little turn" and then came back to fetch him; a stout man in a blue blouse accompanying him to the curb, tossing his hands heavenward, rolling up his eyes, and explaining to Madame what a "genius at the shoot was the little mister," and had averaged upon the "mister of iron" one "fatal blow" in every five. Madame "invited" the stout man to a five-franc piece for himself and she smiled, and he smiled, and bowed off backward directly into a passing pedestrian, who cried out upon the "sacred name of a rooster." And everybody laughed, including Cunningham, whose face from much shaving looked as if a laugh must crack it; and so the glorious Fourth was begun.

But the next event upon the program was less provocative of pure joy in the heart of Fitz.

"You don't remember the Burtons, do you, Fitz?" asked his mother.

"No," said he.

"Well," she said, "Mrs. Burton was a schoolmate of mine, Elizabeth Proctor, and I've just learned that she is at the d'Orient with her daughter. The father died, you know ——"

"I know *now*," interrupted Fitz with a grin.

He liked to correct his mother's English habit of "you-knowing" people who didn't know.

"And I really think I must call and try to do something for them."

"The d'Orient," said Fitz, "is where they have the elevator that you work yourself. Billy Molineux and I got caught in it between the third and fourth floors."

"Well," said his mother, "would you mind very much if we drove to the d'Orient now and called on the Burtons?"

Fitz said that he would mind *very* much, but as he made no more reasonable objection Mrs. Williams gave the order to Cunningham, and not long after they stopped before the d'Orient in the Rue Daunou, and Fontenoy flashed in with Mrs. and Master Williams' cards, and came out after an interval and stationed himself stiffly near the step of the victoria. This meant that Mrs. Burton was at home, as we say, or "at herself," as the French have it. If he had leaped nimbly to his seat beside Cunningham on the box it would have meant that Mrs. Burton was not "at herself."

So once more Mrs. Williams became a lovely, trailing figure out of the seventh Heaven, and Fitz, stoical but bored, followed her into the courtyard of the hotel. Here were little iron tables and chairs, four symmetrical flower-beds containing white gravel, four palm trees in tubs, their leaves much speckled with coal smuts; a French family at breakfast (the stout father had unbuttoned his white waistcoat); and in a corner by herself an American child sitting upon one of the puff-seated iron chairs, one leg under her, one leg, long, thin and black, swinging free, and across her lap a copy of a fashion paper.

On perceiving Mrs. Williams the child at once came forward, and dropped the most charming little curtsey imaginable.

"How do you do?" she said. "Poor, dear mamma isn't a bit well. But I said that she would see you, Mrs. Williams. She said yesterday that she wanted so much to see you."

In the event Mrs. Williams went up three flights in the elevator that you worked yourself; only on this occasion the proprietor, hastily slipping into his frock coat and high hat (you could see him at it through the office window), worked it for her. And Fitz remained with the gloomy prospect of being entertained by little Miss Burton.

She was younger than Fitz by two years and older by ten—a serene, knowing, beautiful child. When Fitz proposed that they sit in the victoria as softer than the iron chairs she called him a funny boy, but she went. And as she went she tossed aside her fashion paper, remarking, "*You* wouldn't care for that."

When they had settled down into the soft, leather cushions of the victoria she sighed luxuriously and said:

"This *is* nice! I wish ——" and broke off short.

"What?" asked Fitz.

"Oh," she said, "that the horses would start, and take us all over Paris and back, and everybody would see us go by, and envy us. But mamma and I," she said, "are devoted to fiacres—not smart, are they?"

"I don't mind," said Fitz, "if they go where I tell 'em to, and don't set up a row over the *pourboire*."

"Still," said she, "it must be nice to have carriages and things. We used to have. Only I can hardly remember. Mamma says I have a dreadfully short memory."

"How long have you been abroad?" Fitz asked.

"Dear me," she said, "ever so long. I don't remember."

"Won't it be fun," said Fitz, "to go home?"

"America?" She hesitated. "Mamma says it's all so crude and rude. I forget."

"Don't you remember America!" exclaimed Fitz, much horrified.

"Not clearly," she admitted.

"I guess you never saw Cleveland, Ohio, then," said Fitz, "'n' Euclid Avenue, 'n' Wade Park, 'n' the cannons in the Square, 'n' the breakwater, 'n' never eat Silverthorn's potatoes at Rocky River, 'n' never went to a picnic at Tinker's Creek, 'n' never saw Little Mountain 'n' the viaduct."

"You are quite right," said little Miss Burton, "I never did."

"When I grow up," said Fitz in a glow of enthusiasm, "I'm going to live in America 'n' have a tower on my house with a flagpole, 'n' a cannon to let off every sunset and sunrise."

"I shouldn't like that," said she, "if I were sleeping in the house at the time."

"I shouldn't be sleeping," said Fitz; "I'd be up early every morning to let the cannon off."

"I remember Newport a little," she said. "I'd live there if I were you. Newport is very smart for America, mamma says. We're going to Newport when I grow up. I'm sure it will be nicer if you are there."

Fitz thought this very likely, but was too modest to say so.

"If I ever go to Newport," he said, "it will be as captain of a cup defender."

"I heard your mother call you Fitz," said little Miss Burton. "Is that your name, or do you have them?"

"F-i-t-z-h-u-g-h," said Fitz, "is my name."

"Any middle name?"

"No."

"That's smarter," said she. "I haven't, either."

"What is your name?" asked Fitz, trying to feign interest.

"Evelyn," said she, "but my intimate friends call me Eve."

"Huh!" said Fitz grossly, "Eve eat the apple first."

"Yes," sighed Eve, "and gave Adam the core. Nowadays, I heard mamma say to Count Grassi, it's the other way 'round."

"My father says," said Fitz, "that Eve ought to of been spanked."

Certain memories reddened Eve; but the natural curiosity to compare experiences got the better of her maiden reticence upon so delicate a subject. She lowered her voice.

"Do you yell?" she asked. "I do. It frightens them if you yell."

"I was never spanked," said Fitz. "When I'm naughty mamma writes to papa, and he writes to me, and says he's sorry to hear that I haven't yet learned to be a gentleman, and a man of the world, and an American. That's worse than being spanked."

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, "I don't mind what people say; that's just water on a duck's back; but what they do is with slippers ——"

"And," cried Fitz, elated with his own humor, "it isn't on the duck's—back."

"Are you yourself today," asked Miss Eve, her eyes filling, "or are you just unusually horrid?"

"Here—I say—don't blub," said Fitz, in real alarm. And, knowing the power of money to soothe, he pulled a twenty-franc gold piece from his pocket and himself opened and closed one of the tiny hands upon it.

The child's easy tears dried at once.

"Really—truly?—ought I?" she exclaimed.

"You bet!" said Fitz, all his beautiful foreign culture to the fore. "You just keep that and surprise yourself with a present next time you want one."

"Maybe mamma won't like me to," she doubted. And then, with devilish wisdom, "I think mamma will scold me first—and let me forget to give it back afterward. Thank you, Fitz. I could kiss you!"

"Fire away," said Fitz sullenly. He was used to little girls, and liked to kiss them, but he did not like them to kiss him. She didn't, however.

She caught his hand with the one of hers that was not clutching the gold piece, and squeezed it quickly and let it go. Something in this must have touched and made appeal to the manly heart. For Fitz said, averting his beautiful eyes:

"You're a funny little pill, aren't you?"

The tiger sprang to the victoria step from loafing in front of a jeweler's window, and stiffened into a statue of himself. Madame was coming.

"Take Evelyn to the lift, Fitz," said she. But first she kissed Evelyn, and said that she was going to send for her soon, for a spree with Fitz.

They passed through the courtyard, Fitz carrying his hat like a gentleman and a man of the world, and into the dark passage that led to the famous elevator.

"Your mother's smart," said Eve.

"Can't you think of anything but how smart people are?"

"When I'm grown up," she said, "and am smart myself I'll think of other things, I dare say."

"Can you work the lift yourself? Hadn't I better take you up."

"Oh, no," she said, and held out her hand.

They shook, she firmly, he with the flabby, diffident clasp of childhood and old age.

"You're a funny kid," said Fitz.

"You're rather a dear," said Eve.

She entered the elevator, closed the door, and disappeared upward, at the pace of a very footsore and weary snail.

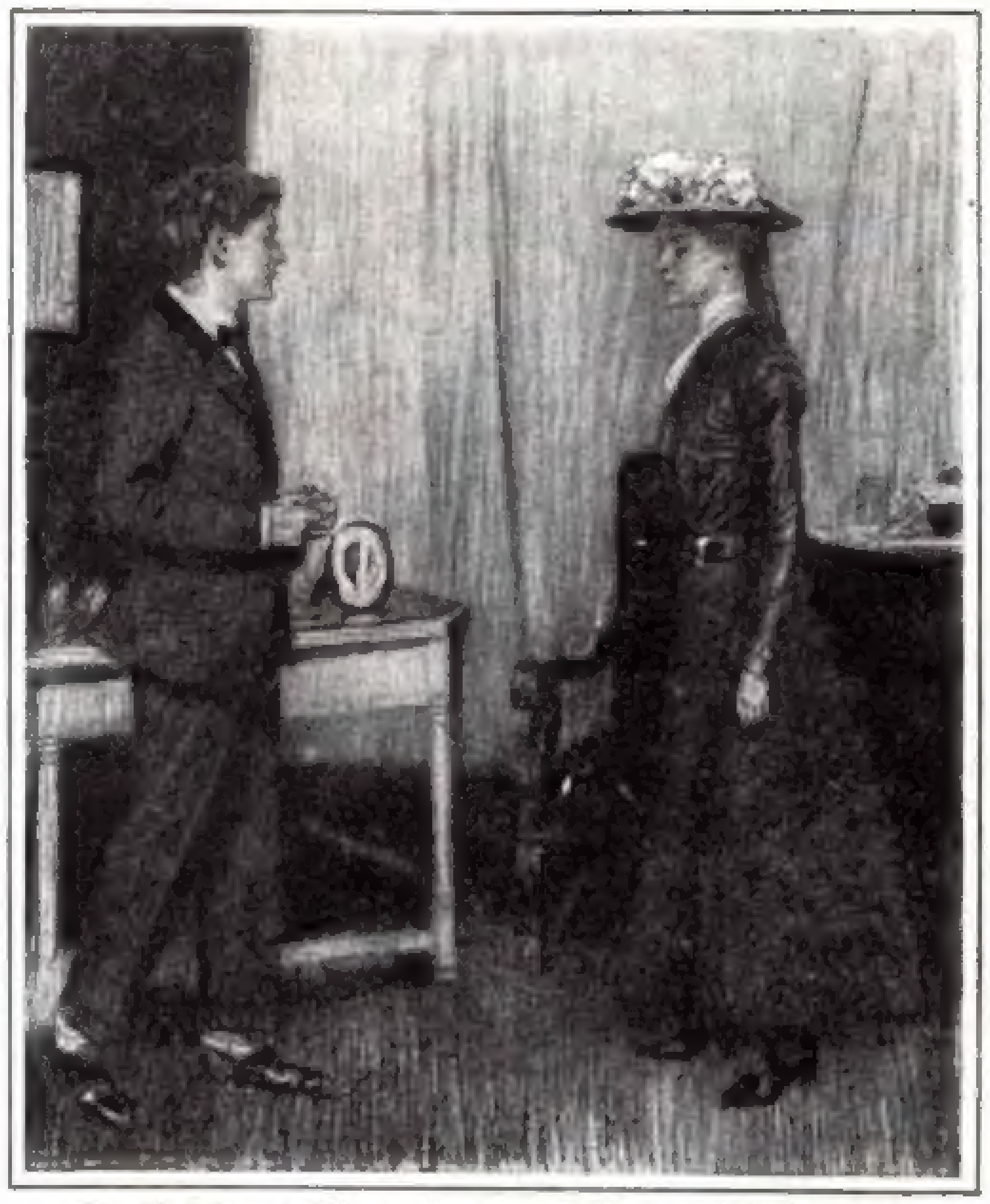
Mrs. Burton was much cheered by Mrs. Williams' visit, as who that struggles is not by the notice of the rich and the mighty.

"My dear," she said, when Eve entered, "she is so charming, so natural; she has promised to give a tea for me, and to present me to some of her friends. I hope you like the boy—Fitz—Fritz—whatever his name is. It would be so nice if you were to be friends."

"He is nice," said Eve, "ever so nice—but *so* dull."

"What did you talk about?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Really," said Eve, aged seven, "I forget."



She Had Struck Him as the Most Pathetic and To-be-Pitied Object That He Had Ever Seen

III

MRS. BURTON had made a failure of her own life.

She had married a man who subsequently had been so foolish as to lose his money—or most of it.

Eve, who had ever a short memory, does not remember the catastrophe. She was three at the time of it. She was in the nursery when the blow fell, and presently her mother came in looking very distracted and wild, and caught the little girl's face between her hands, and looked into it, and turned it this way and that, and passed the little girl's beautiful brown hair through her fingers, and then began to speak violently.

"You sha'n't be shabby," she said. "I will make a great beauty of you. You've got the beauty. You shall ride in your carriage, even if I work my hands to the bone. They've bowled me over. But I'm not dead yet. Elizabeth Burton shall have her day. You wait. I'll make the world dance for you." Then she went into violent hysterics.

There was a little money left. Mrs. Burton took Evelyn to Europe, and began to teach her the long litany of success:

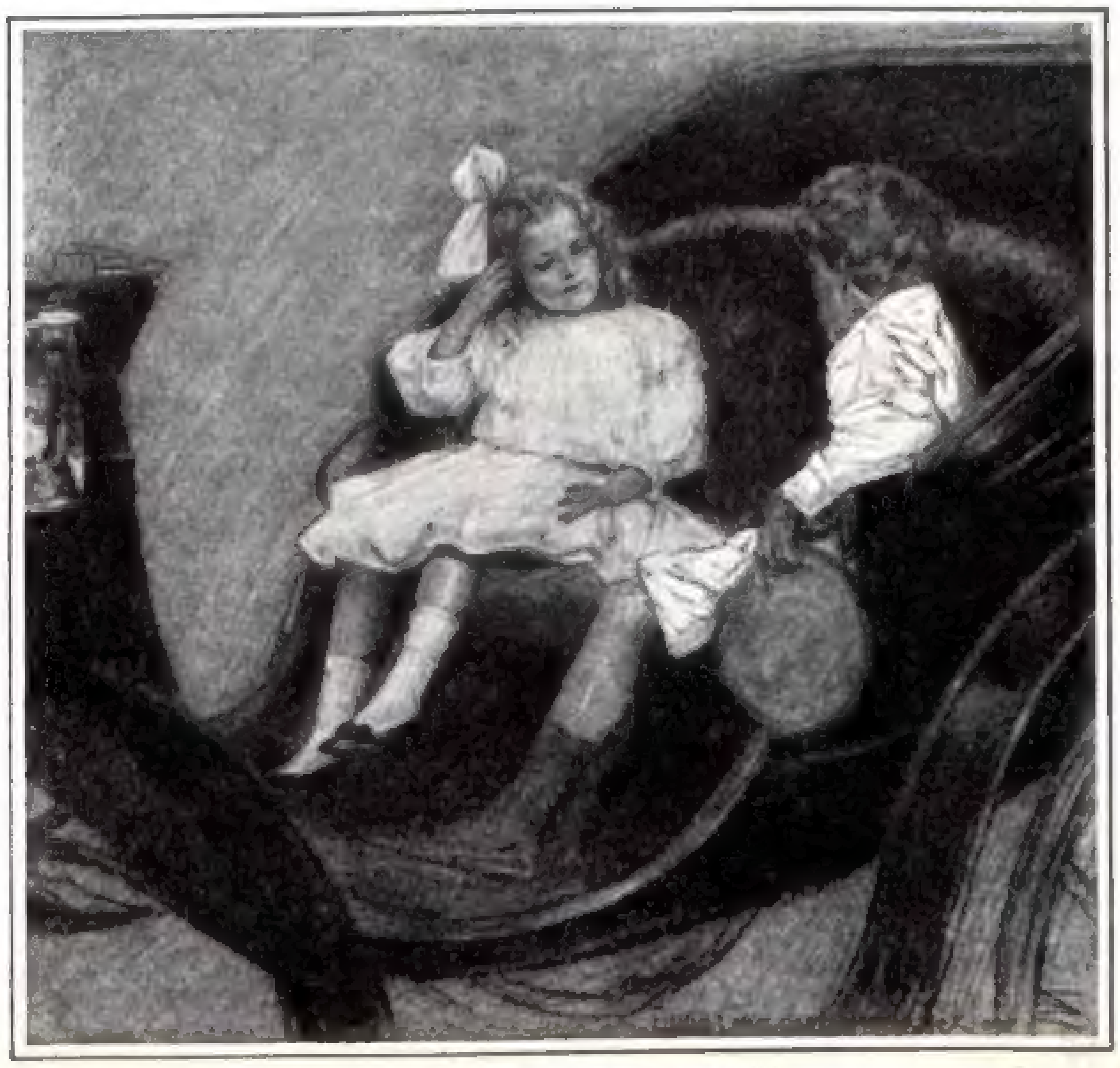
Money is God;
We praise thee, etc.

a very long, somewhat truthful, and truly degraded litany. She taught her that it isn't handsome is as handsome does, but the boots and shoes, after all. She taught her that a girl must dress beautifully to be beautiful, that she must learn all the world's ways and secrets, and at the same time appear in speech and manner like a child of Nature, like a newly-opened rose. And she taught her to love her country like this:

"America, my dear, is the one place where a girl can marry enough money to live somewhere else. Or, if her husband is tied to his affairs, it is the one place where she can get the most for his money—not as we get the most for ours, for we couldn't live two minutes on our income in America—but where the most people will bow the lowest to her because she is rich; where she will be the most courted and the most envied."

The two mammas worked along similar lines, but for different reasons. Mrs. Burton strove to make Eve ornamental so that she might acquire millions; Mrs. Williams strove to Anglicize and Europeanize her son so that he might ornament those which were already his. Those little spread eagles, the corpuscles in his blood, folded their wings a trifle as he grew older, and weren't always so ready to scream and boast; but they remained eagles, and no amount of Eton and Oxford could turn them into little unicorns or lions. You may wonder why Fitz's father, a strong, sane man, permitted such attempts at denationalization upon his son and heir. Fitz so wondered—once. So wrote. And was answered thus:

> . . . If you're any good it will all come out in the wash. If you aren't any good it doesn't matter whether your mother makes an Englishman out of you or a Mandarin. When you come of age you'll be your own man; that's been the bargain between your mother and me. That will be the time for you to decide whether to be governed or to help govern. I am not afraid for you. I never have been.



"Don't You Remember America!"

So Mrs. Williams was not successful on the whole in her attempts to make a cosmopolitan of Fitz. And that was just enough, because the attempts were those of an amateur. She had lived a furiously active life of pleasure; she had made an unassailable place for herself in the best European society, as at home. She had not even become estranged from her husband. They were always crossing the ocean to see each other, "if only for a minute or two," as she used to say, and when Fitz was at school she spent much of her time in America; and Fitz's short vacations were wild sprees with his father and mother, come over for the purpose. Mr. Williams would take an immense country house for a few weeks, with shooting and riding and all sorts of games thrown in, and have Fitz's friends by the dozen. But, like as not, Mr. Williams would leave in the middle of it, as fast as trains and steamers could carry him, home to his affairs. And even the little English boys missed him sorely, since he was much kinder to them, as a rule, than their own fathers were, and had always too many sovereigns in his pocket for his own comfort.

But Mrs. Burton's attempts to make a charming cosmopolitan of Eve met with the greater success that they deserved. They were the efforts of a professional, one who had staked life or death, so to speak, on the result. Where Mrs. Williams amused herself and achieved small victories, Mrs. Burton fought and achieved great conquests. She saved money out of her thin income, money for the great days to come when Eve was to be presented to society at Newport; and she slaved and toiled grimly and with far-seeing genius. Eve's speaking voice was, perhaps, Mrs. Williams' and her own greatest triumph. It was Ellen Terry's youngest, freshest voice over again, but with the naïvest little ghost of a French accent; and she didn't seem so much to project a phrase at you by the locutory muscles as to smile it to you.

Mrs. Burton had, of course, her moments of despair about Eve. But these were mostly confined to that despairing period when most girls are nothing but arms and wrists and gawkiness and shyness; when their clear, bright complexions turn muddy, and they want to enter convents. Eve at this period in her life was unusually trying and nondescript. She announced that if she ever married it would be for love alone, but that she did not intend to marry. She would train to be a cholera nurse or a bubonic plague nurse—anything, in short, that was most calculated to drive poor Mrs. Williams frantic. And she grew the longest, thinnest pairs of legs and arms in Europe; and her hair seemed to lose its wonderful luster; and her skin, upon which Mrs. Williams had banked so much, became colorless and opaque and a little blotched around the chin. And she was so nervous and overgrown that she would throw you a whole fit of hysterics during piano lessons; and she prayed so long night and morning that her bony knees developed callouses; and when she didn't have a cold in her head she was getting over one or catching another.

During this period in Eve's life the children met for the second time. It was in Vienna. This time Mrs. Burton, as having been longer in residence, called upon Mrs. Williams, taking Eve with her, after hesitation. Poor Eve! The graceful, gracious curtsey of her babyhood was now a performance of which a stork must have felt ashamed; she pitched into a table (while trying to make herself small) and sent a pitcher of lemonade crashing to the ground. And then burst into tears that threatened to become laughter mixed with howls.

At this moment Fitz, having been sent for to "do the polite," entered. He shook hands at once with Mrs. Burton, whom he had never seen before, and turned to see how Eve, whom he vaguely remembered, was coming on. And there she was—nothing left of his vague memory but the immense eyes. Even these were not clear and bright, but red in the whites and disordered with tears. For the rest (Fitz made the mental comparison

(Continued on Page 44)

Easy Money From Easy Payments

Rounding Up the Man Who Raids the Installment Store

By A. W. Rolker

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

LESS than ten years ago the bare idea of buying a bedroom set or a sewing-machine on the installment plan would have caused the good wife to throw up her hands in holy horror. To "burden herself with debts," to have the furniture-on-the-installment-plan wagon draw up in front of *her* door for the benefit of spying neighbors, to have the collector visit *her* home on his regular rounds, these things were too much for her. They seemed to her the last ditch beyond which yawned the portals of the poorhouse.

Today, all this has been reversed. As the furniture-on-the-installment-plan men opened wider and wider a virgin field, men in other lines entered. Stove and range manufacturers, piano makers, book publishers, typewriter builders and dealers in all sorts of commodities broke in, until now there is almost not an article from diamonds and watches to rural free delivery wagons and cheap hose which you cannot buy on the installment plan. And the purchaser thinks no more of buying from the easy-payments man than he does of settling his grocer's or butcher's bill once a month or of paying the monthly rental to the building and loan association that has put up his house for him.

An out-and-out business proposition wherein the merchant invites you to use his money and to pay for it just as you would expect to pay for a loan from your bank — this is the offer the installment man presents. It matters not who or what the customer is, whether he owns a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar steam-yacht and must be coaxed by the painless purchase system into buying a two-thousand-dollar de luxe edition he does not want, or whether he is a flagman at a grade crossing in need of a six-dollar Sunday suit—all the time-payments man asks is reasonable proof of a customer's honesty, and he sells him, no matter where he happens to be located.

The Human Nature Expert

HOW these merchants can afford to risk their goods in possession of persons they know nothing about may seem strange. The installment man, however, never leaps blindly. He knows that he not only must protect himself against the crook who intends from the outset to swindle him, but that he must guard as well against the buyer who is apt to be thrust into circumstances in which, with the best of intentions, he becomes unable to pay, and so is tempted to turn into a dead beat. Before he delivers goods, therefore, the installment man finds out all that is necessary to know about his customer, just as the cashier of a bank requires certain confidential information before he consents to make his client a loan.

A man and a woman, for instance, go to an installment house to buy furniture. A salesman takes them from floor to floor, the customers making their selections. When they have finished they enter the office of the credit man who is to close the bargain.

Neither the man nor the woman may realize it, but the fact is that, from the moment they enter this office until the house notifies that the wares will be delivered, both of them are under the surveillance of an expert whose business it is to read human nature. By their faces, their manner, their appearance he judges whether or not, in the first place, the house can afford to have anything to do with them; and then begins a brief crossfire of questions, the answers to which are filed on a blank. The name, the address of the buyer, his occupation and income, his present and previous home addresses, the present and previous addresses of his employers and the name of a relative who has not the same address as the buyer—these points cover the ground. Then the installment man makes out a "lease sale" which provides that, while he gives the buyers the right and privilege to use the goods, until paid for they remain his own property, failure to pay according to agreement meaning that, without further notice, the goods may be confiscated.

Only after the customers have left, however, does the credit man really roll up his sleeves. Tactfully and softly his investigators operate; so softly, in fact, that even the customer thinks this part of the proceeding a bluff. Should the applicants have failed to answer truthfully; should neighbors or former neighbors, employer or former employer, fail to speak well of the buyer; should the credit man decide that the man's occupation is not a steady or responsible one, or should he decide the couple is asking credit beyond what is commensurate with their income—in such case he trumps up a polite excuse for not being able to deliver the goods.

Each Might as Well Steal a Piano

On this same rigorous principle all credit men proceed; and yet, despite all precautions, now and then they expect to get nipped. What the troubles of these time-payments men are, how they trail the beat and recover their wares and send the crook to jail, these are points best explained by actual examples in the different installment lines, for in no two are conditions exactly alike.

At first sight it seems as if the diamond must be one of the most, if not the most, hazardous of all articles to risk selling on the installment plan. Yet there is hardly another time-payments man whose losses run as light as those of the diamond specialist. One big Maiden Lane firm that has between six hundred thousand dollars and seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds outstanding on its books figures its losses at less than two per cent. And this is because these men never make a sale unless the preponderance of evidence shows the customer to be desirable.

Polished Manners and Polished Finger-Nails

FROM the clerk who buys his best girl a seventy-five dollar diamond ring on the credit plan to the man who buys his wife a five-thousand-dollar necklace by monthly payments because his money is worth more than the six per cent the dealer allows for cash—all have to undergo the scrutiny of the installment man. The slightest slip, the slightest suspicious remark, and like a flash the man behind the counter is on the alert. A young man comes into the shop. He is neatly dressed, has a good face and is evidently an office man. He wants a diamond ring.

"How much? Something for two hundred dollars?" asks the dealer.

"My, no! I've got only fifty dollars cash. Is that enough down on a hundred-dollar ring?"

That young man gets his ring so quick it makes his eyes bulge. The diamond man wishes he had ten thousand customers like him. He is buying the ring for the girl he is going to marry. The usual blank is filled out, with the usual questions and the added precautionary one, "State name and address of person for whom the gift is intended." Inside of forty-eight hours he is notified to call and get the ring.

A Second Butler Who Buttled Him to the King's Taste

A black frock, white waistcoat and a cigar with a red and gold band comes in. The silk hat is shiny. A manicure lady had been at work on its wearer. Here is real blood — of a sort.

"A diamond ring, please," he says.

"Something for three hundred—four hundred dollars?"

"No, I guess I'll have a look at some of your good ones."

He picks out one with an eight-hundred-dollar stone. "Now, what is the least cash deposit you'll accept for this?" he asks.

"Ninety-four cents on the dollar," thinks the diamond man to himself. "Seven hundred dollars," he says aloud, and the customer departs disgruntled. He does not know that his face, his manner, his method, his cigar band, even his polished finger-nails were against him, and that, even if he had paid the seven-hundred-dollar deposit and filled out question blanks, the diamond man would have suspected confederates and would have been extraordinarily careful before permitting his ring to leave the premises.

No matter how cautious the diamond man may be, however, he has his narrow shaves. Into the store of a New York installment diamond house walked a well-dressed, well-groomed, gentlemanly fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. He was clean-shaven and had the clear eye, the easy manner and the low voice of good breeding. He selected a fifty-eight-hundred-dollar brooch of pearls and diamonds.

"Will you pay cash for this or do you prefer credit?" the diamond man asked.

"Well—er—well, the fact is, if I could get credit without it having to leak out I should prefer credit," was the answer. "You see, my name is —— and I am the son of Senator ——, and—er—and—well, I know you will appreciate the situation."

The diamond man explained that the names of Senators' sons and the names of Senators themselves were not unusual on his books, and that he had many other customers in the Senator's neighborhood. The customer filled out the question blank.

"Call me up on the 'phone at the house and let me know as soon as you can; but, of course, make certain you do not refer directly to the subject over the wire. I would not have this leak out for the world," he said.

The Fake Senator's Son

FOR two days the diamond man investigated the standing of the buyer by name, and found him in A No. 1 standing. Then he called up the address furnished.

"I thank you for your promptness, I am sure," said a low voice that he recognized. "But, look here. I really do not want to be bothered running down there for that thing. Suppose you bring it up here to the house, if it isn't too much trouble."

To most men this would have been a final clincher. Not so to the diamond man. For a minute after the 'phone had rung off he stood lost in thought. Then he went to his partner and explained.

"Go to his *house* with it—to his *house!* That's the last place on earth young —— would invite a man to deliver diamonds bought on installments. I'm going to use the telephone a little."

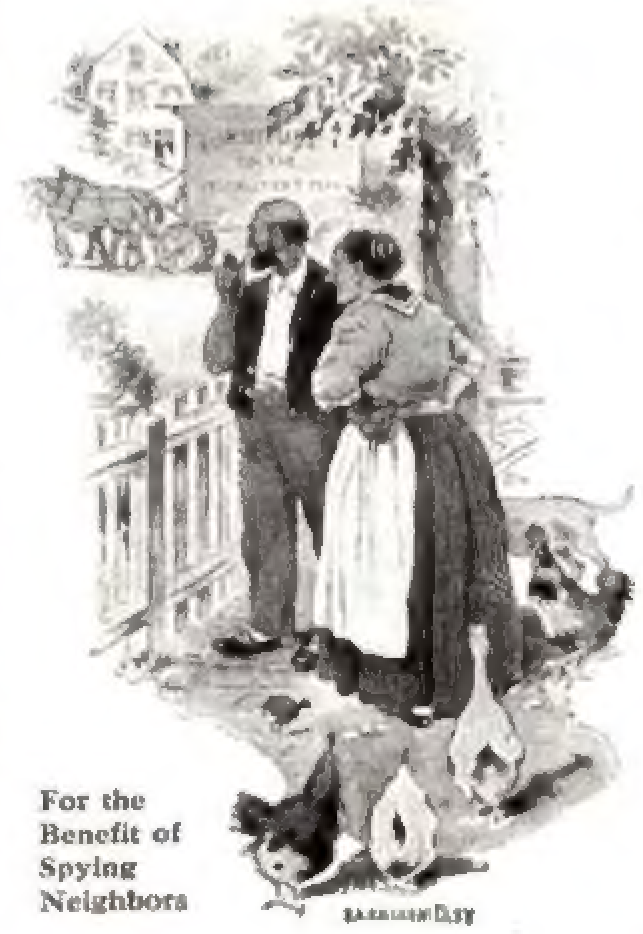
"Is this Senator ——'s business office?—Ah, yes. Is he in?—In Europe, you say?—Well, where can I catch his son?—What, abroad also?"

With the brooch tucked in an inside pocket the diamond man headed for the address of the Senator. His partner followed with two Central Office detectives. They entered as the fake Senator's son was pouring champagne for another man. He proved to be a butler who had a confederate, a second butler who buttled him to the king's taste. Between the two they had nearly fifty thousand dollars' worth of installment diamonds and two tickets for Buffalo. They pleaded guilty, and, within six days, were on their way to Sing Sing for a five-year sojourn—all because the dead beat's foot slipped ever so slightly and because of the installment man's knowledge of human nature.

Within a week, jewelry trade papers had the story, and every diamond and jewelry house in the country was warned, with the result that today all hands "use the telephone" and it will be mighty difficult indeed to work the dodge again.

Running away with a diamond or eloping with a vanload of furniture are two mighty different propositions, yet nothing looks too big for the dead beat. Careful, cautious and even tricky is the time-payments furniture man when it comes to dealing with those who appear as if they might be beats.

A well-dressed individual came swaggering into the store of a Boston furniture installment man with what he assumed was the air of well-to-do independence. "I think I'll look over some of your furniture. I'm getting married and am going to settle down," he volunteered. He selected the best in the house regardless of price, as



For the Benefit of Spying Neighbors

usual with professional beats asked the lowest possible deposit, and, after giving references and credentials, departed. From first to last his references proved lies based on the belief that investigation was a mere matter of pretense. The furniture man pretended to fall into the trap. He sent the furniture to the address required, sent one of his locaters to board in a flat across the way, and, within a week, when the first of the stolen articles was knocked down to the highest bidder in an auction-room, a hand grabbed the beat by the collar.

The professional dead beat, the crook that lives by his wits and tries to swindle wherever he thinks he sees an opening, is comparatively scarce in the time-payments furniture line; for, taking his difficulties and risks into account and adding to these the expense of moving a load of furniture and the little he gets when he sells at second-hand, there is not enough in the game for him. The beat most familiar to the installment man is the accidental one, the one bred by the system.

A young couple buys three hundred dollars' worth of furniture. When two hundred dollars have been paid off on this the husband loses his job and becomes unable to meet installments. Instead of going to the furniture man and explaining his predicament and asking for and getting extension of credit, he is seized with a sort of panic at the idea of having his home taken away from him. He sees no opening ahead of him, so he moves, forgetting to leave his new address behind. He fully intends to resume payment of his own accord once things brighten; meanwhile, he is going to play hide-and-seek with the credit man, and the credit man is "It."

The Early-Flitting Widow

FEW cases, no matter how prettily they are thought out, are simpler to solve than these. So found a young Newark, New Jersey, widow who had made up her mind to go to Leonia with a flatful of part-paid-for furniture and who gave out to friends and neighbors that she was going to move to Hoboken. So as not to be traced through Newark furniture movers, she took the precaution to hire a Leonia mover, and, to make certain that neighbors would not see the name on the van, she got them to move her at two A. M.

Three days later a collector telephoned the furniture man that one of his birds had flown for Hoboken, and in less than thirty minutes one of the house's locaters, or tracers, was on the job. Moving in the middle of the night to a distance of eight or ten miles made him very weary. He knew better than waste time interviewing friends and neighbors or running his legs off rounding up near-by furniture movers. He handed the janitress of the flat a two-dollar bill, got the date and hour of the removal and went to the nearest police station and got the name of the patrolman on duty in the district at the time.

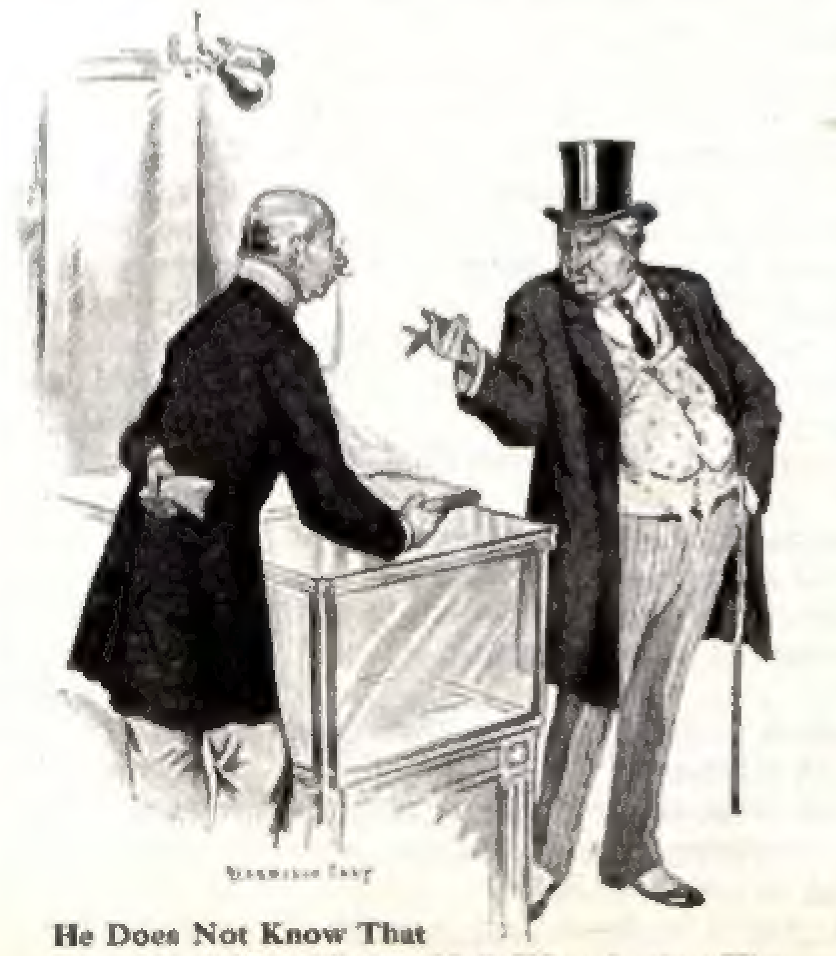
"And who might you be?" the cop asked cautiously.

The tracer knew better than explain truthfully. "I am from Mrs. B——'s attorneys and have notice of a small legacy left her."

"Sure I know where she went. Didn't I see the name Leonia —— Co. on the vans? You see, if it'd been daytime I'd never have took no notice; but, bein' night, I made a note of it in me book. Look here ——" But the locater was hurrying up the street to the nearest telephone.

There is only one way to stand a half chance of beating an installment man, and that is when a man of good credit and standing decides to burn all bridges behind him, to sacrifice position, good name and esteem of friends, to become a fugitive from justice, the same as any other thief, and to accept a hounding in which there is no let-up.

A young Scotchman holding the job of cashier in a Brooklyn factory decided to return to Glasgow, but not empty-handed. He paid down five hundred dollars on twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of good furniture, carted this to the pier the night before his steamer sailed, and got aboard at noon with eight hundred dollars cash he had drawn an hour before for his bosses from the bank for the weekly pay-roll. About the time the bosses chased up streets to see where the trolley car had hit him he was on his way out of the Narrows, and it was as if the earth had swallowed him.



He Does Not Know That Even His Polished Finger-Nails Were Against Him

For two years he was gone and forgotten—save by the chief locater of one of the installment houses. Not a clue had this tracer except that the young Scotchman had been very attentive to the daughter of his landlady and that he had left this young woman behind. For two years the locater never failed to pass the girl's house whenever he was in her vicinity, and one day, as he gazed at the house, out of the front door walked the very man he was looking for.

Detectives grabbed him, after they had broken in the door, just as he was going down the fire-escape; but, for the sake of his wife, neither the furniture men nor his former employers were hard on him and he was sent for three years to a reformatory rather than to a penitentiary.

To beat the installment man by taking his wares abroad may seem a simple and gentlemanly sort of scheme, but the schemer must make precious certain that he leaves no link unwelded in his chain lest a Scotland Yard man clutch his arm on the way down the gangplank.

Early one afternoon a well-dressed couple came into the salesroom of a time-payment piano establishment in New York and picked out an eight-hundred-dollar piano. The woman, who was the spokesman, critically passed not only upon the tone, but upon the grain, the finish and the polish of the case. Above all things she seemed anxious about the polish. The man stripped one hundred dollars from a roll of bills big around as a forearm and wanted to know if that was enough "down."

"I want this piano for tonight," the woman declared. "I am giving a musical and must have it without fail. Will you promise to have it there?"

It was unusual to deliver a piano without investigating a customer's standing, so the manager promised to "try."

"That is not enough," the woman said curtly. "Unless you promise to deliver it before evening we will buy elsewhere." It was the appearance, the independent manner and the address on Central Park West that decided the manager. But after the two had left it struck him as unusual that a customer should delay the purchase of so important a thing as an eight-hundred-dollar piano until four or five hours before using it. He decided to be on the safe side and to send one of his men into the house to size up the surroundings.

He called up one of his best men and outlined the situation. "And now I want you to go there on the excuse of seeing whether the case has been scratched and needs a good rubdown and—keep your eyes open and report to me."

When the salesman came back his eyes were very wide open. "The piano has been there, but it went right out again," he said.

It took four piano men and two precinct detectives two hours to locate the piano mover. He was coming back from having taken the piano to the American Line pier and reported the alleged owners aboard the Philadelphia.

The instrument had already gone down the hold of the steamer, which was due to sail within ten minutes. Nothing was to be done except to arrest on the other side. Before the Philadelphia passed the Statue of Liberty the cable flashed to the London agents, and man, woman and piano were shipped back to New York on the same steamer.

Another incident showing how finely the dead beat must spin and how even then he is at the mercy of outside accidents happened during a clever attempt at wholesale piano stealing. In Brooklyn lived four Italians, owners of prospering fruit stores. They decided that they had made their pile and that each might as well steal a piano from a credit house and sell this to pay for the trip home. Each went to a different agency, each man giving the other three as references, and bought a six-hundred-dollar piano, seventy-five dollars down. Then they sent all four instruments to a New York auction-room.

So many brand-new pianos sent by so many Italians aroused the suspicions of the auctioneer, who, it happened, had an intense dislike for anything Italian. He called up the piano companies that had made the instruments, with the result that the four Giuseppis were picked up in the auction-rooms as the pianos were knocked down to agents of the respective companies, and the four are serving time up at Sing Sing.

Once upon a time the installment man was precious careful not to advertise that he was ever robbed. He feared that the telling of this would breed imitators. Today the up-to-date houses work on exactly the opposite principle. They welcome publicity of the swindler's methods, for they get after their beats hammer-and-tongs and land them in prison as a warning to other beats. As a result of these aggressive tactics the beat is taking to other fields of dishonesty. A typewriter company which, under the old method, lost four out of every hundred machines sold, lost last year less than twenty out of eight thousand! How this company achieved this result is best illustrated by an incident.

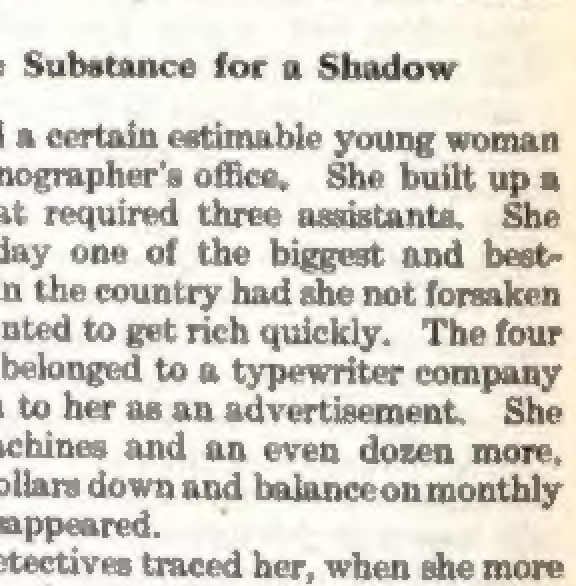
A Brooklyn agent of this company rang up his manager in the New York office and said:

"I had a New York fellow in here last evening to buy a machine, fifteen dollars down. He came from Manhattan to Brooklyn to buy a typewriter. From *Manhattan* to *Brooklyn*, mind you! Looks to me as if this might be a case of raking in all the machines in sight and filling up the pawnshops. I told him I'd look up his references, and if satisfactory would send him a machine tomorrow."

The manager took the name, address and description of the customer and called up not only his own, but also the agents of other typewriter companies, and inquired whether the man had recently bought machines. Late that afternoon he rang up his Brooklyn man.

"I can't find out anything against that fellow, but he surely looks shady," he said. "Let him have a machine; give him all the rope he wants to hang himself in case he's a crook. I'll watch him from this end."

For three weeks the manager had a detective posted near the customer's house before he made up his mind the man was straight. Almost as much as the machine was worth this knowledge cost him; yet it was cheap considering the value of the chance to publish the capture of a typewriter thief as a warning to other dead beats.



"And Who Might You Be?"

Often a beat manages to elude the installment man for a time; but the merest accident betrays him, for he does not begin to realize with what persistence he is hounded.

Exchanging the Substance for a Shadow

IN A CHICAGO hotel a certain estimable young woman opened a public stenographer's office. She built up a flourishing business that required three assistants. She would have owned today one of the biggest and best-paying establishments in the country had she not forsaken the simple life. She wanted to get rich quickly. The four machines that she had belonged to a typewriter company which had loaned them to her as an advertisement. She pawned these four machines and an even dozen more, bought each at fifteen dollars down and balance on monthly payments; then she disappeared.

As far as St. Louis detectives traced her, when she more than doubled on her tracks, for she was next located in Philadelphia. There all clues suddenly ceased. The machines were recovered by their respective owners, and the young woman's name was sent broadcast to agents in all the important towns. And there for eight months the case rested. About this time, in Stamford, Connecticut, in a local paper, the name of the young woman appeared as among those present at a lawn party. Next day she was under arrest, but was not prosecuted. She had not more than a year to live, and a soulless corporation relented.

Of course, thoroughly up-to-date beats know all about the trick that every typewriter, every cash register and every bicycle is numbered; that the instant one of these machines is stolen its number is sent to exchanges and to repair shops so that when it appears it is recognized and traced backward, enabling the capture of a beat who may have escaped in the first place. For this reason the high-browed beat not infrequently chisels or files or otherwise mutilates a number so that it is not recognizable.

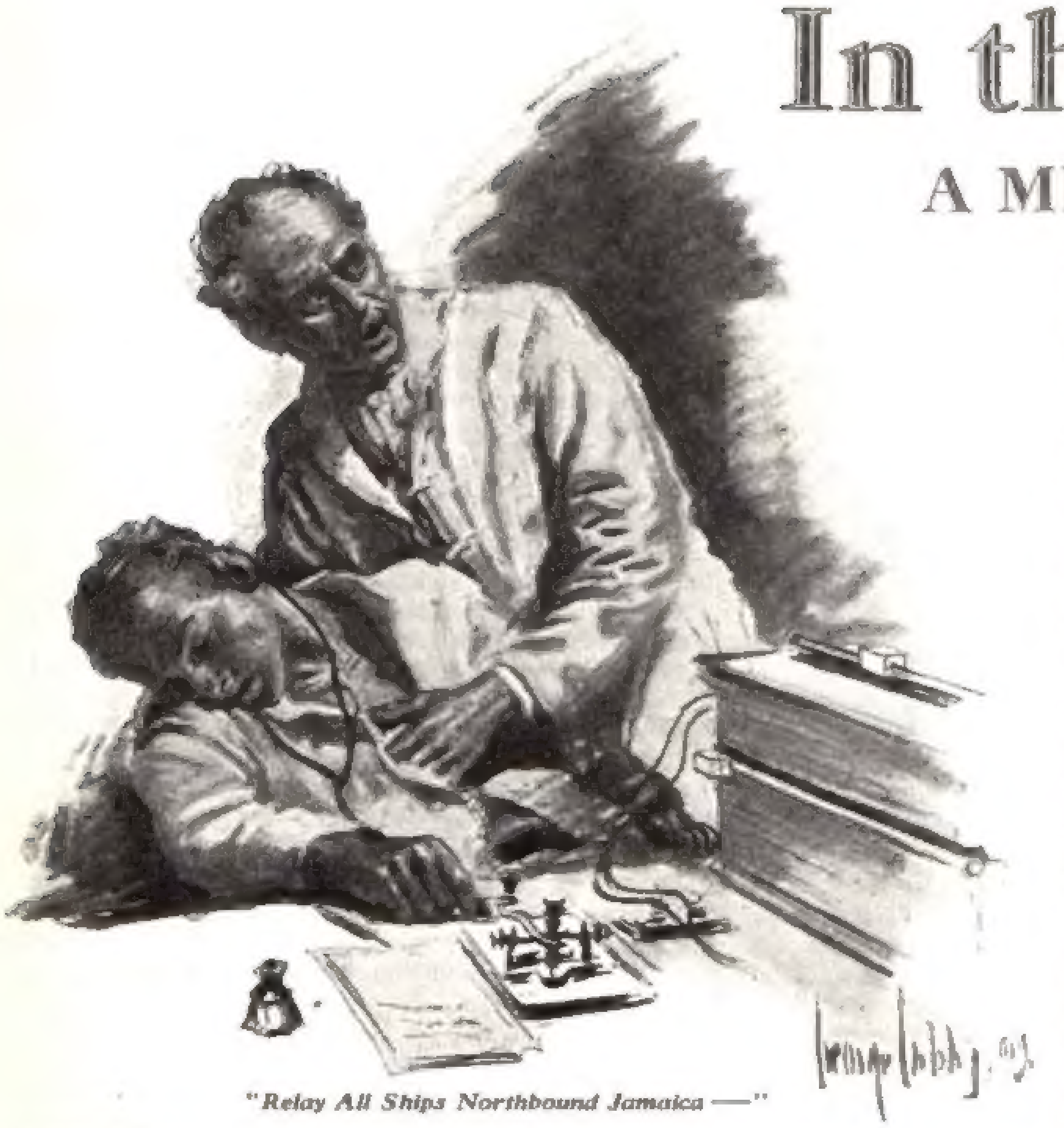
(Concluded on Page 42)

In the Wireless Room

A MESSAGE FROM SOMEWHERE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



"Relay All Ships Northbound Jamaica ——"

THE night was black and hot, as only an equatorial night can be. It was so black and hot that the low-swung stars seemed a stippling of fire on the arching crownsheet of an illimitable furnace-box. The sea itself, unwrinkled as an inkwell, was of an equal blackness. A gentle shower of cinders rained on the canvas awnings that roofed the bridge deck. Electric fans droned from open doorways, purring plaintively through the gloom where the deck lights had long since gone out, for it was well past midnight.

A sense of ease and indolence hung over the ship, with her muffled engine pulse and her quiet and orderly decks. The heat drove all thought of cabin berths out of our heads. So the four of us sat and smoked in the new wireless room that backed the captain's quarters and still smelt of white-lead paint. Four tall glasses stood on the apparatus table where the green-shaded lamp swung low over its frustum of light. Sometimes we talked, and sometimes we sat there in silent and Buddhistic vacuity. Through the outer gloom of this chamber, during our more cataleptic periods, showed the intermittent cherry glow of cigar ends. Sometimes a match flare would pick out the machinery of the wireless, polished like surgical instruments, in a momentary scattering of high lights. Sometimes it showed a beaded human face, mournfully thoughtful and placid, and poignantly isolated in its momentary irradiation.

Beckmire, the ship's doctor, self-contained, incredibly thin and prematurely gray, sat in the open door with his hands linked above his head. I sat next to him. The wireless operator, Wister, lounged against his work-table in the full current of the electric fan. Opposite him again sat the captain, leaning bulkily back until his head rested against the cabin wall, listening to the operator's account of a Scotch skipper who after his tenth glass mistook an iceberg for a Flying Dutchman. Then a step hurried lightly across the deck, and I noticed Beckmire's startled movement as a figure appeared in the door beside him. We looked at this figure resentfully; it was very late, but we preferred losing our beauty sleep in peace.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked the figure. We all knew, the next moment, that it was nothing more than the captain's steward.

"I did not ring, William," promptly answered the captain. The steward murmured "Very well, sir," and withdrew. We turned back to our talk and cigars and tall glasses. Whereupon the captain himself told the story of a signal-box which had rung of itself—and eviscerated the situation by explaining just how the wires had been crossed. We were leaning back in silent and leisured resentment of this undramatic disembowelment when, for the second time, the captain's steward came to the door.

"You rang, sir?" he said.

"No one rang," retorted the captain. Then he turned and called the departing steward back. "What made you think I rang?" he demanded. The thing was becoming a little creepy. I began to see what Beckmire had meant when he said no one was immovably sane after midnight.

"I heard the bell, sir, I thought," the steward answered. I imagined he was a bit flustered, by the tone of his voice.

"And you still think so?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; I still think so," maintained the steward, after a moment or two of silence.

"But there are four people here who know that no one so much as touched a bell," argued the captain.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the steward. And again he left us, and again we sat and talked and watched the night grow old.

Each of us, I think, swung about a little uneasily when, ten minutes later, a figure in white passed the open door. It was the captain's steward once more. This time, however, he did not venture to come in. He circled off from us, like a colt shying at a paper. He would have retreated resignedly and discreetly below-deck, I suppose, but the ship's master called him back sharply.

"Give us some more light there," said the captain to the wireless operator. Then he turned to the steward as the unshaded electrics flooded the room. "And so you think you heard that bell ring again?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the steward with conviction.

"And you consulted the indicator?"

"Yes, sir. It showed this cabin, sir, the same as before."

The captain looked at us appealingly. Some one stirred uneasily. I think it was Beckmire, the ship's doctor.

"But not one of us so much as went near a bell," I corroborated.

"You being the only ones up on the ship ——" began the steward.

"Where is the bell in this cabin?" demanded the practical-minded captain. The steward crossed the room until he stood directly behind the commanding officer's chair, where a wall map hung. He lifted the map and showed an electric push-button.

The captain laughed, and a moment later we all joined him. It was very simple. His head had rested on the push-button hidden by the map each time he had leaned back in his chair. "And there's another mystery gone," he derided, with a glance at Beckmire. "And gone the way most of them go."

"Yes, most of them!" Beckmire said under his breath as the captain ordered more Scotch and ice, and we all sat down again. The night was still hot and soundless, yet for all its heat there was something feminine and melting and softly mysterious in that tepid sea air of the tropics that fanned our faces. Through it I could sniff stray fumes of ammonia gas from the ice-plant below-decks. The operator sighed audibly as he got up to adjust his light shades. A vague melancholy, a new and disquieting loneliness of spirit, seemed to settle about him, about each man in that little group. A bell sounded out of the ship's bow, slow-noted and mournful, and was answered by another bell farther aft. It was then that the wireless operator turned to the ship's doctor.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked.

"I've got a Bolivian with D. T.'s down below who'll answer that for me," was the doctor's quiet retort. "He's seeing 'em now by the dozens!"

"But actual ghosts—er—objective ghosts?" I foolishly inquired.

The doctor continued to smoke for a minute or two.

"Isn't that word rather a stupid one?" he said at last. "Rather too generic, I mean, for times when we talk with stuff like this!" And he waved a hand indolently toward the apparatus table.

"But don't you somehow believe in the persistence of personality after what we call death?" I had the effrontery to ask, for something about that veiled and nomadic face, with its cavernous shadows in the half-light, made me feel his answer would be worth while.

"Yes," he said; "I do. I've lived long enough, I think, to believe in anything."

"Just cross your wires," ejaculated the captain, "and you'll always get your ghosts!"

"Yes," conceded Beckmire a little wearily, "you've got to tune up to them, as the wireless people put it; you've got to get in tune-accord with, well, let's call it the Exceptional, or you'll never get anything out of the jumble that's about us."

"Tuning up, I s'pose, means either turning on the hysteria or piling on the drugs until you get the right pitch of pure delirium?" inquired the captain.

"Sometimes," acquiesced the doctor. "At other times it's only eyes and stomach. And at still other times it's something you can't understand any more than Columbus could understand this wireless apparatus."

"Have you ever found anything that was more than eyes and stomach when you got to the bottom of it?" the captain demanded.

"But we can't always get to the bottom of it," was Beckmire's quiet reply.

"You know what I mean. Have you steered into anything that you couldn't explain as a physiologist, on the one hand, or as a psychologist, on the other?"

"Yes," said Beckmire, "I have." And that was how he came to tell his story.

II

IT HAPPENED in the midwinter of 1907, on the old Aurian liner Clotilda, began the doctor in that quiet and matter-of-fact tone which of itself seemed to translate everything he said into a world of unquestioned actuality. We made the run from Rio to New York, swinging in to Cartagena and Limon and Kingston for fruit, on company orders. The Clotilda had been a handsome ship in her day, but I'd heard something about her grounding on the Irish coast in a fog, three or four years before. Then she was renamed and put on the southern run, and I was assigned to her under Captain Goodyear, the Goodyear who died of apoplexy at Port Antonio last winter.

We were bound north, and were well up over the Line at the time I speak of. I remember I was down in my cabin that first night, and should have been asleep; but the heat was terrific. I can even recall quite distinctly how I was lying propped up on my two pillows, in the gaudiest Chinese-silk pajamas you ever clapped eyes on. On one side of me, I remember, I had the electric fan going. On the other I had my swivel reading light switched on. I'd been trying to forget the heat by a couple of hours' dip into a paper-covered copy of Huysman's A Rebours—on the idea, I suppose, that mental discomfiture can sometimes discount that of the body.

Then I heard my name called sharply. It startled me a little, it was so unexpected. When I looked up I saw Stobart, the wireless operator, at my door. He was standing there looking in at me. I swung my reading light round on him. His face wasn't any paler than usual. But I noticed that the arm he leaned against the doorjamb with was shaking a little.

"Can you come upstairs?" he said. He spoke so quietly and yet so imperatively that I at once rolled out of the bunk and stuck my toes into a pair of matting slippers.

"What's wrong?" I asked, as I pulled on a pair of ducks. This wasn't the first time he'd startled me. Our old operator, Tucker, had deserted in Rio, and we'd come north without wireless until we picked Stobart up in the roadstead off Pernambuco. He'd been operating for a couple of years in some Brazilian swamp district, and I never saw a man so hungry to get back to the frost belt. But he'd come aboard with what I'd sized up as rice malaria—hemorrhagic malaria is what a hospital intern would call it—and when he looked me up the second or third day out and asked if I could do anything to help his eyes, and I saw his yellow skin and that jaundiced-looking conjunctiva, why, my heart came right up in my throat and I said: "Yellow Jack, or Cuban dengue at the least!" Dengue is mild yellow fever, usually ambulant. And I saw a sweet time ahead of that ship, and a month or two of quarantine when it was all over. You'll say these are side issues, of course; yet they're not without interest. For his conjunctivitis, in the first place, was caused by nothing more than the wireless spark. And his chills and fever and yellowness and all that came from malaria truly enough, as the plasmodium malaria in the blood showed me later on. A pair of blue glasses, to guard his eyes against the ultra-violet rays when he was at work, soon fixed his conjunctivitis. But he was so full of swamp malaria that I used to give him as much as thirty grains of quinine, hypodermically, to keep him up and going. And I had to fight with him about taking it, the same as I have to with that D. T. patient of mine downstairs. The quinine, you see, made his ears ring practically deafened him.

That, of course, cut out his chances of communication. He couldn't hear the receiver phones when they were clamped right against his ears; he couldn't even hear "static" with a hornet's nest like that in his head. And Captain Goodyear was waiting for company orders before swinging up into the Caribbean, and that new operator, naturally, wanted to make good on the Clotilda. So he'd cut out the quinine when I didn't watch him. You can imagine, accordingly, what he'd suffer during one of his bad spells. "I've gone to the blackest pit and back ten times over," was the way he expressed it to me. He couldn't even crawl out of the berth, sometimes, to get to his tuner and starting lever. Sometimes, too, when he knew he'd got his call, he couldn't read the Morse because of that quinine. We carried an outfit in those days without tape, inker or bell alarm. But, as I've said before, I thought he'd been having another of his bad nights when he came down to my door that way.

"Are you sick?" I asked him, and I remember he didn't even blink when I poked my light in his face. I saw no signs of collapse or high fever. His eyes were clear enough, but something about the enlarged and iridescent pupils disturbed me.

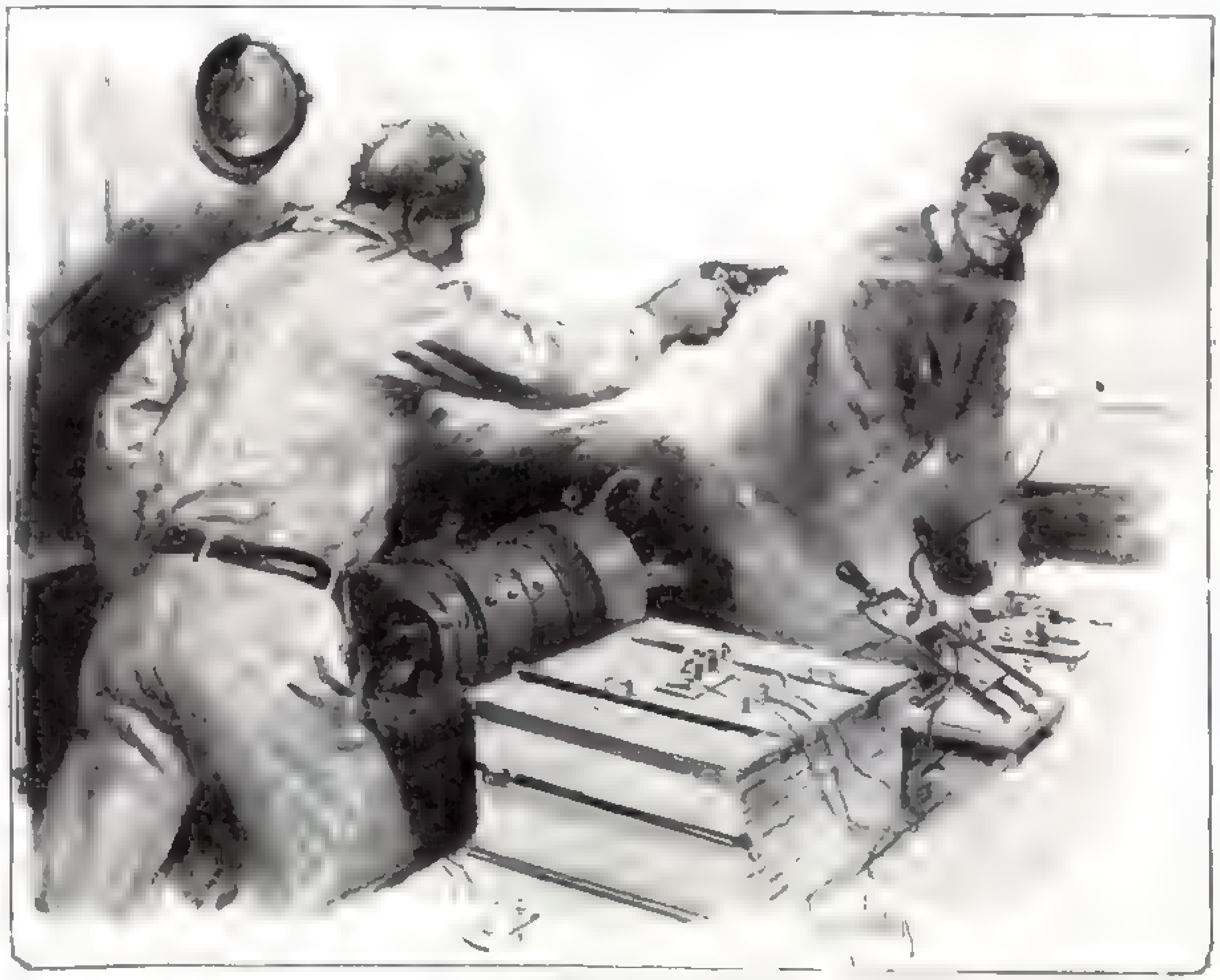
"Come upstairs," was all he said. Then he passed one hand over his forehead—he might have had a headache or he might have been brushing a cobweb off his face. But I could never forget that gesture. It spelled utter and helpless bewilderment to me.

"Anything happened?" I asked as I followed him along a sultry alleyway of closed doors. The warm air sucked through that alleyway like the back draft from a furnace. "Yes," was all he said.

"What is it?" I demanded again. You know the tricks that equatorial heat, just plain heat, will play on you sometimes. I didn't care to paper-chase round a boat with a paranoic on a night like that So I asked him again what it was.

"That's what I've got to find out," he answered me as he groped his way abovedeck. He was very quiet about it.

Half way up the steps that led to the bridge deck, however, he came to a stop. He stood there guardedly, with his head just above the level of the deck boards, looking carefully about. What he was looking for I couldn't in the least surmise. But I heard him take a deep breath, as though relieved, and then go quietly up the rest of the steps.


I Don't Remember Taking Aim or Firing

It was really a wonderful night, hot and black as velvet—you know the kind, when the stars seem so close you get to thinking you can climb to a masthead and pick 'em like oranges. And off our port bow I could see the lights of a big Royal Mailer, southward bound. And everything was as still as this deck is now. But these things didn't interest me much at the time. I was too busy resenting that nautical steeplechase young Stobart was leading me into. And I told him so, as I groped and shuffled after him along the upper deck. The lights had been doused, of course, for the sake of the man at the wheel.

I could just make out Stobart's figure as he felt his way to the wireless room. The door to this room was closed and locked. I wondered at this, just as I wondered why his station itself was unlighted. I noticed, too, that he waited for me to catch up with him before he stepped in across the narrow little coppered doorsill. I also noticed that he did not turn on his lights. I began to express my impatience at the whole proceedings, and to express it in no uncertain language.

"Wait!" he said in little more than a whisper. Then he quietly closed the cabin door and padded about in the darkness with his hands. I heard him pull what I took to be a deck chair across the boards.

"Sit down," he whispered, with a tug at my pajama sleeve. I sat down. He himself took another chair not two feet away from me.

"Well?" I inquired, wondering if the heat had gone to his head.

"I want you to wait and listen," he said in my ear so quietly that I scarcely caught the words.

"For what?" I demanded, feeling that he was making a fool of me, yet infected, in spite of myself, by the atmosphere of the place.

"That's what I want you to tell me," was Stobart's answer. I could feel his fingers on my arm. I think he meant them as a signal for quietness, as a warning to wait.

We sat there, minute after minute, listening. What we were listening for Heaven only knows. It was more than I could even guess at. I could hear the other man's breathing. It was quick and short, and not the sort a visiting physician would find especially reassuring. Then the closeness of the room and the idiocy of our postures began to get on my nerves. I felt that I'd had about enough of it.

"Turn on that fan!" I cried out irritably. Instead of answering me he caught at my arm—almost imploringly, I thought at the time. I shook his hand off with some impatience.

"Wait!" he whispered; and I can remember how his fingers tightened on my arm again. Then I leaned forward a little, close beside him, and listened. My ear, I suppose, had not been so well trained as his with its years of active work over microphonic apparatus. But I leaned forward and listened. I was charmingly well primed to scoff at anything that might happen. But I can still recall the uneasy sinking I suddenly and involuntarily felt somewhere about the pit of my stomach. For beyond the closed door, from some remoter part of the quiet deck, I felt sure I heard a sound. It was quite faint and far away, at first. But as I listened it seemed to approach us.

It was, I felt, nothing more than the sound of footsteps; but coming as it did, and at that time of night, and after the séance Stobart had put me through, it didn't exactly seem the sound a fireman coming to shift a ventilator would make. It couldn't have been an officer turning out for his watch. Those steps seemed very methodic and unhurried. I knew they were crossing the deck, coming slowly in our direction, as we listened. I could hear them draw closer and closer. I knew they were there, just through that half inch of painted pine, as plainly as I knew the wireless operator was clutching at my arm. There was no mistake about it; no room for illusion. I could hear them. They came toward us, and then they came to a stop directly outside the closed door of the wireless room.

"There's some one there," I told him as I sat listening for the knock. But no knock came. I started to my feet.

"Wait!" Stobart was imploring almost in my ear. Still no sound came from outside. And, oddly enough, I hadn't detected any sign of passing steps, to show our visitor had turned away

"It won't come back again," Stobart was saying. "It heard you."

"What heard me?" I asked him.

"It would have turned the knob and tried to get in," was all he answered

"That's what knobs are for!" I blandly retorted.

"But you heard It," he said with a gasp of relief. I remember how thin his voice was and the note of triumph that rang in it.

"Of course I heard it," I told him. "What about it?" Yet I must confess that my impatience was now three parts pretense

"But you didn't hear It go away," he maintained mysteriously.

"Then it's still there!" I proclaimed—with a bit of a sneer, I'm afraid.

"Wait!" he was still whispering. I heard him take a step or two in the darkness somewhere behind me. Then he spoke again.

"Open the door quick as I turn on the light!" I heard him say. I jumped for the door the moment I heard the snap of his switch. I was only too glad to let the nervous tension explode into some sudden activity like that. In the same breath that the white light flooded the cabin I had the door open.

No one was there. I can't explain to you how much I had counted on surprising a skulking deckhand or a listening steward or even a somnambulistic passenger from below. But the deck was empty; there was nothing in sight. A breath of cooler air blew in on my face, bringing with it a disagreeable sensation of dampness. But that was all.

"What's all this rot about, anyway?" I remember suddenly calling out. I felt the need of focusing my anger on something, for I began to see the absurdity of the entire situation. "What does it mean?" I demanded

"I don't know what it means," Stobart answered very slowly and very quietly, as he stood looking through the open door. Something about his utter calmness took the wind out of my sails. I couldn't exactly call it calmness, though, for the next moment he turned and looked at me with his wistful and hungry and half-hopeless stare. Then I laughed outright at him.

"That particular deck was made for the particular purpose of walking on," I pointed out to him. "So, why sit up and worry about that particular individual who has to go about his own particular business on it? There's lots of people aboard to walk a deck. Let 'em walk—let 'em come and go until the heavenly cows come home"

"But It never goes," the other man answered.

"It *must* go," I told him.

"No, It comes to my door," he said. "Then It stops."

"What do you mean by 'It'?" I demanded. He did not answer my question.

"It will come again," he said, staring past me out into the darkness. "Then the knob will turn."

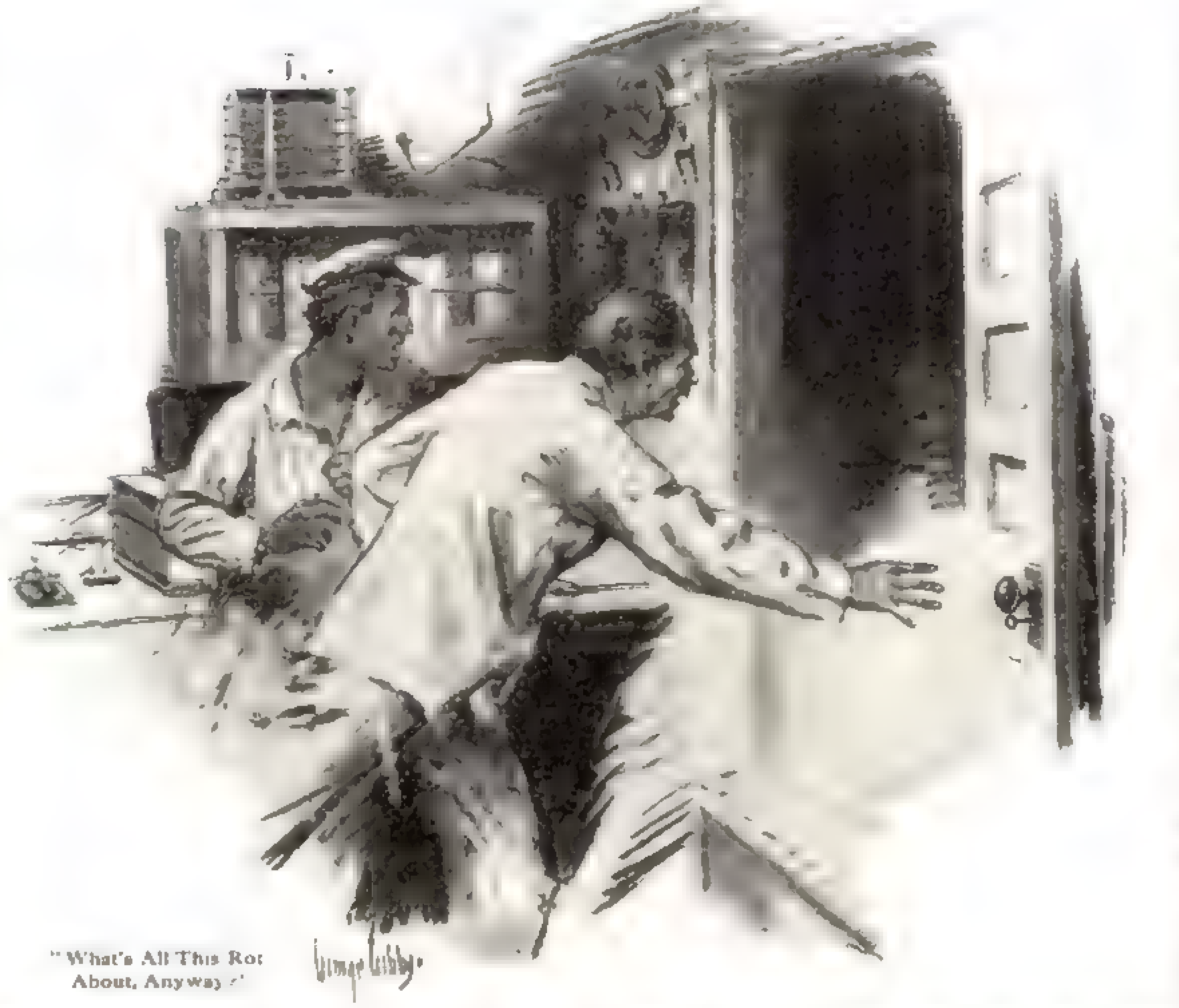
"And it'll go away again," I derided, "the same as it did five minutes ago. And probably go down to its berth and take off its clothes and go to bed, the same as you and I should be doing."

"But It never goes away," he whispered. Something in his voice, as he whispered those words, sent a little spreading chill needling up and down my back. I experienced a distinct horripilation, in spite of myself.

"But what do you mean by 'It'?" I persisted.

"I don't know," he said with his helpless stare.

"Look here—this is rampant theatricality," I told him, and I said it with considerable vigor. "This is pure hysteria. You're getting worked up over nothing.



"What's All This Rot About, Anyway?"

You're worse than a juba-patter at a camp meeting. You're getting worse than a darky in a graveyard. But you can't get me that way."

He didn't so much as give me a look.

"It will come back," he mumbled. "It keeps coming back, as though It wanted something."

I forced a laugh at that. Then I made him sit down in one of the empty chairs.

"It's you that want something," I warned him. "Your wires are getting crossed. And this is no time to untangle them. But it's either heat and worry, or temperature and too much quinine. If it's not that, then it's stomach or eyes."

He turned round again and looked at me. I can see that haggard and mournful face even now. I can still see the look of plaintive indifference in his deep-sunken eyes, as though he'd realized I was out of touch with him, hopelessly out of touch with all his world.

"You're not getting enough air in here," I told him. "You keep this cabin like a bake-oven."

"It's not that," he wearily protested.

"And, I suppose, you shut this door every night?" I gibed.

"Yes," he told me quite shamelessly. I demanded to know why.

He looked at me again with those calm and indifferent eyes of his. Then he glanced out across the gloomy deck.

"I have to keep It locked out," was his answer.

"You've been dreaming," I told him.

"No," he persisted. "I have to lock It out every night. It wants to get in. It comes and turns the knob. It keeps trying to get inside."

This was a little too much. "You've been dreaming," I reiterated disgustedly.

"No," he persisted, "I haven't been dreaming. And my wires haven't got crossed. I can go through any test you put me to. I'm as calm and sane as you are. But, I tell you, I can't stand having It come to my door that way, night after night."

"My boy, you're malarial, and you've been having the nightmare of your life," I tried to assure him. "What you want is sleep and cooler weather and something to whip those nerves of yours into shape. And the first thing to do is to get to bed and forget all this. Then, I'll see you in the morning and we'll talk things over in sane, sensible daylight, when things don't get twisted and we don't hear crooked and see double."

"You'll keep It away from me? You'll clear it all up?" he asked in that plaintive and fretful tone of his. And I quite cheerfully assured him that I'd take "It" away from him. I was a little condescending about it, I fancy, the same as you'd be with a peevish child. Then we had a smoke together, and I tried to quiet him down by talking over such commonplaces as the new Broadway musical comedies and what Coney Island had grown into since he went south. Then I gave him a bromide, said good-night, and took a turn or two on deck, watching the stars and wondering first at the loneliness of the ship in particular and then at the loneliness of all life in general. Then I went down to that Dutch-oven of a cabin of mine and tried to go to sleep.

III

I'M AFRAID I didn't sleep any too well that night. I tried to tell myself it was the heat, but I kept thinking about Stobart and his delusions a great deal. The next day, too, his appearance rather disturbed me. I made it a pretext to look him over when the chance came. And I pounded him about and put him through a catechism that'd make a Bertillon chart look like a chalk sketch. But I found him normal enough, outside the malaria and the cabin-door matter.

The only way to straighten out that mental kink of his, I decided, was to get to the bottom of the whole tu'penny mystery, to translate the entire business into its obvious materialities. Did you ever stop to watch a child engineering mill races on the seashore, and then with a sort of malicious good nature divert his whole river bed, knowing all along you could return it to its old channel with one side scoop of a foot through the sand? Well, that's how I felt about Stobart. I thought myself a bit of a psychologist, and I'd bumped into psychoneurosis enough to feel at home with an illusion like this. So I told myself that I could afford to be both patient and generous with him. In fact, we sat down and talked the whole thing over together very quietly and reasonably, though never once would Stobart admit the possibility of sense error or the contingency of a ship's motion occasionally flinging open a door which was not any too securely latched. He was quite fixed in his belief that some agency, not natural and normal, had repeatedly come to his door and tried to open it.

It ended in my agreeing to sit up and watch with him. And that midnight found me up in the wireless room, with a goodly supply of tobacco, a storage flashlight and a singularly open and disengaged mind. Stobart's plaintively superior manner, as he glanced down at my flashlight rather irritated me

"This may look foolish," I told him as I sent the flash fingering like a searchlight into his darkest cabin corner, "but I'm going to get a glimpse of those mysterious feet or know the reason why."

"I've been over all that ground," he answered a little wearily.

"Then you haven't been over it in the right way," I promptly informed him, "or there'd be no need of me here. This is no voodoo and black-cat business. We're not plantation negroes, you know. You can't carry a banshee and a wireless outfit on the same steamer."

"Then, what is it?" he demanded.

"It's several things," I told him. "But, most of all, it's mere neuropyra, and I'm going to show you why. You're a sick man—you're simply a victim of your own worn-out nerves." And I lit up and sat down and talked to him on abnormal psychology and what I remembered of it, explaining as well as I could the inferential construction of sense perceptions as related to illusions proper, in contradistinction to hallucination. He laughed a little, I remember, at some of my phrases, like *intra-organic stimuli* and *associative law of preference* and *acataleptic imagination*. But, naturally, you can't expect to make much headway on such subjects as the objectification of thought and the influences of expectant attention when your listener hasn't even heard of Rabier. "I'm not much of a Weir Mitchell," I know, I wound up with, "but I'm going to cure you of this bug."

That word "bug" was something he could grasp. But he only smiled a little. "It's no use," he said in his tired and wistful way. "It's not a bug."

"It is a bug, and you've got to smash it," I had the brutality to tell him, "or it's going to smash you." He got up with a shrug and crossed the cabin and closed the door. I looked at my watch. It was almost two in the morning, and nothing had happened.

Something about his isolated figure enlisted my sympathy against my will. I even tried to extenuate things for him as we sat there, explaining how everything in his case tended to pile up the mystery; how mysterious was any ship at sea, with an equatorial midnight about her; how mysterious the apparatus with which he worked was, with its ghostlike calling and receiving across such spaces of silence; how mysterious even trivial mental illusions were, once they were played upon by the converging lines of association. Then, oppressed by his haggard and hopeless eyes, I asked him to tell me how the whole thing had started.

He sat back and began talking He spoke without excitement or emotion, watching his apparatus as he talked.

"I was sitting here, the second night out, just as we're doing now," he said. "I'd been trying to tune up to a Navy message I hadn't quite caught. Then, all of a sudden, I lost them altogether. It was very quiet in here except when I 'called.' Then, of course, it was nothing but crash and rattle, with my spark going. I was waiting and listening very intently when I —— *What are you looking at?*" he suddenly broke out with, for he must have turned, at that minute, and caught sight of my face. As a matter of fact, I wasn't looking at anything. I was listening—and listening with every nerve of my body.

For, across the quietness of the deck outside, I knew I'd heard a sound. It was a sound of footsteps. They were very faint at first; they seemed coming from an indescribable distance; but I could hear them coming closer and closer. They seemed as unhurried as the steps of a mourner at a funeral.

"It's coming!" Stobart whispered, and, before I could stop him, he'd switched out the light. I knew by this time there was no mistake about my hearing those steps. They were so distinct that I remember the feeling of disappointment that swept through me—I felt so sure our visitor would turn out to be an officer, who'd have the laugh on us for eavesdropping at that time of night. Yet the steps, all the while, kept coming closer and closer.

I remember Stobart's clutch at my arm as they came to a stop at his door. Yes, they were clearly and unmistakably at his door. I already had my hand on the knob, padding it with my moist palm, so that I could both detect any movement that took place in it and at the same time open the door without a second's delay.

But I knew the knob had not turned. I also knew the intruder was still there. I kept my attention fixed on him there, listening for the slightest movement, as I brought my flashlight up in front of me. I did not wait for any word or sign from Stobart. I simply opened the door like a flash. At the same moment I threw on my electric, giving it a sweeping, semicircular movement. If it had been a machine gun it would have mowed down everything on the deck. But it would have mowed down nothing mortal. There was not a living soul in sight. The deck was empty, as empty as a church!

IV

THAT empty deck was more of a shock to me than I had allowed for. It upset me considerably more than I had counted on. It gave me that sick feeling, that indescribable, nauseous sinking of the diaphragm which comes to a man when he feels his first earthquake under his heels. It seemed to take the bottom out of everything Then, in some way, the whole thing angered me, made me as mad as a hatter. Nothing could dethrone Nature and Reason. As a man of science I wasn't going to stand for either hysteria or nautical table-rapping. I decided then and there to get to the bottom of the thing, to shake the nonsense out of it, if I had to sit up for a month to do it.

Stobart himself wasn't acting in a way to soothe anybody's ruffled nerves. "What does it mean?" he kept whimpering. "What does it mean?"

"Keep cool, man; keep cool!" I told him for the second time. Then it suddenly came home to me how hot that little cabin was. My ducks were wet through.

"Now you understand!" Stobart was exulting as he mopped his face and dodged back and forth like a hyena in a cage. I got the impression that the whole world was going mad and being coffined up in four stifling cabin walls.

"Come outside," I told him. "Get outside in the air and we'll talk this thing over." I didn't want him to think that I'd come a cropper myself. And I remember almost dragging him out of that cabin the same as you'd drag a man from a quicksand. We got to the rail and stood there for a while, looking about us. Then we walked up and down the quiet deck. I can remember how homely and consoling and regular the throb of the screw sounded. Even the scrape of the stokers' shovels from the engine-room fiddle was good to hear.

When Stobart spoke up and said, "There's something wrong with this ship!" I remember the feeling that crept over me, the passion to smash his sneaking thing of mystery, just as you'd want to smash a rat that kept raiding your pantry or vermin that were fouling your linen. I still clung to the belief that it was some trick, some foolish hoax, which any moment of calm study might suddenly show up, like a searchlight, in all its hilarious and laughable simplicity. I kept asking myself if it mightn't be an echo of some sort, a series of sounds oddly reflected from a remoter part of the ship, a sort of ventriloquism of wood and iron, which might be projecting certain footsteps from the bridge or from a lower deck into this upper area of audition. I even experimented among the lifeboats, using them for sounding-boards; but nothing came of it. Then I turned back to question Stobart, to make sure he had no enemies on the Clotilda, to cross-examine him as to what friends he'd made and what visitors he'd had. This, too, came to nothing; he didn't know a soul on board. Every possible avenue of escape seemed to lead straight back to that old, blind wall of enigma. So it wasn't merely sympathy for Stobart that left me more than ever determined to get to the root of the whole matter. I felt oddly and keenly sorry for him. It seemed to have left him so helpless and childlike. Indeed, if he'd been an imaginative man it would never have knocked him off his feet the way it did. But he was all sober, calm, common-sense, as we call it. What he saw, he saw. Truth, outside of actual experience, was to him what you might describe as a metaphysical absurdity. The corollary of this was equally obvious. Experience, outside established truth, was just as much an absurdity. So it cut the world from under his feet. It left his mind staggering feverishly through a dozen inchoate hells of doubt and disorder. It flung him back into a black chaos of unbelief, a chaos that a whole lifetime of careful sorting and pigeonholing of experience had been shutting away from him—the same way, I suppose, that Dutch gardeners shut away the sea with a dyke.

But it wasn't for Stobart's sake that I intended to stick to the thing. It was no longer curiosity; I'd passed the offhanded dilettante stage. My own experience had bumped into something it couldn't swallow, and I had to Fletcherize the whole lump into a pulp of common-sense or leave reason to choke to death on the irrational. But I preferred making my investigations by myself. I didn't care for any more outside infection of emotionalism. So I asked Stobart if he wouldn't go down and get a few hours' sleep in the infirmary or even in my cabin. He refused, however; he had to stick to his wireless. He wanted to be fair to the ship, he said; and I began to feel that, after all, there wasn't so much of the coward about him. But he finally agreed to take a deck chair somewhere amidships between the lifeboats, where it was cool and where he'd be within reach of his room. Then I could call him, he said, if anything happened.

V

MY FIRST move, when Stobart had taken himself off, was to examine his room. Outside the apparatus table and the Leyden jars and condenser above the narrow sleeping-berth the room held nothing of interest. There were no dark corners, no draperies, no hidden openings, nothing in any way ambiguous, nothing capable of harboring mystery. The only thing that caught my eye with any sense of shock was a large-caliber revolver lying in between Stobart's helix case and his Leyden jars, directly above his berth. But even that I could account for when I remembered the uncertainty under which he'd been sleeping there. Indeed, I found something reassuring about that gun, as though it stood for a determination to combat only material enemies.

I was glad enough to take my hint from that, finding something rather consolatory in making those preparations which you'd make only against flesh and blood, which you'd make only when you're trying to trap something material and ponderable. This feeling prompted me to slip down to my own room and catch up a fresh supply of tobacco, a couple of suture needles and a spool of silk, and then a phial of quinine sulphate. The latter was some old stock which had failed to produce the quinine reaction—time and careless handling had apparently converted it into one of its isomers. But I'm afraid I'm making that rather technical. What I'm getting at is that the stuff was air-drawn, and I took it only because it supplied me with a white powder. I mention these details simply because I want you to understand I was thinking normally, that I was clear-headed enough to appreciate even the smaller points as I went along. I remember, in fact, the sense of confidence that came to me when I got those familiar suture needles in my hand, as though they were instruments that wouldn't even fail me in drawing together the ends of a psychic mystery, as though they could sew up even the sort of mental gash I've been trying to tell you about.

I also brought up with me a bunchlight, a cluster of six electrics under a glazed reflector, such as they swing over a landing ladder at night. I dug out enough of Stobart's insulated wire to connect this bunchlight with the ship's ordinary circuit, and swung it directly over Stobart's door, so that the turn of a switch from inside the cabin would make the deck as light as day. Then I threaded my two suture needles with silk and pressed them down into the deck boards about three feet out from the doorsill. Then I showered the deck with my quinine sulphate. No one would be likely to reach that wireless room, I knew, without breaking my slender hurdle of silk. And no one could approach the door, I felt equally satisfied, without leaving a pretty clear impression of his steps. And when I had the size and shape of those steps I knew I'd have something to work on. I even remember my impulse to connect the brass

(Continued on Page 36)

The Education of an English Boy

How Young John Bull is Prepared for the University

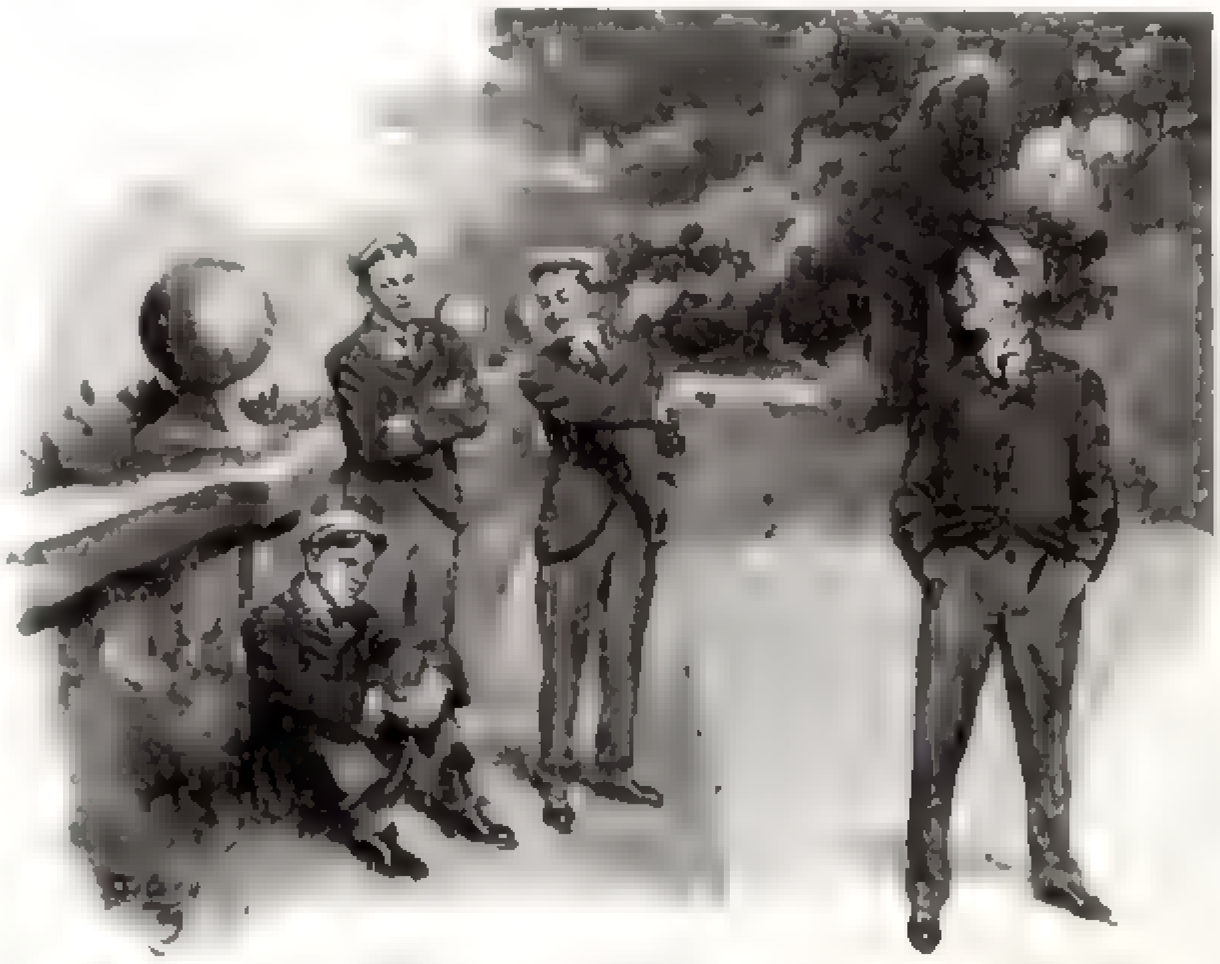
By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IF, WHILE strolling in the little island where these words are written, you should happen to see an Englishman rush bareheaded for the telegraph office, the chances are that a son has just been born to him, and so a dispatch has to be sent to Winchester College nominating the youngster for that famous school some fourteen or fifteen years hence. There are always many more applicants than this public school can accommodate, and although Winchester is the most exclusive academy in England it is nevertheless a rule of "first come, first served," consequently an English father loses no time in attending to the preliminaries.

One striking difference between America and England is that the elective principle runs through affairs in the States, while the hereditary principle is largely paramount in Great Britain. The President is elected; the King reigns because he is first in the royal line. The American boy may, and does, elect his profession; the English boy has practically nothing to say about the question. He is born to his school, born to his club and, if he is the eldest son, is usually born to an estate, which even his father cannot alienate from him if it happens to be entailed, as is generally the case. An eldest son may be born to riches, while all his brothers must hustle for themselves. An effort is made, however, to give the younger members of the family a good education, the second son probably going into the army or navy, the third into the church, the fourth, perhaps, into law or medicine, and in each of these instances a different course of schools is chosen, the boy going into the army requiring a different training from his brother who is destined for the church or for a diplomatic career.

All these schools are expensive—practically prohibitive to any boy whose father is a man of moderate means, yet not altogether so, for a youth with a talent for learning can work himself through public schools and colleges by means of the numerous competitive scholarships which an earnest student may obtain. When a few years ago the Rhodes scholar was invented, Cecil Rhodes, the African millionaire, merely flung broadcast the old scholarship principle of English educational circles, scattering it over the United States, Canada, Germany and other countries.

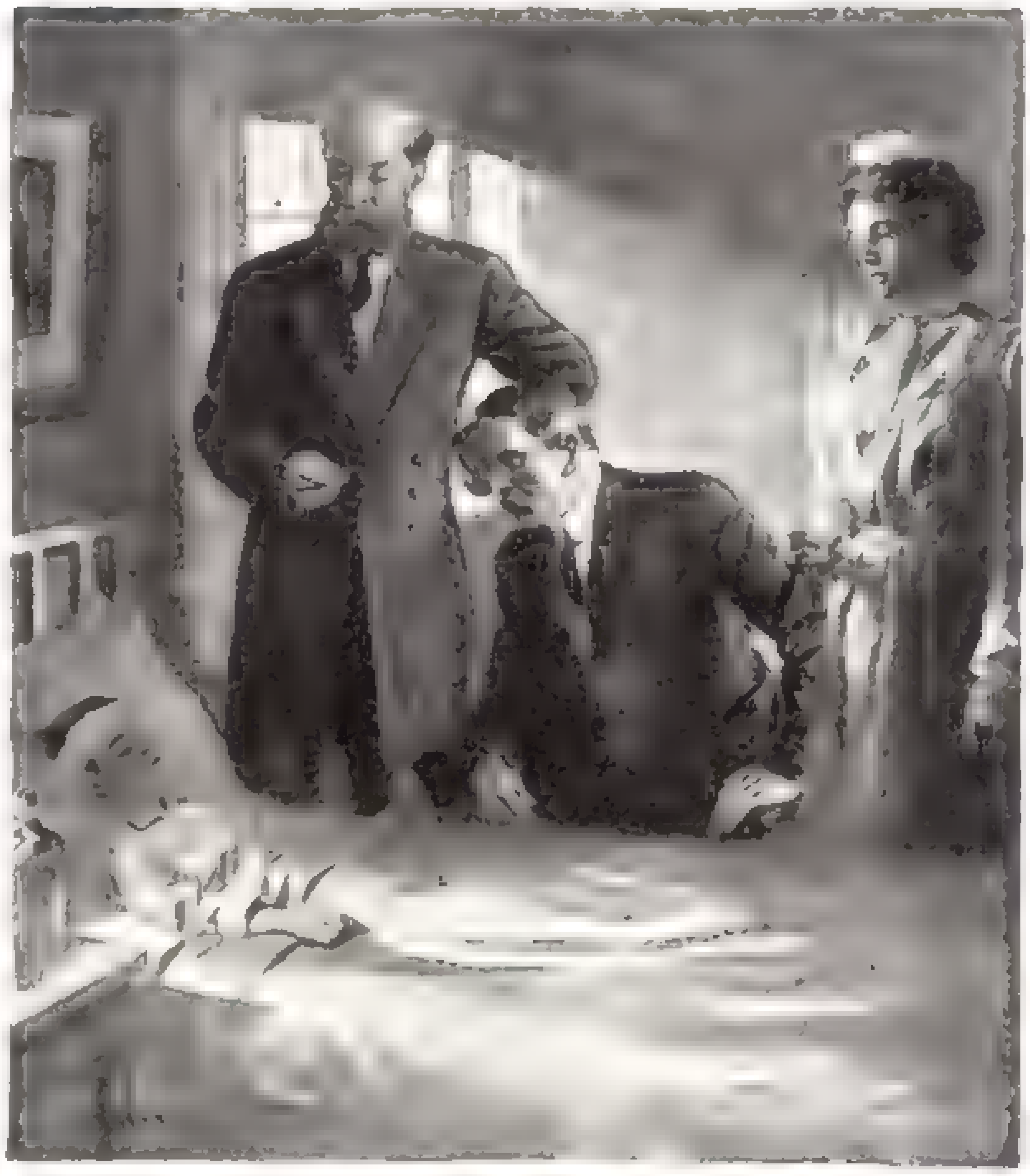

The Envied of All His Comrades

Aside from these costly centers of learning England provides a system of free education of comparatively recent introduction, and all over the land board schools have been established, housed in tall, brick buildings possessing all the dreamy architectural beauty of a Buffalo grain elevator. I do not know whether the general hideousness of these buildings is the fault of the utilitarian school boards or the fault of the modern architect, but when you remember that some of the most charming and fascinating structures in the world are the old ecclesiastical school buildings and colleges of England one wonders that the house-makers of the present day did not copy if they could not invent.

A rich manufacturer or merchant may upon occasion send a son through the course that ends in Oxford or Cambridge, but not, as a rule, if the boy is intended to succeed him in his business, for he regards a university degree as rather a handicap than an assistance in commercial life. Neither would he send the lad to a board school, where tuition is free, but to one of the numerous excellent private schools where instruction tends toward a business training. These private schools are much more sedate than the hustling commercial colleges of America, and, indeed, are rather modeled on the British public school, with classics giving place to modern languages and the teaching of a boy to earn his own living. As it is impossible in a single article to do justice to these useful institutions and to the free board schools, I shall devote myself entirely to the small boy of good family and more or less well-to-do parents who attends the preparatory and public schools.

This little chap is a very shy, retiring item of humanity, who develops slowly as compared with the American boy. He has nothing at all to say for himself, is seldom seen and never heard unless a question is directly asked him, which he will answer as well as he can. He is polite, but so painfully bashful that it seems cruel to pursue inquiry. Indeed, he is invisible to visitors unless they are intimate friends of the family, for he is learning his letters with the governess in the children's schoolroom upstairs, or perhaps taking his constitutional with that lady in the park, for he is very early brought under strict discipline, where each hour of the day has its own particular duty. He leaves for the preparatory school at what seems to an outsider an exceedingly early age, when he is anywhere between six and eight years old. Affiliated with most of the great public schools are preparatory schools, and perhaps the boy is sent to one of these if there happens to be room, or else to a preparatory school situated in some healthy spot, as, for instance, at Eastbourne, by the sea, which is a town of schools, or an inland place like Malvern, among the hills.

If the little chap is heartsick at leaving home he finds something to occupy his mind with a suddenness that is startling. The modern schoolmaster is much more enlightened than was his predecessor, and the cruelty which even very small boys exercise upon one another, and which was once supposed to have a hardening but



He Absolutely Refused to Tell Who His Assailants Were

beneficial influence on youth, is now frowned down upon and severely punished when the culprits are caught; nevertheless, the victim finds this a tough world at the beginning of his term.

One of the first things taught a small boy, not by his masters but by his fellow-pupils, is that in no circumstances is he to inform on a fellow-pupil. The commandment is so severely drubbed into him that the boy never afterward forgets it. This bond of silence is so well recognized by the teachers that a boy is rarely asked to disclose anything affecting others, although sometimes he is expected to make a confession where he is the sole culprit.

In a certain preparatory school a slim, anæmic lad of seven was beaten nearly to death by certain of his comrades for no other reason than that the boys regarded him as a milksop who needed to be put through the hardening process. He was stripped and gagged, held down in his bed and pounded with hair-brushes, a most fiendish instrument. This occurred at night in a dormitory that contained twenty boys of about his own age. Although the victim was able to speak next morning, yet when he was taken to the hospital he absolutely refused to tell who his assailants were, or even to give the number engaged in the atrocity. For some weeks he hovered between life and death, but eventually recovered. The indignant, enraged father of the boy directed his solicitor to bring a suit for damages against the school, but this action was withdrawn when he learned what the head master had done.

If the sufferer refused to give information even to his own father it was evident that there was little use in questioning any other of the nineteen. Three of the assistant teachers marshaled the nineteen and stood them up in a row with their backs to the wall of an empty schoolroom. Everything was done with a certain impressive slowness in the midst of a dense silence. When a sentence had to be spoken the fewest possible words were used. Each boy was quietly requested to remove his coat and waistcoat, and the garments were taken charge of by an attendant. There was then a long pause, the nineteen boys standing each in shirt and trousers, with his back against the wall. Next, four stalwart employees came in, two watchmen who perambulated the large schoolhouse during the night and two others who patrolled the grounds. These four took their places behind the three assistant teachers. Not a word was spoken. After an interval a door opened and the doctor of the school entered, who glanced gravely at the boys and took his place near the head of the column. His presence seemed to fill the striplings with the direst forebodings. They moistened their lips, and the faces of most showed deadly anxiety.

When the Heart Speaks

AFTER another long and anxious wait the door at the end of the schoolroom was opened by an usher, and there entered the head master in his robes, whose cut and color indicated the degree the university had bestowed upon him. A minor official carrying the rods of punishment followed him. Coming to a stand before the company of boys the head master spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and his words were soothing, tranquilizing.

"I see," he said, "that all of you are apprehensive, but those who are innocent have nothing to fear. All such I ask to remain perfectly calm."

He waited until these words had sunk into the minds of his hearers, then he continued:

"To those who are guilty I can offer no word of comfort. I shall first punish them with these rods as severely as the doctor here permits, then they will be expelled from the school. I command the boys who committed that detestable outrage last night to step forward."

The whole phalanx stood motionless as statues. The head master made a signal to the doctor, who bent his ear to the breast of the first boy, then to the second, then to the third. The fourth boy he flung forward out of the line. Thus he passed quickly down the rank, and when he reached the farther end five boys stood out from the company, weeping and pleading for mercy, confessing their crime. They had been able to keep their countenances reasonably well in check, but their wildly-beating hearts gave them away.

The youth, having finished with the preparatory school, passes some preliminary examinations and takes a great step forward—a step into the public school. This step is over an unseen chasm. Although oral and written examinations hold an undisputed place in the English educational system there is something else so subtle that it is difficult to define. The boy has been under supervision for a certain number of years, and has begun the development of character. The progress of this development cannot quite be set down in marks, nor can its stages be determined by examinations. He has rather unconsciously been creating what may be termed a sort of spiritual debit and credit account. When the list of boys who have successfully passed the examination is made out, but not yet published, the master of the preparatory school and the principal of the public school hold a conference over it, a conference that is private, and certain names may be stricken from the list as unsatisfactory.

A similar crisis awaits the lad when he leaves the public school for the university. The head of the college to whom he applies writes to the principal of the public school for an estimate of character, and if the reply is unfavorable the chances are that the young man is not allowed to enter that college.

It seems rather odd that if the boy is a stalwart fellow with an excellent record at games, this proficiency may overcome a lack of scholarship and he may get into both the public school and the college, but proficiency as a cricketer and footballer will not compensate for serious defects in character. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge cares to take on a young man who is likely to be "sent down" before his degree is attained. "Sending down," or expulsion, is a college's capital punishment. Though physically alive he is educationally dead and can enter no other English college.

There are just over a hundred large schools in England that are variously designated public schools, grammar schools and colleges. Some of these are very ancient, the King's School, at Canterbury, for instance, having been founded in 620. King Alfred's School, at Wantage, is slightly older than Boss Croker's horse-farm in that vicinity, having been started by King Alfred himself in 880, the King being thirty-one years of age at the time. Strictly speaking, however, only four educational institutions have the right to call themselves public schools, and these, named in order of their age, are Winchester, Eton, Rugby and Harrow, yet none of these four uses the word public in its title. Winchester and Eton are colleges, Harrow calls itself a school, and Rugby is simply Rugby.

The Boy With the Wig

ETON is the most aristocratic, the costliest and the largest. It dates from 1441, contains slightly over a thousand pupils, whom it educates at an average cost of a thousand dollars each. Winchester, founded in 1393, is the most conservative, the cheapest and the smallest, hence the hurry of the Englishman to get his infant son's name down on the list, for it holds but four hundred and fifteen pupils, whom it educates, boards and lodges at five hundred and eighty dollars each per annum.

Rugby does the trick for five hundred and ninety dollars, and Harrow for seven hundred and fifty. Harrow and Rugby are about the same size, each with room for nearly six hundred boys. All these schools, and most of the others throughout the country, indulge in quaint old customs of their own, to which they tenaciously cling.

I have not visited Winchester for several years, but when last I was there the pupils still dined off wooden trenchers, as they did in mediæval times, although this requires some little skill, for the boys are compelled to make a dyke of mashed potatoes on the board, into the center of which are ladled the meat and gravy. I believe this custom still holds, for although Winchester is the most conservative of the schools the boys are more conservative than the masters, as was shown some years ago when the authorities removed the trenchers and substituted the crockery of modern commerce, against the unanimous protest of the four hundred. The protest being unheeded the boys promptly smashed the crockery into little bits, for an Englishman's way of expressing disapproval of an enactment is to break something, even if it is only the law.

At Rugby a "new man," as an incoming pupil is called, must not put his hands in his pockets during the first term. When he reaches second term he is allowed one hand in. When third term arrives both hands may be pocketed. He must wear Eton collars his first five terms, a stick-up collar in the sixth, and a "barmaid" or turn-down collar when he reaches his eighth term. The angle at which a Rugby man's hat is worn indicates to the initiated the length of time he has been in the school.

The head-covering has also important significance in Harrow, as you will learn by reading Mr. Vachell's excellent school novel, The Hill. At Haileybury a boy during his first terms must wear his cap drawn down over his eyes so that no hair shows in front of it. The consequence is that when this exaction expires the lads place their caps so far back on their heads that you wonder how they stick on. One ex-Haileyburian gave me a pathetic account of his misfortune in this matter. He had been counting the days until he would be privileged to put his cap at the back of his head, when he contracted a fever and was sent home. At the end of his illness his hair had come off, and thus all the advantage he had been so eagerly looking forward to vanished; but, showing how good may come out of evil, the lad provided himself with a wig. He caused a number of hooks to be sewn down the back of the wig and attached an eye underneath the peak of his cap, and thus went back triumphant, the envied of all his comrades, because he was seen to wear his cap at various levels, the highest of which was lower than that of any boy in the school.

An Education for Eight Cents

LONDON has its share of fine old schools, but Westminster, founded by Queen Elizabeth, is about the only one that remains where it started. St. Paul's, just four hundred years old, has removed to the West End. The City of London School, about sixty years older than St. Paul's, has gone to the Thames Embankment. Christ's Hospital, the celebrated Bluecoat School, where boys are not allowed to wear any headgear, has moved thirty-eight miles out into Sussex, while the Charterhouse, where Thackeray was educated, has gone thirty-four miles afield to the Surrey hills.

St. Paul's School was formerly situated just east of the great Cathedral, and when restricted space compelled it to be moved, the rather imposing new terra-cotta buildings were erected at Hammersmith, about five or six miles nearer America. St. Paul's School left the precincts of the Cathedral to take up its station in the environs of St. Paul's Church, Hammersmith, a church which is about a hundred years younger than the school. I suppose the Mercers' Company that for four hundred years has had charge of St. Paul's School did not care to remove it into the country, because the intention of Dean Collet, the founder of the school, was that it should be a place of education for poor city boys. He provided premises adapted to receive one hundred and fifty-three boys, that being the number of fishes taken by Peter in the miraculous draft. The hundred and fifty-three "fishes," as they are called, still get their education free at St. Paul's on payment of eight cents when they begin. These Paul's scholars can be distinguished from the other five hundred pupils by the little metal fish each wears at his watch-chain.

An architectural friend of mine from the United States wished to see some of our newer school buildings in London, and St. Paul's being the only decent modern erection I know of in that line I took him up to Hammersmith. Now, the Hammersmith road, which has the large red buildings of St. Paul's School on one side and the smaller red buildings of the preparatory school on the other, is a very busy thoroughfare, and a man who treads thereon must walk warily. The American architect was exceedingly eager to view the points of the academic structure from all possible angles, and did not confine himself as much as he should have done to the sidewalk, and so came within an ace of being nipped by a large motor-car that swooped down on him from the west, going at a rate considerably in excess of that allowed by law. The indignant man, who had notebook and pencil in hand, stared after the retreating car to learn and note its number.

"Why," he said, turning to me, "I thought every automobile was compelled to carry a number."

"All but one," I replied. "That motor-car belongs to the King."

"Do you mean to say," he stormed, "that the King can violate the laws made in his own name?"

"Why, certainly. What's the use of being King if you can't do as you please?"

"Well," said the architect, dusting his trousers a bit, "I thank God I live in a country where no man is superior to the law."

"Your self-congratulations are premature," I replied, "for you don't live in such a country."

"I do when I'm at home."

"No, sir; there are a dozen men in the United States, and more, who may exceed the speed limit, and your laws cannot touch them. Some magistrates as ignorant as yourself have thought the contrary, but they were called down from Washington and their decisions reversed. Any Ambassador in America can do there what the King does here, and you have no power to stop him, while there *does* exist a power that can stop the King."

"You mean a rebellion such as interfered with Charles I?"

"Oh, nothing so important as that. I mean that the pupils in that red-brick building have the right to stop the King any time he passes down the Hammersmith road. It is a right possessed by no other school or institution that I know of, and it has never been questioned by any monarch for four hundred years. Queen Victoria, who was a great stickler for her privileges, was in some doubt about the custom, but finally she admitted it. The purpose of stopping the King is to present a petition to him, should they wish to appeal to Cæsar. Queen Victoria, in 1844, stopped, but would not receive the address, ordering it to be sent to her at the next levee. When the boys began this sort of thing they tackled the most truculent and dangerous monarch that ever sat on the English throne, Henry VIII, in 1522. Having succeeded with him they were not likely to be frightened by any of the rest. Thirty-six years later they held up a lady who was none too patient, namely, the imperious Elizabeth, but she smiled graciously upon them and chucked under the chin the boy who handed her the document.

Fagging, Birching and Swishing

"I DON'T know whether the present lads have ever asked Edward to stand and deliver, or, rather, stand and receive, but I am very certain that when they do Edward VII will prove quite as courteous as Henry VIII."

There are two paths of glory open to a lad at a public school: one scholastic, one athletic. It need hardly be said that distinction in the latter line is much preferred by the average boy to proficiency in the former. He would rather receive his "fez" at Harrow than be awarded the greatest literary prize the school can bestow. The "fez" is the cap of honor worn by the house football eleven. "Footer" they call the game, both in public schools and at the universities. A boy must know the rules of Harrow football by heart, and the examination he passes before the house eleven is more severe than any classical trial he is called upon to confront. If the candidate for "footer" hesitates in his answers he is made to stand up in hall and sing the rules of the game amidst the laughter and sarcastic applause of his fellows. But masters and pupils are equally keen on football and cricket, which accounts for the saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton.

When a boy attains the distinction of being appointed prefect of his school his athletic record is taken into account as well as his scholarship. A prefect is not a teacher, even in embryo, although in many schools he is allotted the power of punishment. It seems rather a risky thing to place in the hands of a senior the right to birch one of the junior pupils, as, indeed, Winchester discovered some thirty years ago, when there was an outbreak of public indignation over what is known as the Tunding Case, "tunding" being Winchester's name for thrashing.

It is one of the unexplainable features of English social life that a gentleman will send his son to a school where a fellow-pupil will give him an ignominious whipping during which the victim dare not strike back; and it is also strange that the English father, who is himself so particular about what may be termed the lines of caste, should permit his son to be a "fag," which means that for a certain time he must render menial service to an elder boy who may be greatly his social inferior outside the school

The young Duke of Dorset was fag to Lord Byron at Harrow. Of course, Byron proved to be a man of great genius; but he gave little indication of it at that time, and it must be remembered that a duke is socially so much the superior of a mere lord that it would take an expert astronomer to calculate the height of one above the other. Byron, however, was very kind to his ducal slave, for all his life he was the champion of the oppressed, and in his Hours of Idleness he calls the custom a harsh one. Addressing the duke he wrote:

Though the harsh custom of youthful band
Bade thee obey, and gave to me command.

Punishment is called "birching" or "swishing," although at Winchester, for instance, the birch is not used, the swish being made of four slim but tough branches cut from an apple tree. As fagging is gradually disappearing, so the swishing by prefects is falling into disuse, and the boy who rules by moral rather than by physical force is accounted the perfect prefect.

A young friend of mine was prefect in a sort of ecclesiastical school housed in beautiful, monastic-looking buildings near Banbury, to whose cross the children of England have ridden cock-horses from time immemorial. Near here, surrounded by a crystal-clear moat, stands Broughton Castle, the most picturesque edifice in Oxfordshire, begun in the fourteenth century. In a small, low-ceilinged room at the top of this stronghold, still called the Council Chamber, the Parliamentary leaders met in secret conferences to plan resistance to Charles I. They were presided over by Lord Saye and Sele, whom Clarendon calls "the oracle of the Puritans." Lord Saye and Sele was then owner of the castle, just as today it is possessed by the present Lord Saye and Sele, by whose permission I was allowed to roam over this historic pile, because I wished to place there the scene of an encounter between Cromwell and a charming girl forced temporarily to act as his spy.

Not even the owner knew more of this castle than did the prefect in the school I have alluded to, three or four miles away. I knew the head master, and had no difficulty in securing the prefect as my guide, philosopher and friend for the day; so we walked together along Oxfordshire lanes, between pastures and through woods, until we reached the highroad, and then to the ancient castle.

We tramped through a solitude silent except for the larks singing in the sky and the melody of the birds in the bushes. Suddenly, a little distance ahead of us, from out the woodland, breaking through a hedge, sprang a boy perhaps fourteen years of age. He was not too distant for me to see an expression of panic on his face and a jerk of the shoulders, as if he were about to bolt into the forest again; but a second thought seemed to come to him, and he stood there as stolid as a wooden image.

The Unrecognized Encyclopedia

"ISN'T that one of your chaps?" I whispered to the prefect, for I had recognized the school cap.

"Yes," replied the prefect quietly. "He is supposed to be resting in his room on account of not feeling well, and here he is, out of bounds."

"Punishable offense?"

"Certainly."

The prefect went on quietly with his history of the castle. As we passed the rigid schoolboy he made a slight motion of his right hand as if about to remove his cap, thought better of it, and stood there tense and silent. In the deep stillness the voice of the prefect went on unemotionally:

"His lordship, you see, was risking not only his house, but his head. His counsel was invaluable to the more reckless rebels. Hallam calls him 'the wise and cautious Lord Saye and Sele, the acknowledged head of the Dependent sect.' He earned capital punishment, but escaped recognition by the authorities."

I wondered, as he said this, whether the culprit whom we were passing drew any consolation from the last sentence, which he could not avoid overhearing. When we were out of earshot I said:

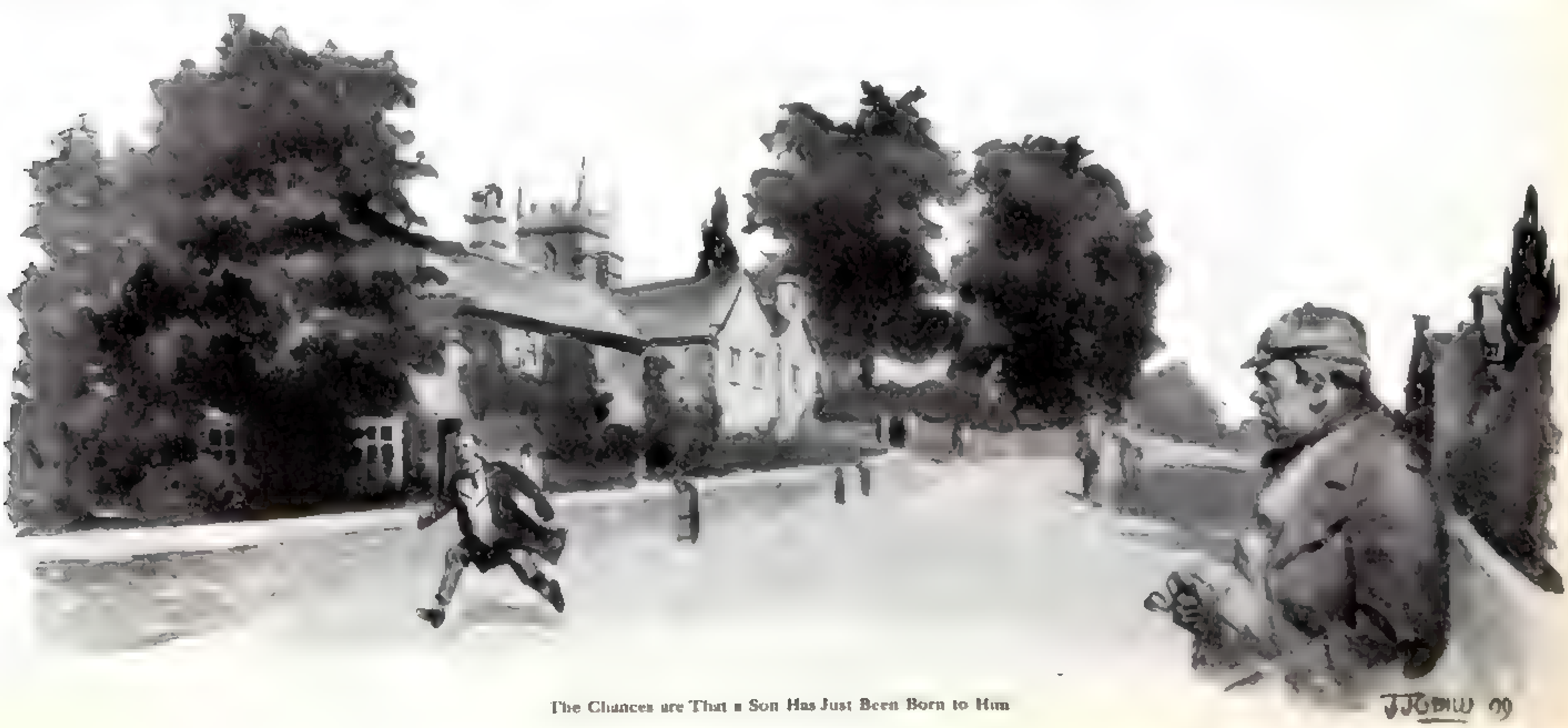
"I am much interested in Lord Saye and Sele, but, talking of punishment, what fate awaits that graven image we passed just now?"

"Like Lord Saye and Sele," replied the prefect, "he is not recognized."

"He was just about to salute you when we came up to him, but didn't."

"I am very glad he refrained, for if he had taken off his cap I should have been compelled to return the courtesy. Indeed, I rather sympathize with him, for he is a born naturalist, whose passion is birds and plants and roaming through the woods. He is an encyclopedia of Nature lore, of which I know very little; but when it comes to castles or ancient churches I have broken out of bounds myself before now. It was hard luck on the boy that he didn't look before he leaped down that embankment. Still, as he had the presence of mind to say nothing, I shall say nothing, either."

(Concluded on Page 32)



The Chances are That a Son Has Just Been Born to Him

Adventures of a Hypochondriac

The Raw Food Cult—By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

FOOD," said the Professor impressively, "is essential to human life"

"It is," I assented.

"Life is dear to us all," he continued profoundly.

"Very," I responded gravely

"Having come to this agreement," continued the Professor as he gazed out of the window, "the question resolves itself into the simple proposition of eating the food that makes for the highest and purest life"

"Exactly"

"Tell me," shouted the Professor, with some heat, turning suddenly and pounding on his desk, "does Nature cook her food?"

"I don't know what Nature eats" I said weakly

"Pish!" exploded the Professor. "That is a subterfuge I ask you if Nature cooks any of the food she supplies to her creatures?"

"I suppose not," I faltered, for I was beginning to be afraid of the Professor

"Then," he questioned sharply, "what is the answer?"

"I don't know, Brother Bones; what is the answer?" I said, trying to be facetious.

"Jones is the name," corrected the Professor sharply, "not Bones."

Clearly, my little jokeling had not landed. "Yes," I ventured.

"Raw food!" said the Professor, pounding the desk again. "Raw food! Do you understand? R-a-w f-o-o-d!"

"I don't think I would like raw meat," I said, brightening a bit. "It reminds one of the lions at the Zoo Still," I continued with some vivacity, "I know a place where the raw-beef sandwiches are excellent."

The Professor impaled me with his glittering eye. "I said nothing about raw meat," he declaimed. "I said raw food—f-o-o-d! Meat is not food—that is, not natural food. Nature never intended man to eat meat. Observe the carnivorous animals. They ——"

"I know," I said, "I know. Carnivorous animals only live to be a few years old. If you should take the ordinary hotel menu and eat it you would have to have thirteen stomachs, like the woodchuck, to digest it all. Not having as many stomachs as the woodchuck, man eats what he eats now and the result is—is ——"

"Is you," said the Professor severely.

"What's the matter with me?" I bridled.

"You are no woodchuck." The Professor grinned a little when he made this announcement.

"I hope not," I said hastily.

"Well," he continued, "then why on earth do you lug the woodchuck into this conversation? You are ill?"

"I am a sick man."

"Poisoned," he commented.

"Poisoned? How?"

"Never mind now. Do you know what physcultopathy is?"

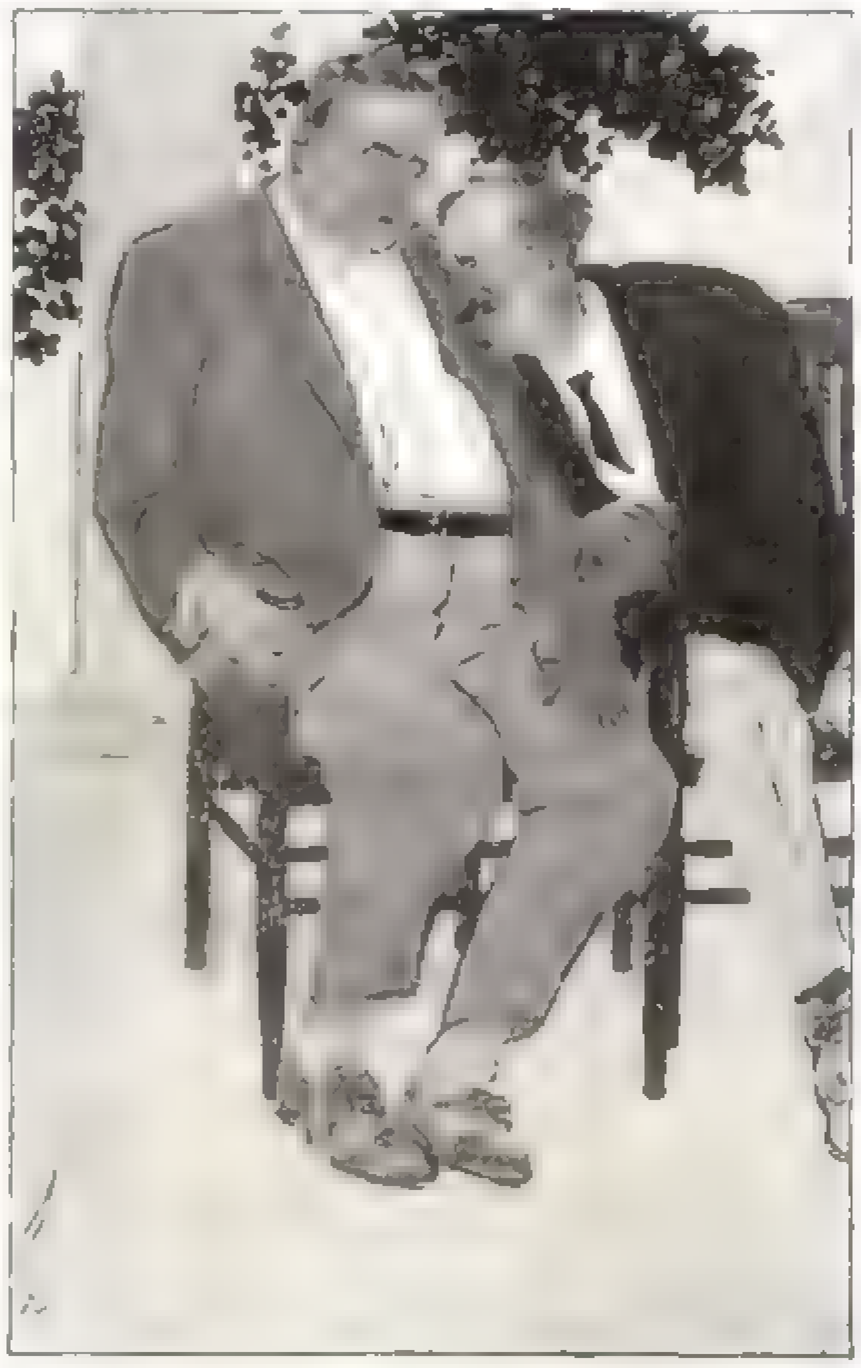
He shot it at me so suddenly I didn't have time to think. "I suppose," I guessed, "it is something made of nuts."

"Nuts?" he shouted. "Nuts? Woodchucks, you mean."

"Well," I retorted, "perhaps it is woodchucks. That is about as far up the animal scale as you food faddists seem able to get."

I was angry. So was the Professor.

"Listen," he commanded. "Physcultopathy is the science of curing disease by following the theory that the nervous system supplies all human energy, and that stimulating the nerve centers accelerates the activities of all the vital organs



"I Can't," He Wailed. "I Can't. I Have Paid in Advance"

and ultimately brings health of the highest attainable degree, provided one is not ready to step into the grave."

"Why theory?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I supposed it is a fact that the nervous system supplies all human energy"

He sniffed

"Once more I will try," he said. "Follow me carefully The human body in health may be compared to a complicated machine that is kept running in perfect order When kept running properly the body is well and strong When anything gets out of gear it becomes ill. If you have enough vitality to keep your body running when it is ill you have enough to go on and attain a normal degree of health."

"Yes," I said. There seemed nothing else to say.

"Then," exclaimed the Professor, rising and waving his arms, "arouse yourself to your danger! Why be sickly when health and all it implies are within your reach? Why be miserable when you can be happy? Why be a burden on those you love when a little effort on your part, supplemented by our knowledge, will enable you to do twice as much for them? Arouse, I tell you! Arouse!"

"All right," I assented. "Consider that I am aroused."

"Very good," commended the Professor, sinking into his chair. "Three weeks' payment in advance will be about right."

"What for?" I asked—craftily, I thought.

He was angry again. I could see that. "If you do not desire to be cured," he said, "you can go."

"I am very anxious to be cured," I answered meekly. "Please continue. It is quite interesting."

"We might term human energy electrical in nature. It is being absorbed at all times by the nerves from the blood throughout the body and is transmitted and stored in the nerve centers. By stimulating the source of the nervous energy and at the same time giving due attention to the diet ——"

"So there is a diet in this, too?" I interrupted.

"Too?" he said raucously. "Why too?"

"Oh," I said, "I had heard of other diet places."

"Umph!" he choked. "Of course there is a diet in it. In the cure of disease or the building of superb health—superb health—nothing is more important than scientific feeding. The body must be supplied with those elements necessary to nourish every part. The blood is made from food, and the adaptation of the diet to the individual needs of each patient is the most important part of body-building."

"Raw food?" I asked.

"Yes," he snapped. "Raw food!"

"Well, lead me to it."

"Not yet," he said, "not yet. There are many things you must do in order to get your body in proper condition for upbuilding. For example, you must fast for several days"

"Fast?"

"Yes, fast. Abstain entirely from all foods of every kind"

"For several days?"

"Exactly."

"Then what?"

"After that you must take the milk diet for such a time as may be prescribed."

"What for?"

"To build you up. Let me explain. Your body is full of impurities and poisons. You are poisoned through and through because of errors in diet. You have been eating meat and various other foods—so called—that do not give physical energy. Now, you must fast until all those impurities and poisons are removed and you are reduced in flesh. Then, after you have been reduced you will go on the milk diet and be built up."

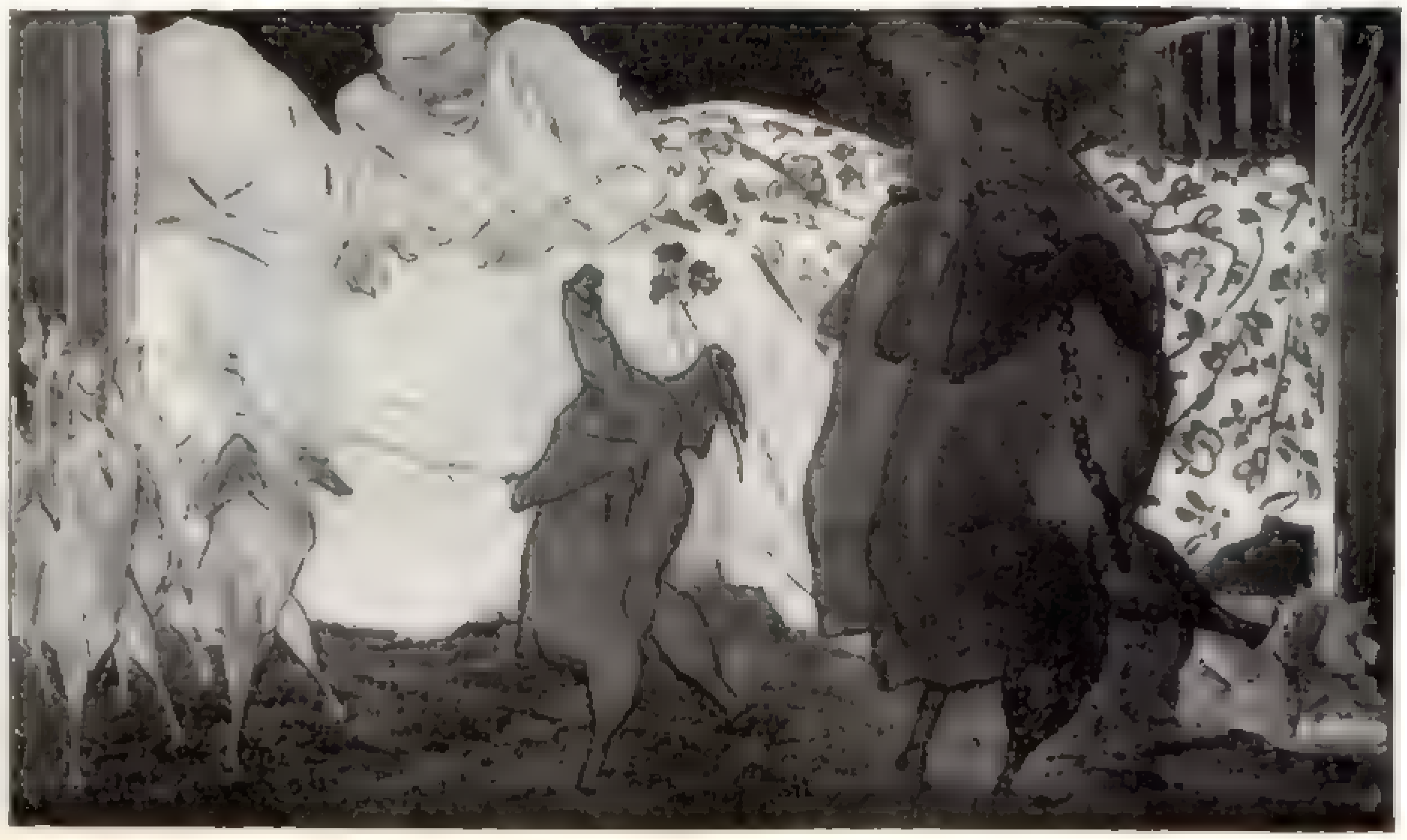
"Ah!" I said, "I begin to get a glimmer. You fast to reduce and then you go on a milk diet to put back what you have taken off Is that it?"

"No," snapped the Professor, "that isn't it. Your fast takes away the poison. The milk puts on new, healthy flesh."

"Say, Professor," I observed, "it is a wonder somebody didn't think of this before."

"Think of what?"

"Why, charging people for board and then ordering them to fast. That is one of the grandest little schemes for getting rich I ever heard about."



"I Could Hear Them Singing, Keep a Little Cozy Corner in Your Heart for Us"

"Sir!" thundered the Professor. "I would have you understand this is a scientific institution for the amelioration of the ills foolish people impose on themselves! Fasting is a part of our method."

"Sure," I replied. "That is what I was complimenting you on — fasting, and getting paid for it."

"I am amazed that you should put that construction on it." He seemed really hurt.

"Forgive my crass commercial spirit," I apologized. "Still, if I could run a hotel on that principle for a year or two I would be a millionaire."

It took me ten minutes to mollify him, but I finally succeeded, and he told me to come in in the afternoon and he would give me full directions for my fast. "Meantime," he said, "walk around and talk to some of the patients. They will interest you and their experiences will prove to you the value of our theory."

I went out on the porch. A long, thin man sat in a rocking-chair, gazing out at the lawn.

"Fasting?" I asked him.

"Yep," he replied. "Say," he continued, "old Nebuchadnezzar wasn't such a fool, after all, was he?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he went out and ate grass. I was just thinking I would try a little. See that patch out there by that oak tree? Looks nourishing, doesn't it?"

"Personally," I remarked, "I would prefer that bunch over there by the bench. Looks as if it had more carbohydrates in it."

"Huh!" he grunted. "All of it looks pretty good to me."

"How long have you been at it?"

"Four days," he groaned. "Nothing but my favorite ballad, The Song That Reached My Heart, has passed my lips in four long, weary days. It would be all right, though, if it wasn't for the nights."

"Are the nights bad?"

"Bad? Why, sir, have you ever gone to bed after a day of fasting?"

"I never have."

"Then you have never seen them?"

"Seen what?"

"All the beefsteaks you have eaten, all the chickens you have had, all the roasts and gravy and trimmings you have sat down to come marching in and deploy around the foot of the bed."

"Not a steak has disturbed my slumbers."

"Last night," he continued feverishly, "as I was trying to compose myself to sleep I became conscious of a soft glow of light. I sat up in bed. There, right beside me I saw a big, red-faced, jolly man, dressed in white, with a white cap on his head, standing over a brazier filled with live coals. He took up a great English mutton chop, a thick, juicy mutton chop, mind you, and he put it over the coals. I could hear it sizzling and I could smell its beautiful aroma. Then he took a couple of little sausages and split them and laid them on the brazier and fixed a couple of tender kidneys and laid them there beside the sausages.

"They all sizzled together, chop, sausages and kidneys, sizzled and sizzled, and the big man in the white clothes turned them lovingly with a long fork. Presently he took out a couple of big, mealy, baked potatoes, broken open, and nestling in the breaks were chunks of lovely yellow butter, sprinkled with paprika. He produced a couple of toasted muffins and a bottle of ale and fixed them all on a silver server, with a little parsley around them, and a snowy napkin.

"'See what you think of these,' he said, handing the server to me, and just as I reached out to take it it all vanished, it all went away, and I heard a sort of a suety burst of laughter beyond the foot of my bed. I looked over and I saw a big crowd of two-inch-thick sirloin steaks standing in rows on the carpet, laughing at me. They looked like short, little red men and they put their T-bones up to their noses and waggled them at me, and I could hear them chanting: 'Fooled again! fooled again! No grub tonight, brother! No—grub—tonight!'

"Then there was a commotion at the door, and a company of big, ruddy roasts of beef entered, flanked by a dozen or so legs of spring lamb with some little French chops acting as escorts. They marched in open order across the floor and were followed by a platoon of broilers led by a Philadelphia capon with two enormous turkeys, browned and steaming and smelling of stuffing, waddling after. They ranged themselves along the wall, and I could hear them whispering among themselves as they watched a sort of a ballet of reedbirds, quail and partridge do some fancy evolutions in the open space in the center, all of them done to a turn and adding wonderful fragrance to the heavy air.

"Then came two canvasback ducks, decorated with jelly and surrounded with little, brown, diamond-shaped cakes of hominy and a whole regiment of celery and grilled sweet potatoes. After that there was a stately procession of romaine, crisp and green, glistening with a dressing in which I could see the sprinkled chives and then a few yellow, soft Camemberts and a squadron of toasted crackers and, finally, a couple of cold quarts nestling in silver buckets that were frosted on the outside and jammed with ice.

"They marched and countermarched and then they massed themselves in one great, glorious galaxy, and I could hear them singing, Keep a Little Cozy Corner in Your Heart For Us. It was maddening—maddening! I reached over and made a grab for a duck, and with a hoarse 'Never touched us!' they all vanished, and I turned to find the nurse standing at the side of the bed and asking, 'Would you like a nice glass of water, sir?'"

He rocked back and forth in his chair and wept bitterly. "To think," he sobbed, "that I am here, a freeborn American citizen, slowly starving myself to death."

I was deeply affected.

"Sir," I said, "do not despair. You can eat again."

He put his head on my shoulder. "My dear brother," he sobbed, "you mean well, but you do not know. Some day I may eat again, but it will be milk—milk, sir, barrels of it. Pfaugh!"

"But," I advised, "why don't you go downtown and get a meal?"

"I can't," he wailed. "I can't. I have paid in advance."

I left him to his woe and passed along the porch. "Are you fasting?" I asked a lady who sat in the sunlight, sewing.

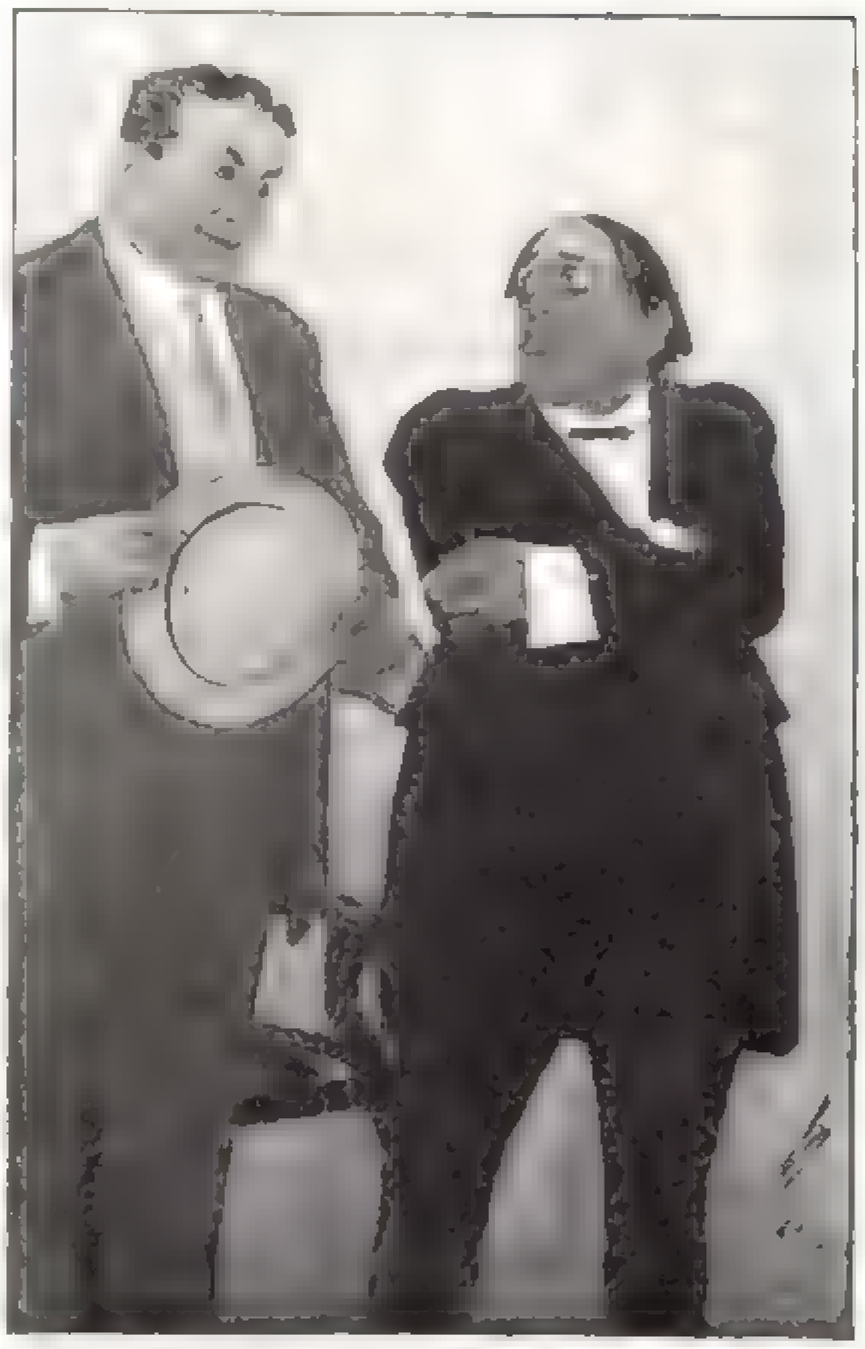
"Oh, no," she answered pleasantly. "I have finished my fast. I am now on a milk diet."

"How much milk do you take?"

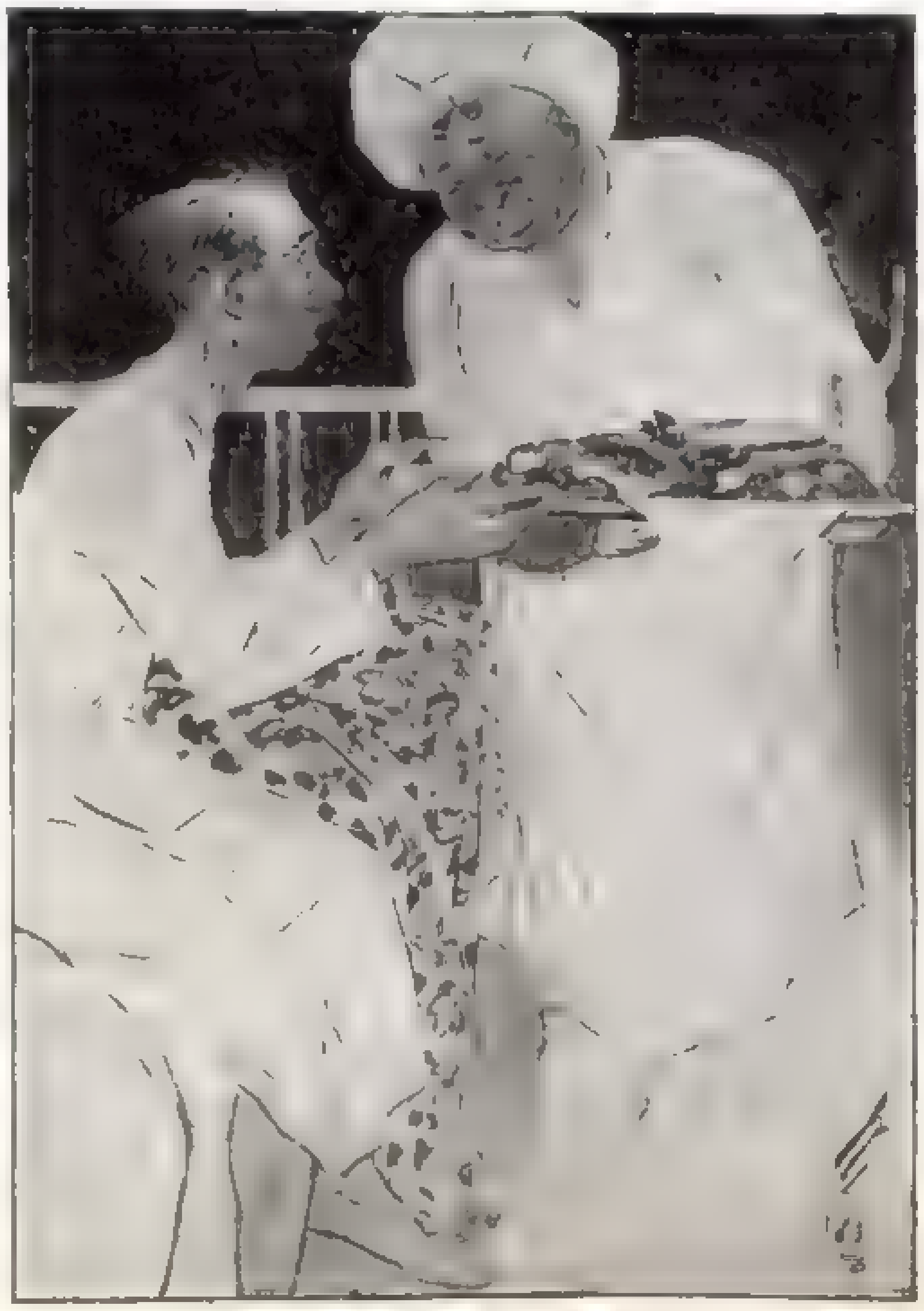
"A mug every half hour, but I shall soon begin eating."

"Eating raw food?"

"Certainly—that is the only proper system of dietetics."



"If I Could Run a Hotel on That Principle for a Year or Two I Would be a Millionaire"



"'See What You Think of These'"

"How long did you fast?"

"Eleven days, and I have gained seventeen pounds since I began to take milk."

"How much did you lose when you fasted?"

"Seventeen pounds. Isn't it wonderful?"

I thought it was.

Then it was mealtime, and I went in to the dining-room. There were rows of small tables down each side of the room, with a wide space in the center.

"On this side," said the head waitress, "we serve only uncooked foods—raw, you know; and on the other side cooked foods."

"But I thought you cooked none of your food."

"Oh, we cook some of it for those who need it, but it is all vegetarian. We serve no meat, you know."

I took a seat on the raw-food side.

There was a menu card and this is what was offered: apples, oranges, bananas, ripe olives, raw peanuts, corn flakes, peanut butter and raw wheat and oat flakes.

These were the general dishes, so to speak, for the real menu followed: cottage cheese, young onions, vegetable salad, dressed lettuce, rhubarb.

"What shall I order?" I asked the waitress.

"Anything your appetite dictates."

"But my appetite doesn't dictate either cottage cheese, onions, vegetable salad, dressed lettuce or rhubarb."

"Perhaps you would like some mixed nuts?"

"Never! Not in a million years!" I shouted. "I have been living on nuts until I am nutty."

I don't think she understood the slang, for she gave me a scared look and held a consultation with the head waitress.

"What is it you desire?" that functionary asked.

Meantime, I had been studying the bill-of-fare and I saw another list: shredded lettuce, radishes, cabbage salad, sliced tomatoes, ambrosia of fruit with whipped cream.

"Bring me some shredded lettuce and cabbage salad and sliced tomatoes and ambrosia of fruit with whipped cream," I ordered.

"That is breakfast," said the waiter. "Try some of the cottage cheese and young onions."

"No," I replied firmly, "I shall not. I shall move over to the cooked side."

Whereupon, I went across with great dignity, while all the raw-food eaters looked at me in a superior sort of a way and sipped their rhubarb.

The menu on the cooked side was: cream of barley soup, buttered carrots, parsley, potatoes, vegetable salad, corn bread, banana pudding with lemon sauce.

"There are other things on the bottom of the card," said the waiter.

I looked. My eye lighted on "Eggs to order."

"Ha," I said, "here is an old friend. Bring me some fried eggs, some boiled eggs, some scrambled eggs and an omelette."

"Which?" asked the waiter suspiciously.

"All," I replied with a sweeping wave of my hand.

"Oh, no," she said, "that cannot be. You must indicate."

"Well," I said, "I have indicated."

She went away and came back with something in a glass that looked like buttermilk.

"And this?" I asked, pointing to the glass.

"Sumik."

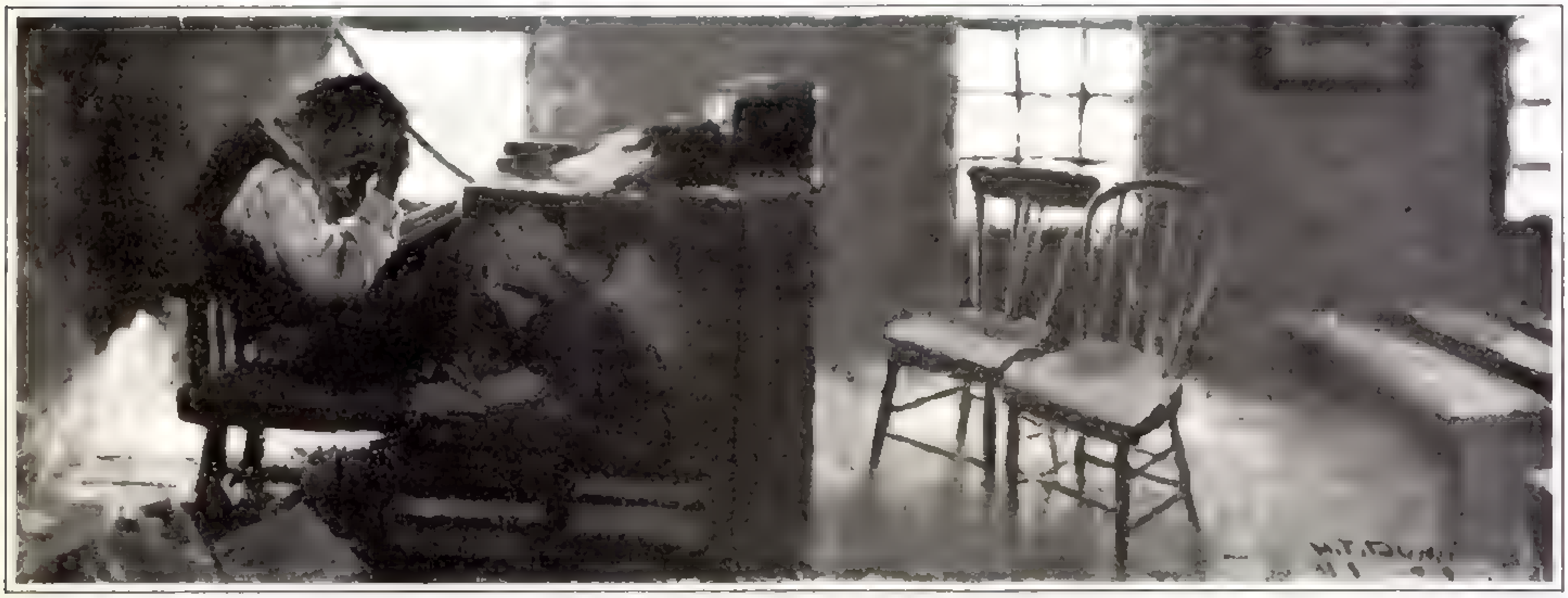
"Ah, yes. What brand of folks drink this and live to be a hundred and twenty years old?"

"I do not understand."

(Concluded on Page 32)

THE JUSTICE OF GIDEON

How the Court Dealt With Two Foolish Offenders



"She's Like a Posy—Like a Posy, an' Him Gamblin'!"

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY T. DUNN

THE place of Justice in the little town of Manzanita was a low, square, cloth-and-papered room, bare save for the Judge's unpainted pine desk and armchair; the two other chairs, wooden-seated and worn, that stood just in front of the desk, and were reserved at trials for the constable and his prisoner; the four long benches directly behind these; and the squat, round-barreled stove which, though it was midsummer in the little Northern California town, still held its place in the center of the room, its four legs spraddled out as if it were determined to defy removal from its shallow sawdust box. There was but one spot of brightness in the whole dingy place. Back of the Judge's desk, draped against the fly-specked wall in careful folds, gleamed the red, white and blue of the Flag

The colors brought the Judge into sharp relief. The courtroom being deserted, his coat was off, and hung near by him on a nail under his black, slouch hat; and he was seated on the small of his back, his long legs crossed and stretched out into the unrailed prisoner's dock, his elbows planted upon the arms of his chair, and his hands pressed against his temples, so that they shielded his eyes. About him were his books, calf-bound and heavy. They stood in front of him, to his right hand and to his left, in columns of six; in other columns they weighted the strip of matting under his feet, and flanked his chair at either side. One was open before him. It was set upon the middle button of his vest, and had for a rear support the front edge of the desk. He was deep in the study of it. Across its pages at intervals rolled a white cloud from his pipe—rolled like the smoke of his own silent battle for the Truth—and went floating upward to be dissolved and lost amid the dust-heavy cobwebs of the ceiling.

He lifted his eyes, presently; some one was approaching the front door. The rickety sidewalk leading up to the courtroom from the general merchandise store down the street acted as an unofficial herald to him; for one section of it, as unfixed as a raft, banged to the tread of all oncomers, and a couple of loose boards still closer at hand creaked and flapped when they were stepped upon. The footfall now nearing was light. The Judge laid down his pipe, rose hastily, straightening out six feet of stalwart length, and reached for his coat.

The next moment the round, ruffled top of a white parasol curtained the small square of glass in the door. Then the parasol folded, a slim hand turned the knob and a girl stood on the threshold—a bareheaded, brown-haired girl in a white muslin dress.

"Oh, Alicia," said the Judge, giving a last settling jerk to his coat. A wave of color swept up from the sunburned lower half of his face and reddened his forehead.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute, Gid," said the girl timidly. "I'm sorry if I'm breaking in on your work."

"You ain't a-breakin' in on my work," he protested. "Not a bit of it."

She closed the door behind her and crossed the floor quickly. She was slender, and the wide girdle of black satin that she wore emphasized her slenderness.

The Judge, smiling bashfully, bowed across his desk with mock ceremony. "Take the prisoner's chair," he said

She sat down, but with no answering smile. Her manner was somewhat nervous and her gray eyes were full of concern

He took his seat behind the desk and leaned toward her. His eyes were gray like her own, and set in a young face so grave, and so lined by thought and care—as well as by long-continued exposure to wind and sun—that, at first glance, he seemed much older than he was. "I don't have my little talk with Mrs. Luce an' Jim till 'leven o'clock," he explained. "An' so I'm I'm glad you dropped in."

Her cheeks grew pink all at once. "I see you been getting some new books." She nodded toward the column on his right hand.

"Yas; four or five of these come this last week."

"They cost, too, don't they? And if you run for district attorney, that'll take money."

He was still leaning forward. And now his look suddenly became all eagerness. "Alicia, I got a secret! An' I been just a-waitin' t' tell it to you. I been promised the nomination."

"You have! Oh, Gid, I'm so glad!"

"Thank y', Alicia. That's the reason I been studyin' harder'n ever lately. I'm savin' up my money, too. I got five hunderd a'ready. These days I almost hate to put out a cent on books."

"You've done enough for others," she said earnestly. "It's time you spent your money on yourself."

"When I'm district attorney I'm a-goin' to buy a piece of property up at the county seat an' have a home of my own." He paused, watching her wistfully. "An' if things turn out as I look to see 'em," he went on in a low voice, "I'm a-goin' to marry. I'll be thirty my next birthday. If I wait any longer I s'pose folks'll begin t' call me a' ole bach."

The color in her cheeks deepened. "I think you ought to marry," she agreed. But she looked down, and picked at the ruffles of her parasol.

"I've thought about it a good deal. So far, though—wal, you know how it's been" (this very gently). "There was that boy."

"Oh, Gid!" Now she lifted her face. Her eyes were swimming; her lips were trembling. "Gid—it's about Homer that I've come."

He sat back, and was silent for a long moment, watching her keenly. "I see," he said finally, his own face very grave. He spoke aloud, and yet as if to himself. "Yas—I think I understand—how it is." He drew a long breath.

"The town is talking about him, Gid—talking awfully mean."

Instantly he straightened in his chair and looked across at her, amazed and troubled "About Homer? W'y, what's bein' said?"

"It started after Mr. Carpenter's last trip up from San Francisco. And ——"

"Carpenter, the fruit-buyer?"

"Yes. He handed over all the Manzanita shipping and paying to Homer, you know."

"Homer's Business College trainin' come in handy that time," said the Judge proudly.

"I hope he'll never forget that he's got you to thank for his education," she went on. "You've been more than a brother to him—ever since he was in his baby-buggy and you were a little fellow. Mother says so. Just because his father was dead."

"His maw has allus been sickly," reminded the Judge. "An' I ain't missed the little I paid out for him. He's a fine boy, that's what he is. There ain't a finer or a handsomer or a stylisher boy in town. An' he's smart. Didn't them Business College fellers hand him a medal for fancy penmanship? So there's a few people in this town that's jealous of him. Wal, who cares?"

She rose and stepped forward to the desk. "Gid," she said, "I hate to tell you. But I must. Oh, I knew you'd be the last person to hear anything!"

"What can man, woman or child find to say agin Homer Scott?" he asked huskily.

"Since Mr. Carpenter went Homer's acted different. He hasn't been over to our house lately, or to see his other friends. He goes to the Occidental Hotel of evenings—with Jim Luce and his crowd."

"And ——?" He was leaning forward once more.

"And folks say that—that he's gambling."

"Gamblin'." He repeated it under his breath.

"After all you've done for him, he ought to think of what'll please you—not what'll hurt."

He propped his head between his hands and stared at the desk. But presently he looked up at her again, confident and smiling. "Alicia," he said, "if there was a law in Manzanita agin gossip, half the town would bust it so often they'd have t' move, bag an' baggage, an' live in yonder." He gave a sidewise nod of the head. The rear door of the courtroom was standing partly ajar. Through it could be seen several small barred openings—the windows of the neighboring jail.

"Now, you know, an' I know, that Homer Scott don't gamble," he said.

"Of course, there always is a lot of talk going around," she admitted. "But this worried me, Gid, because ——" She hesitated.

"Because w'y?"

She faced him once more. "I wouldn't say this to anybody else. But—Mr. Carpenter left some money with Homer to pay for peaches. He left eight hundred dollars. I've been afraid you know what I mean, Gid. And—and it would be so hard for Homer to pay Carpenter back."

The Judge stood up impatiently. "If a man takes a glass of lemonade at the Occidental, all the old hens in town think he's a-goin' to have the d. t's. If he plays a game of casino he's gone to the bad."

The color left Alicia's face. "I—I suppose you'll think I'm a gossip," she said, and turned away.

"No," he answered gently. He came around to her. "Alicia, I couldn't think nothin' that was agin—you. Do you believe me?" Then, seeing that fresh tears were welling to her eyes, "Don't cry. Homer ain't guilty. I can tell you that. An' what's more, I'll look out for him, little woman. You depend on it."

There was silence between them again. He watched her, his gray eyes full of anxiety—even pain. She was brushing at her wet lashes, and looking out through the front door.

"I—I must go now," she said presently.

"Must y'? Wal, will you come again soon?" He followed her to the door.

"You come and see us, Gid. Good-by."

"Good-by." He closed the door behind her, and as far as he could see her watched her go. She crossed the street, picking her way through the brick-red dust, ankle deep, to the railroad track that halved the town. The bobbing parasol now hid, now disclosed, her small, dark head and the girlish bow of wide ribbon at the nape of her neck. She passed the town hall opposite, entered a street that ran at right angles to the track, and disappeared from his sight beneath some low-branched pepper-trees.

He did not leave the door at once, but looked out to where he had last seen her. After a while, with a deep sigh, he returned slowly to his desk, stumbled over a pile of books at his armchair, and sat down. "She's like a posy," he half whispered—"like a posy, an' him gamblin'!"

A wrangle of voices sounded from without. Then the sidewalk began to bang and creak to a double tread. The Judge took out his watch. It was eleven. He assumed a judicial attitude. The next moment a man and a woman paused at the front door, the one scolding into the face of the other, gave the door a thump, each with an angry fist, and entered

"Gid'll settle things fair," cried the woman. "A lawyer would just run up a bill."

"Wal, what'm I here for?" stormed the man. "I ain't feared to let Gid settle it."

"Just the same, you didn't come till I went after you."

"Howdy, Mrs. Luce," said the Judge quietly. "Howdy, Jim. Sit down."

"What I hate," explained the woman, addressing the Judge, "is coming up Main Street with a man I've divorced." She spoke so forcibly that her pendent earrings—large, pinkish pearls of glass—swung backward and forward against her thin, wrinkled neck "The whole town'll be talking. And I'm suffering enough as it is. My sister, she said to me when I got engaged, 'You marry him, and you're hunting trouble,' but I ——"

The Judge held up a hand to enjoin silence. "Jim," he said, "I'll hear your side of this fuss first. Mrs. Luce, accordin' to the laws of all civylized countries, you, bein' as you're a woman, you git the last word." He gave her a kindly smile.

Luce was short and thick-set, with a face as round and red as the full moon seen through a dust-cloud. He shrugged his heavy shoulders in disgust. "And my sister says to me when I married, 'Jim, you can be anything you want to be if you just git the right kind of a wife.' Now see what I am, Judge—nothin'."

"Some behind in your alimony, ain't you, Jim?" inquired the Judge.

"Three months. But I'll have the cash as soon as I ship my pear crop. She says she can't wait. What's the matter with her?"

"My self-playing piano's the matter with me," retorted Mrs. Luce. "I only paid forty down on it last spring. There's one hundred and fifteen due in ten days from now—or lose the piano. Jim can get me the money if he wants to, Judge. He's just sold his peaches."

"I ain't been paid fer 'em," declared Luce.

"That's another," said Mrs. Luce. "He got his peach money all right, and spent it."

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"I ——"

Once more the Judge's hand came up. "Jim," he began, "far's I'm concerned, I'm pretty helpless in this case. All over this country the law is plain as day on this point: The feller that's sentenced to pay alimony, and don't pay, gits sold out or sent to the cooler."

"I'm goin' to Canada to live," declared Luce hotly. "Here she's got plenty, an' still the United States law allows her to hector me. W'y, she owns a string of gold nuggets as long as your arm—her paw give 'em to her. Them nuggets is worth a lot. She don't have to come to me."

"My father dug that string up with his own hands," said Mrs. Luce. "It was the last thing he ever gave me. And"—with exasperating finality—"it won't be sold."

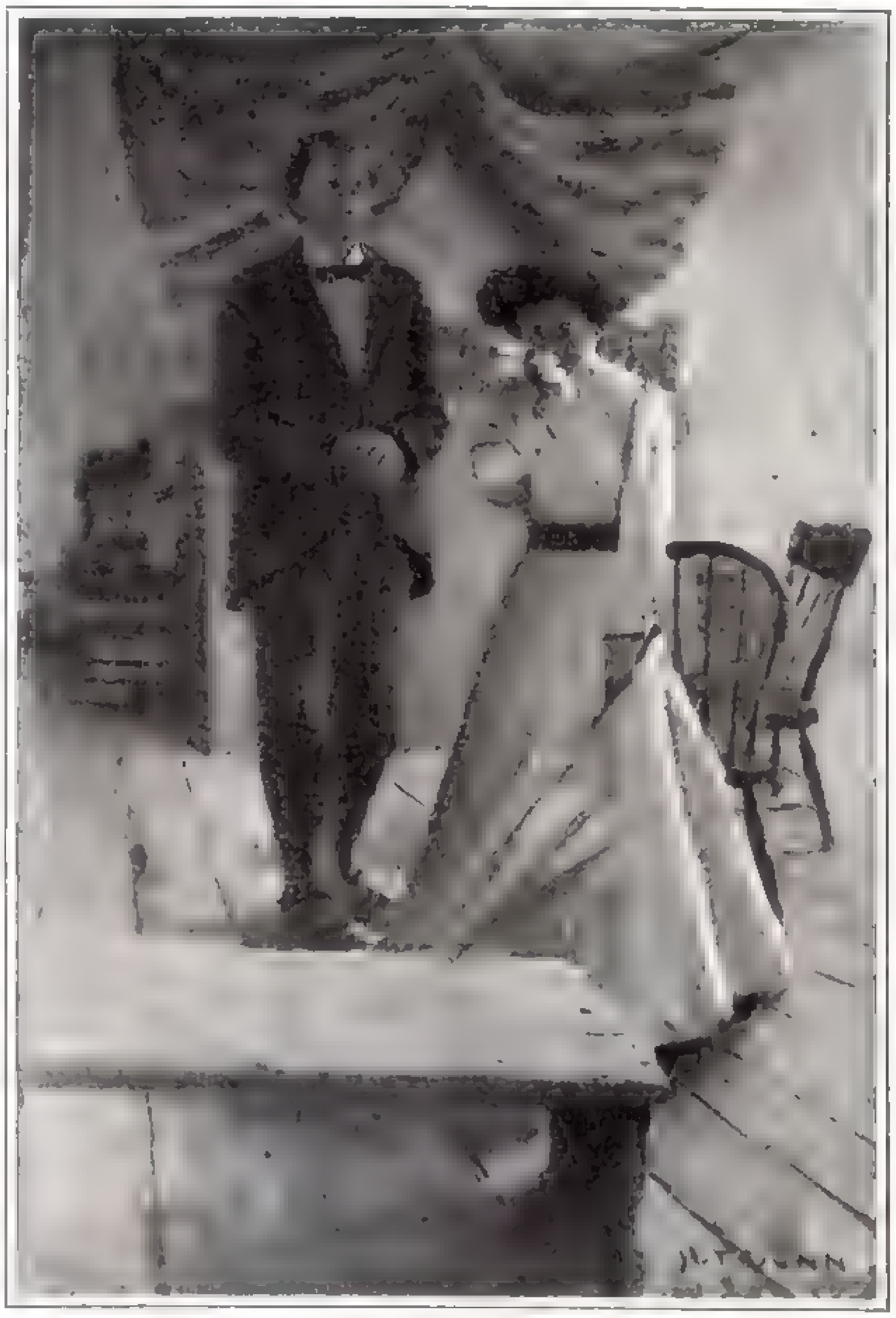
"Wal, borrow on it," suggested Luce wrathfully. "Judge, I can't put my pears on to the cars when they're greener'n cucumbers. Ask Homer if there's a man in this hull Valley that's shippin' pears."

Mrs. Luce smiled. "Jim'd lie and Homer'd swear to it," she observed with a knowing nod and a wink.

The Judge gave her a look of grave reproval. "Nobody's ever caught Homer Scott swearin' to a lie," he contradicted coldly.

The round face of Luce brightened, and he hastened to take advantage of the Judge's evident displeasure. "That's the kind of wild talk she's allus gittin' off," he declared. "She don't have nothin' to do but talk. Here I am, a hard-workin' man, an' have to support her. She don't even come down to the ranch an' help pack fruit."

Mrs. Luce gave a sniff. "I don't associate with the prune-jammer crowd," she said. "Whenever I want a little spending money I wash dishes at the Occidental."



"Alicia, I Couldn't Think Nothin' That was Agin—You"

"The law," informed the Judge, in his most official tone, but with a twinkle in the gray eyes—"The law don't name just what kind of work a divorced lady has to do."

Luce rose, kicking his chair out of the way, and pointed a stubby finger at a column of calf-bound books. "None of them laws," he said, "read to me as if they was made by men. No; they was made to please the women—I guess I know! Wal, let her have 'em on me if she wants to. I'll go to jail. I don't care."

"She'd be makin' the biggest mistake in the world if she put you in jail," said the Judge earnestly. "No man can raise money when he's killin' time. An' you'd bother me a lot if you was in yonder. The prisoners allus interfere with my studyin'. Seems like they have to be amused when they been in a few days, an' it all comes on me. The constable thinks he's did his duty when he gits 'em locked up. So off he goes, lookin' after his saloon, or his cattle, or to set salmon-lines." Then he turned to Mrs. Luce with an admonishing shake of the finger. "After this," he counseled, "fix it so's the pear crop an' the piano-man come t'gether."

At that, feeling herself twice rebuked, Mrs. Luce arose with some spirit. "What's that got to do with Jim's scaring up my back alimony?" she inquired defiantly. Then, stiff with resentment, she walked out.

When she was gone the Judge slid down in his chair until he was again seated upon the small of his back, and from across the top of his desk he fixed solemn eyes upon Luce. "Jim," he said, "you cut out that little bunch at the Occidental. Them fellers have forgot more about poker than you ever learnt."

The other's face took on a deeper hue. He squirmed under the searching glance. "They don't git nothin' away from me," he declared.

"An' cards," went on the Judge evenly, "is a blamed poor excuse when a man's bein' sued."

"Oh, you're dead right there, Gid."

"Glad you see it. You don't want t' be responsible if any man drops his money—especially if it's a young man."

When he was alone once more the Judge got up to pace the courtroom, his hands clasped behind him, his chin on his breast. As he walked his lips moved in silent debate, and he shook his head emphatically from time to time. Presently, a distant gong clanged, announcing the noon hour. He went to the rear door and stood on its threshold, looking away to the north. Near at hand, bordering the town, were orchards heavy with their fruitage. Beyond these showed brown foothills, round and oak-dotted; still farther, a higher range, all misty blue. Its summit was Shasta, rising against a serene sky, and wearing, despite the heat, an ermine stole over her dark shoulders.

He watched the mountain, his hands at his temples to shield his eyes, until a procession of low fruit-wagons passed through the back street on its way to the near-by orchards. Then he clapped on his hat resolutely, went out of the front door, slamming it behind him, and strode away across the creaking, teetering sidewalk toward the long shipping-shed down the street.

As he entered the building there were no wagons at the side door, but six hatless, perspiring men in blue overalls were carrying boxes out of the shed and into the refrigerator car on the siding, and the air was sweet and heavy with the perfume of peaches. At the gangboard leading into the car stood a young man, busily checking off the boxes as they passed him. His coat was off, showing a freshly-laundered shirt with a dainty figure, and a spotless vest of white duck. His trousers were as carefully pressed as his vest, and he wore an imitation Panama hat with a bright silk band, and tan half-shoes upon each of which flashed a brass buckle.

"Hello, Gid!" he called out gayly as he caught sight of the Judge.

The Judge's face broke into a slow, pleased smile. "Hello, Homer," he returned. "Say! give the boys a breathin' spell, won't y'? I want to see you a minute."

The perspiring half-dozen promptly collapsed upon empty boxes, blowing in discomfort and wiping at their faces with sleeve or handkerchief. The Judge nodded to them and followed Homer to one end of the shed, where rough boards, nailed upright, formed a small office-room.

"Well?" said Homer inquiringly, when the door shut them in. His eyes were blue and frank, and now they regarded the Judge with eager confidence.

The elder man put a hand on the shoulder of the younger. "Boy," he began, "we been such pardners, you an' me, that I know you'll take what I'm a-goin' to say just the way I mean it."

The confident look quickly faded. Homer fell back a step. "What's doing?" he asked. "A kick of some kind?"

"No-o-o," answered the Judge; "advice."

The other gave a short laugh. "That's worse."

"I been Justice of the Peace for so long, Homer, that the advice business has come to be a habit."

"Fire ahead." The blue eyes were hard with resentment.

"It don't amount to much, what I'm a-goin' to say," proceeded the Judge, "because I know blamed well that you ain't doin' what they say you're doin'."

"'They' is usually a liar."

"But sometimes, 'Where there's smoke there's fire'—as the sayin' goes. In this case there's just enough smoke to worry me."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry if I was you. What's your gossip?"

The hand that was resting on the younger man's shoulder dropped to the Judge's side. "Folks say you're gamblin'."

There was scarcely a noticeable paling of Homer's face, but a sneer curved his mouth. "Gambling!" he repeated. "I'll bet you got that yarn from a woman."

"Yas," admitted the Judge.

"If you're going to believe every little bit of tittle-tattle that the women tell you, you won't have much time for your books."

"Homer," said the Judge sternly, "you're pretty close to bein' sassy to the best friend you've got in the hull world, barrin' your maw."

"You're finding fault with me. And I hate to be picked at. I'm not a kid any more, to be followed and watched and whistled into the house at sundown. I'm a man."

"Wal, act like a man then."

"I will if you'll let me alone. Gambling! Wouldn't it make you sick! As if a nickel ante hurts anybody! I'll let this town know that I earn my money and I've got a right to do what I please with it."

"Long as you don't hurt your maw."

"She'll be ready to jump on me, I suppose, when I go home tonight."

"Or as long as you don't hurt—Alicia."

"Alicia? Huh!"—sullenly—"she don't care anything about me."

"That's where you're mistaken, boy. She likes you, Homer, an' you like her—don't you?" He lowered his head, searching the face of the other.

"Yes, of course. But she's just like the rest of the women in this town. They're all backwoods, that's what they are—backwoods. If they'd ever been outside of Manzanita, and seen something, they wouldn't be so confounded narrow. They don't want to have any fun themselves and they don't want anybody else to have any. I never saw such a place!"

The Judge sighed and turned to the door. "Mebbe it'd a-been better if I hadn't opened my mouth," he said. "But—it seemed serious, kinda. So long, Homer." He went out, his hands in the outer pockets of his coat, his head down.

That night, no light burned until a late hour on the unpainted desk in the place of Justice. After supper, young Judge Gideon Carr strolled down to the Occidental, and sprinkled the ashes of his pipe upon the only stretch of cement sidewalk in town. And ten o'clock found him still there, tipped back against the wall beside the high swinging doors that screened the barroom from passers-by in the street.

Shortly after ten, two figures approached the hotel from the direction of the shipping-shed. One was short and thick-set; the other wore a hat banded with bright silk. The street was illy lighted, and they did not see the figure by the door until the thick-set man, who was leading, was within arm's length of it. Then the Judge moved, looking up into the faces of the two. Luce gave him a swift glance and entered the barroom. But Homer halted suddenly, called a nervous good-night after his companion, turned away sharply, and hurried into the darkness toward home.

The next evening found the Judge again tipped back in a chair beside the barroom entrance. But the third evening he came to his station at a late hour and, before sitting down, parted the swinging doors to stand between them a moment, leisurely surveying the brightly-lighted room.

Each night afterward he returned—always at a different hour. Midnight of the day the first refrigerator cars intended for the pear shipment were shunted upon the siding at the shipping-shed he again came face to face with Jim Luce at the Occidental. The rancher had been drinking, and walked unsteadily, so the Judge stepped out of his way. But Luce recognized him, and turned upon him with a curse.

"You been spyin' on me," charged Luce thickly. "Just as if I ain't got a right to spend my money like I want to! I say, you been spyin' on me, an' you can't deny it." He wavered from side to side before the tall figure of the Judge. "But you cut it out. You hear me? You cut it out."

"What do I want to spy on you for?" inquired the Judge mildly. "You're full, Jim."

"You're mixin' up in my business," shrilled the other. "But I'll pay that alimony when I git good an' ready."

The swinging doors were opening now and men were coming out.

"Don't stir up no fracas," advised the Judge. "I'm Justice of the Peace, mind y'—Peace. An' I'm a-goin' to see that it's kept."

The next moment the little crowd was treated to an exciting outcome of the meeting. Luce staggered forward and struck. The Judge, avoiding the blow, seized the rancher by the upturned collar of his coat, shook him vigorously and led him away up the street, half a dozen of the curious falling in behind. The general merchandise store was passed, and the rickety sidewalk; then the Judge unlocked a door beyond the entrance of the courtroom.

"Jim," he said, "you been itchin' for the lockup. And here you are!"

He pulled his prisoner after him into a dark room. Some one struck a match, and the room was seen to contain a narrow bed, and a table upon which were writing materials. The Judge tumbled Luce upon the bed without ceremony. Then the crowd backed out, and the key was turned in the lock once more.

"It's all over, boys," said the Judge from the sidewalk. "Good-night."

He walked away in one direction, and his late audience, moving slowly back toward the Occidental, divided itself on the question as to whether or not a Justice of the Peace had a right to make an arrest.

Dawn found Jim Luce asleep upon his prison-cot. But by six o'clock he was well on his way toward his ranch; while by breakfast-time a check in full for back alimony was dispatched to Mrs. Luce through the medium of a small, barefooted boy who lived behind the jail.

At the middle of that same morning the Judge sat at his desk, combing his hair with his fingers. His face was unwontedly pale, his eyes were heavy from lack of sleep. But a calf-bound book was open before him, and he was bent over it almost doggedly.

He straightened wearily as a woman entered—Mrs. Luce, her face tear-marked, her mouth bent in a disconsolate half-moon. "W'y, what's the matter?" he asked with concern. "Ain't Jim's check good?"

She did not answer, but hurried forward to the desk. "I want a warrant," she cried. "I think it's a shame and a disgrace that the constable won't arrest him without a warrant."

"The constable must foller the law," explained the Judge. "Set down, Mrs. Luce. Who's your warrant for?"

Her hands were clenched as if she had something hateful in their grasp. "It's for that nice, stylish dude you're always bragging up," she said sarcastically. "He's a thief, that's what he is—a common, two-faced thief!"

"Dude?" repeated the Judge, puzzled.

"Mr. Homer Scott."

The Judge stared her in the face. "Hush!" he commanded sternly. "You don't know what you're a-sayin'."

"Oh, I don't!" She laughed bitterly. "Well, you'll change your mind."

"You're a-talkin' strong talk, Mrs. Luce. What d' you claim he's stole?"

"My nuggets."

"How did he come to have your nuggets? Set down."

"I gave 'em to him for security. I borrowed a hundred and fifteen dollars of his peach-money that day I was in here with Jim. At first I wanted him to give me the money and then dock Jim that much on his pears. But he wouldn't do that. He made me a straight loan and asked for security. I took him my nuggets."

"He didn't ask for 'em?"

"No; it was my idea. The string was easy for him to keep in his safe."

"You didn't take no receipt for it, I s'pose?"

"That's where I made a big mistake. This morning, the second I got my check, I wrote my name across it, went down to the shipping-shed and handed it to Homer. He took it, remarked that I was ahead of time, and went on with his writing. I noticed his hand shook something terrible."

"Cigareets," said the Judge sadly. "He learnt that in the city."

"A guilty conscience, more likely. I says to him, 'Well, Homer, are the nuggets handy? I'll take 'em if they are.' He looked up almost like he didn't understand. 'The nuggets?' he says. 'What nuggets?' 'Why, the nuggets I handed you as security.' 'You didn't give me any nuggets,' he says. 'Yes, I did.' 'Why, you didn't, either!' He was nice and friendly all the time, Judge, but said I was mistaken. Well, I'm not mistaken." Her voice rose excitedly. "He's been gambling with Jim; he's short of money; Carpenter, the fruit-man, is back in town, and Homer's scared."

The face of the Judge grew pallid, and fear came into the gray eyes. He drew in a quick breath. "Mrs. Luce, you're yellin'. Do you want the hull town t' hear? Let's settle this without a crowd. You say Carpenter's here?"

"Came in on the five-eight." She looked across at the Judge defiantly.

"Mrs. Luce"—his voice was husky with pleading—"I think the boy's playin' a joke on you."

"Well, he didn't act joky. And I want his safe opened."

"If he was tryin' to do you such a trick he wouldn't leave the nuggets in the safe."

At that she burst into tears. "You're against me!" she cried, "just like the other day. You've got your favorites and you don't show justice—not a bit of justice! When anybody does something wrong, you're always ready to protect 'em and make excuses, and keep 'em from being punished, instead of getting the law on 'em. I tell you what this town needs; it needs a new Judge!"

Now the blood mounted to his face. "That's pretty rough on me," he said. "Wal, Mrs. Luce, I'll be outen here just as soon as I can manage it. Y'know"—with almost a twinkle in his eyes—"I'm aimin' to be District Attorney of Shasta County, Sooperior Judge, Rep'esentative from this district, Gov'nor of Californy, Senator to Washington, an' President of the United States."

"You'll be back driving stage if you treat other people like you're treating me."

"Whenever a man makes a first mistake I like to encourage him," he explained. "I allus do what I can—an' keep inside the law. Now, please, Mrs. Luce, let me git this misunderstandin' cleared up. 'Gid'll settle things fair,' you said the other day. So you go home, an' don't say a word to nobody. If any of the women folks ask you w'y you been cryin', tell 'em you been cuttin' up onions." He tried to smile.

"No, sir!" She rose angrily. "I won't go home, and I won't lie to shield Homer Scott. I'll go up and down Main Street, and tell everybody what he's done, and how you're acting about it. I'll have my revenge, anyhow. I'll break off his match with Alicia Clay."

Now the Judge rose, pressing down on the arms of his chair to lift himself, and a queer trembling—almost a spasm—crossed his face. "Alicia!" he said under his breath. "They're engaged, then! An' it'll hurt her!"

"She'd better be hurt a little now than have her heart broken later on. It's a mistake to let a sweet girl like that marry a crooked man."

"Oh, Mrs. Luce, he ain't a crooked man! Here—I want to be square t' you, too. If you git him arrested without cause, you can be sued. Let's talk this over some more." He took her arm gently.

She sat down, wiping at her cheeks.

"First of all," he began, as he resumed his own seat, "did anybody see you give Homer the nuggets?"

"No."

"Did you tell anybody before you took 'em down that he was goin' to hold 'em as security?"

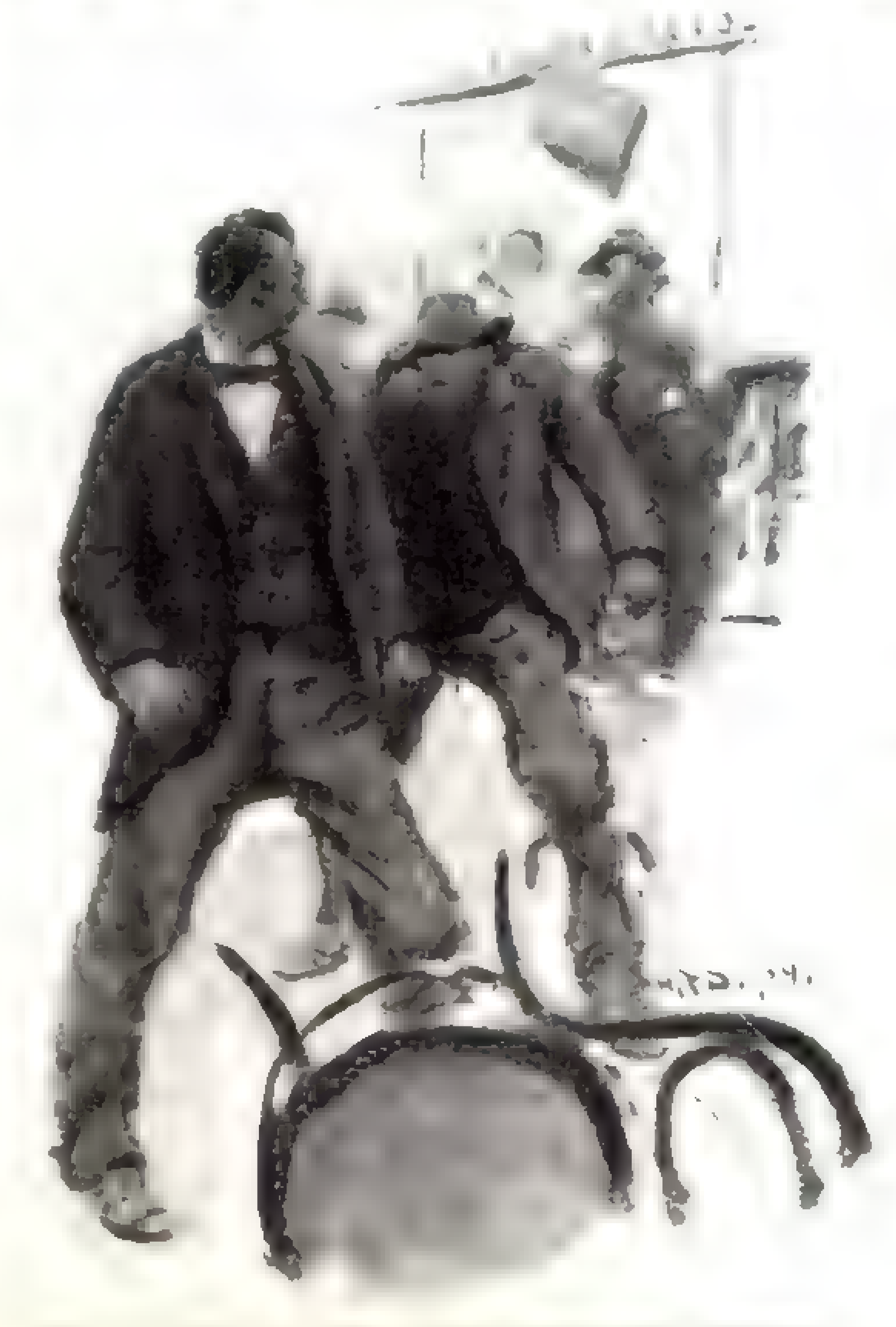
"I didn't want anybody to find out I was borrowing."

"And you two was alone, I s'pose, when he took 'em and give you the money?"

"Yes."

"Then it's just your word against his?"

"You see? You don't believe me!"



"Just as if I Ain't Got a Right to Spend My Money Like I Want To!"

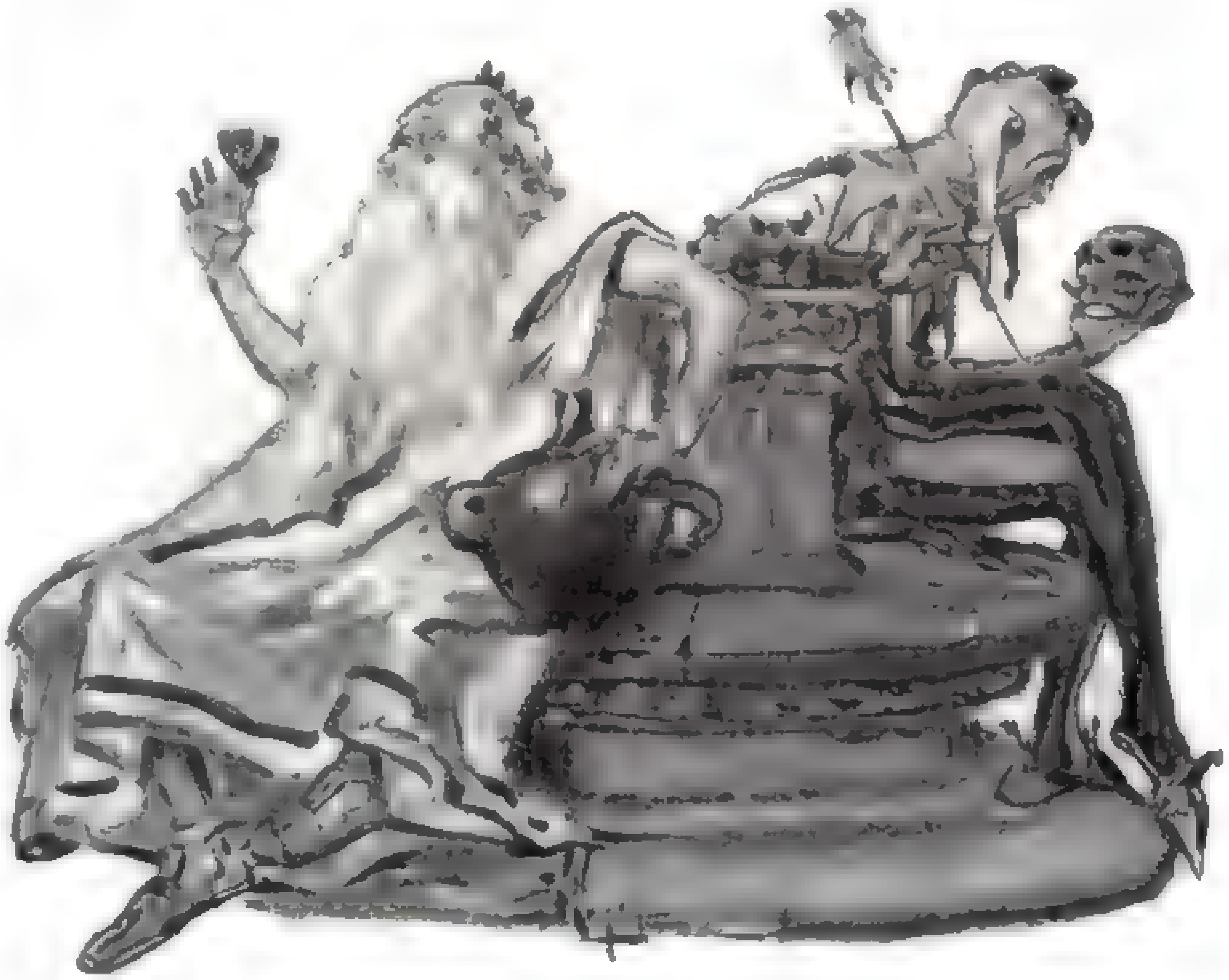
(Continued on Page 45)

THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



XI

THE masked dance was to begin at ten that evening; for that reason dinner had been served early at scores of small tables on the terrace, a hilarious and topsyturvy but somewhat rapid affair, because everybody required time for dressing, and already throughout the house maids and valets were scurrying around, unpacking masks and wigs and dainty costumes for the adorning of the guests at Roya-Neh.

Toward nine o'clock the bustle and confusion became distracting; corridors were haunted by graceful flitting figures, in various stages of dishabille, in quest of paraphernalia feminine and maids to adjust the same. A continual chatter filled the halls, punctuated by smothered laughter and subdued but insistent appeals for aid in the devious complications of intimate attire.

On the men's side of the house there was less hubbub and some quiet swearing; much splashing in tubs, much cigarette smoke. Men entered each others' rooms, half clad in satin breeches, silk stockings and ruffled shirts, asking a helping hand in tying queue ribbons or adjusting stocks; and lingered to smoke and jest and gossip and jeer at one another's finery or to listen to the town news from week-enders arrived from the city.

The talk was money, shows and club gossip, but financial rumors ruled.

Young Ellis, in pale-blue silk and wig, perched airily on a table, became gloomily prophetic concerning the steady retirement of capital from philanthropic enterprises hatched in Wall Street; Peter Tappan saw in the endlessly-sagging market dire disaster for the future digestions of wealthy owners of undisturbed securities.

"Marble columns and gold ceilings don't make a trust company," he sneered. "There are a few billionaire gamblers from the West who seem to think Wall Street is Coney Island. There'll be a shindy, don't make any mistake; we're going to have one hell of a time; but when it's over the corpses will all be shipped—ahem!—West."

Several men laughed uneasily; one or two old-line trust companies were mentioned; then somebody spoke of the Minnisink.

Duane lighted a cigarette and, watching the match still burning, said:

"Dysart is a director. You can't ask for any more conservative citizen than Dysart, can you?"

Several men looked around for Dysart, but he had stepped out of the room.

Ellis said, after a silence:

"That gambling outfit from the West has bedeviled one or two good citizens in Gotham town."

Doctor Barley shrugged his big, fat shoulders.

"It's no secret, I suppose, that the Minnisink is being talked about," he grunted.

Ellis said in a low but perfectly distinct voice:

"Neither is it any secret that Jack Dysart has been hit hard in National Ice."

Peter Tappan slipped from his seat on the table and threw away his cigarette.

"One thing is sure as soubrettes," he observed; "the Clearing House means to get rid of certain false prophets. The game law is off prophets—in the fall. There'll be some good gunning—under the laws of New Jersey."

"I hope they'll be careful not to injure any marble columns or ruin the gold leaf on the ceilings," sneered Ellis. "Come on, some of you fellows, and fix the buckle on this cursed stock of mine."

"I thought fixing stocks was rather in your own line," said Duane to the foxy-visaged and celebrated manipulator, who joined very heartily in the general and unscrupulous laugh.

A moment later Dysart, who had heard every word from the doorway, walked silently back to his own rooms and sat down, resting his temples between his closed fists.

The well-cut head was already silvery gray at the temples; one month had done it. When animated his features still appeared firm and of good color; relaxed they were loose and pallid, and around the mouth fine lines appeared. Often a man's hands indicate his age, and his betrayed him, giving the lie to his lithe, straight, graceful figure. The man had aged considerably in a month or two.

Matters were not going very well with him. For one thing, the Half-Moon Trust Company had finally terminated all dealings with the gorgeous, marble-pillared temple of high finance of which he was a director. For another, he had met the men of the West, and for them he had done things which he did not always care to think about. For another, money was becoming disturbingly scarce, and the time was already passed for selling securities.

During the last year he had been vaguely aware of some occult hostility to himself and his enterprises—not the normal hostility of business aggression, but something indefinable—merely negative at first, then more disturbing, sinister, foreboding; something in the very air, to which he was growing more sensitive every day.

By all laws of finance, by all signs and omens, a serious reaction from the saturnalia of the last few years was already overdue. He had felt it, without alarm at first, for the men of the West laughed him to scorn and refused to shorten sail. They still refused. Perhaps they could not. One thing was certain: he could scarcely manage to take in a single reef on his own account. He was beginning to realize that the men with whom rumor was busy were men marked down by the Clearing House, and they either would not or could not aid him in shortening sail.

For a month now, under his bland and graceful bearing among the intimates of his set, Dysart had been slowly but steadily going to pieces. At such moments as this it showed on the surface. It showed now in his loose jaw and flaccid cheeks, in the stare of the quenched eyes.

He was going to pieces and he was aware of it. For one thing, he recognized the physical change setting in; for another, his cool, selfish, self-centered equanimity was being broken down; the rigorous bodily régime, from which he had never heretofore swerved and which alone enabled him to perform the exacting social duties expected of him, he had recently neglected. He felt the impending bodily demoralization, the threatened mental disintegration; he suspected its symptoms in a new nervous irritability, in lapses of self-command, in unaccountable excesses utterly foreign to his habitual self-control.

Dissolute heretofore only in the negative form, whatever it was that impended, threatening him, seemed also to be driving him into another and monstrous lack of caution, and—God alone knew how—he had at last done the one thing that he never dreamed of doing. And the knowledge of it and the fear of it bit deeper into his shallow soul every hour of the day and night. And over all, vague, indefinite, hung something that menaced all that he cared for most on earth, held most sacred: his social position in the Borough of Manhattan.

. . . .

After a while he stood up in his pale-blue silken costume of that mincing, smirking century which valued a straight back and a well-curved leg, and very slowly, as though tired, he walked to the door separating his wife's dressing-room from his own.

"May I come in?" he asked.

A maid opened the door, saying that Mrs. Dysart had gone to Miss Quest's room to have her hair powdered. He seated himself; the maid retired.

For a while he sat there, absently playing with his gilt-hilted sword, somber-eyed, preoccupied, listening to the distant, joyous tumult in the house until quick, light steps and a breezy flurry of satin at the door announced his wife's return.

"Oh," she said coolly; "you?"

That was her greeting; his was a brief nod.

She went to her mirror and studied her face, trying a patch here, a hint of vermilion there, touching up brow and lashes and the sweet, curling corners of her mouth.

"Well?" she inquired over her shoulder, insolently.

He got up out of the chair, shut the door and returned to his seat again.

"Have you decided about the *D* and *P* securities?" he asked.

"I told you I'd let you know when I came to any conclusion," she replied dryly.

"Yes, I know what you said, Rosalie. But the time is shortening. I've got to meet certain awkward obligations——"

"So you intimated before."

He nodded and went on amiably: "All I ask of you is to deposit those securities with us for a few months. They are as safe with us as they are with the Half-Moon. Do you think I'd let you do it if I were not certain?"

She turned and scrutinized him insultingly.

"I don't know," she said, "how many kinds of treachery you are capable of."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Frankly, I don't know what you are capable of doing with my money. If I can judge by what you've done with my married life I scarcely feel inclined to confide in you financially."

"There is no use in going over that again," he said patiently. "We differ little from ordinary people, I fancy. I think our house is as united as the usual New York domicile. The main thing is to keep it so. And in a time of some slight apprehension and financial uneasiness—perhaps, even, of possible future stress—you and I, for our own sakes, should stand firmly together to weather any possible gale."

"I think I am able to weather whatever I am responsible for," she said. "If you do the same we can get on as well as we ever have."

"I don't believe you understand," he persisted, forcing a patient smile. "All business in the world is conducted upon borrowed capital. I merely ——"

"Do you need more capital?" she inquired so bluntly that he winced.

"Yes, for a few months. I may require a little additional collateral ——"

"Why don't you borrow it, then?"

"There is no necessity if you will temporarily transfer——"

"Can you borrow it? Or is the ice in your trust company too rotten to stand the strain?"

He flushed darkly and the temper began to escape in his voice:

"Has anybody hinted that I couldn't? Have you been discussing my personal business affairs with any of the pups whom you drag about at your heels? No matter what your personal attitude toward me may be, only a fool would undermine the very house that ——"

"I don't believe you understand, Jack," she said quietly; "I care absolutely nothing about your house."

"Well, you care about your own social status, I suppose!" he retorted sharply.

"Not very much."

"That's an imbecile thing to say!"

"Is it?" She turned to the mirror and touched her powdered hair lightly with both hands and continued speaking with her back turned toward him:

"I married you for love. Remember that. There was even something of it alive in the roots, I think, until within a few days—in spite of what you are, what you have done to me. Now the thing is dead. Your conduct to me has been such as deliberately to incite me to evil. Your attitude has been a constant occult force, driving me toward it. What you may have done I don't know; what you have done, even recently, I am not sure of. But I know this: you took my life and made a parody of it. I never lived; I have been tempted to. If the opportunity comes I will."

Dysart rose, his face red and distorted.

"I thought young Mallett had taught you to live pretty rapidly!" he said.

"No," she replied, "you only thought other people thought so. That is why you resented it. Your jealousy is of that sort—you don't care what I am, but you do care what the world thinks I am. And that is all there ever was to you—all there ever will be; desperate devotion to your wretched little social status."

"Are you crazy?" he demanded.

"Why, it does seem crazy to you, I suppose—that a woman should have no regard for the sacredness of your social status. I have no regard for it."

She walked leisurely toward the door, passing him with a civil nod of dismissal, and left him standing there in his flower-embroidered court dress, the electric light shining full on the thin gray hair at his temples.

In the corridor she met Naida, charming in her blossom-embroidered panniers, and she took both her hands and kissed her, saying:

"Perhaps you won't care to kiss me some day, so I'll take this opportunity, dear. Where is your brother?"

"Duane is dressing," she said. "What did you mean by my not wishing to kiss you some day?"

"Nothing, silly." And she passed on, turned to the right and met Sylvia Quest, looking very frail and delicate in her bathrobe and powdered hair. The girl passed her with the same timid, almost embarrassed little inclination with which she now invariably greeted her, and Rosalie turned and caught her, turning her around with a laugh. "What is the matter, dear?"

"M-matter?" stammered Sylvia, trembling under the reaction.

"Yes. You are not very friendly, and I've always liked you. Have I offended you, Sylvia?"

She was looking smilingly straight into the blue eyes.

"No—oh, no!" said the girl hastily. "How can you think that, Mrs. Dysart?"

"Then I don't think it," replied Rosalie, laughing. "You are a trifle pale, dear. Touch up your lips a bit. It's very Louis XVI. See mine? . . . Will you kiss me, Sylvia?"

Again a strange look flickered in the girl's eyes. Rosalie kissed her gently; she had turned very white.

"What is your costume?" asked Mrs. Dysart.

"Flame color and gold."

"You will make an exquisite little demon shepherdess," laughed Rosalie.

And she went on smiling back at the girl in friendly fashion, then turned and lightly descended the stairway, snapping on her loup-mask before the jolly crowd below could identify her.

Masked figures here and there detained her, addressing her in disguised voices, but she eluded them, slipped through the throngs on terrace and lawn, ran down the western slope and entered the rose garden. A man in mask and violet-gray court costume rose from a marble seat under the pergola and advanced toward her, the palm of his left hand carelessly balanced on his gilded hilt.

"So you did get my note, Duane?" she said, laying her pretty hand on his arm.

"I certainly did. What can I do for you, Rosalie?"

"I—don't know. Shall we sit down?"

He laughed and stood a moment after she was seated.

The dusk was heavy with the scent of rockets and phlox and ragged pinks and candytuft. Through the sweet-scented, dusky silence some small and very wakeful bird was trilling. Great misty-winged moths came whirring and hovering among the blossoms, pale blurs in the darkness, and everywhere the drifting lamps of fireflies lighted and died out against the foliage.

The woman beside him sat with masked head bent and slightly turned from him; her restless hands worried her fan, her satin-shod feet were crossed and recrossed.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Life. It's all so very wrong."

"Oh," he said, smiling; "it's life that is amiss, not we!"

"I suppose we are. . . . I suppose I am. But, Duane," she turned and looked at him, "I haven't had much of a chance yet—to go very right or very wrong."

"You've had chances enough for the latter," he said with an unpleasant laugh. "In this sweet coterie we inhabit there's always that chance."

"There are good women in it; good wives. Your sister is in it."

"Yes, and I mean to take her out," said Duane grimly. "Do you think I want Naida to marry some money-fattened pup in this set?"

"Where can you take her?"

"Where I'm going in future myself—among people whose brains are not as obsolete as my appendix; where there still exist standards and old-fashioned things like principles and religion and a healthy terror of the Decalogue!"

"Is anybody still afraid of the Decalogue?" she asked.

"Even we are, but some of us are more afraid of ennui. Fire and fear are the greatest purifiers in the world; it's fear of some sort or other, and only fear, that keeps the world as decent as it is."

"I'm not afraid," she said, playing with her fan. "I'm only afraid of dying before I have lived at all."

"What do you call living?"

"Being loved," she said, and looked up at him.

"You poor little thing," he said, only partly in earnest.

"Yes, I'm sorry for the girl I was. . . . I was rather a nice girl, Duane. You remember me before I married."

"Yes, I do. You were a corker. You are still."

She nodded: "Yes, outwardly. Within is—nothing. I am very, very old; very tired."

He said no more. She sat listlessly watching the dusk-moths hovering among the pinks. Far away in the darkness rockets were rising, spraying the sky with fire; faint strains of music came from the forest.

"Their Fête Galante has begun," she said. "Am I detaining you too long, Duane?"

"No."

She smiled. "It is rather amusing," she observed, "my coming to you for moral advice—to you, Duane, who were once supposed to possess so little."

"Never mind what I possess," he said, irritated. "What sort of advice do you expect?"

"Why, moral advice, of course."

"Oh! Are you on the verge of demoralization?"

"I don't know. Am I? . . . There is a man ——"

"Of course," he said, coming as near a sneer as he was capable. "I know what you've done. You've nearly twisted poor Grandcourt's head off his honest neck. If you want to know what I think of it it's an abominable thing to do. Why, anybody can see that the man is in love with you and desperately unhappy already. I told you to let him alone. You promised, too."

He spoke rapidly, sharply; she bent her fair head in silence until he ended.

"May I defend myself?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Then—I did not mean to make him care for me."

"You all say that."

"Yes; we are not always as innocent as I happen to be this time. I really did not try, did not think that he was taking a little unaccustomed kindness on my part so seriously. . . . I overdid it; I'd been beastly to him—most women are rude to De Lancy Grandcourt, somehow or other. I always was. And one day—that day in the forest—somehow, something he said opened my eyes—hurt me. . . . And women are fools to believe him one. Why, Duane, he's every inch a man—high-minded, sensitive, proud, generous, forbearing."

Duane turned and stared at her, and to her annoyance the blood mounted to her cheeks, but she went on:

"Of course, he has affected me. I don't know how it might have been with me if I were not so—so utterly starved."

"You mean to say you are beginning to care for De Lancy Grandcourt?"

"Care? Yes—in a perfectly nice way ——"

"And otherwise?"

"I—don't know. I am honest with you, Duane; I don't know. A—a little devotion of that kind"—she tried to laugh—"goes to my head, perhaps. I've been so long without it. . . . I don't know. And I came here to tell you. I came here to ask you what I ought to do."

"Do you already care enough for him to worry about your effect on him?"

"I—do not wish him to be unhappy."

"Oh! But you are willing to be unhappy in order to save him any uneasiness. See here, Rosalie, you'd better pull up sharp."

"Had I?"

"Certainly," he said brutally. "Not many days ago you were adrift. Don't cut your cable again."

A vivid color mounted to her temples.

"That is all over," she said. "Have I not come to you again in spite of the folly that sent me drifting to you before? And can I pay you a truer compliment, Duane, than to ask the hospitality of your forbearance and the shelter of your friendship?"

"You are a trump, Rosalie," he said after a moment's scowling. "You're all right. . . . I don't know what to say. . . . If it's going to give you a little happiness to care for this man ——"

"But what will it do to him, Duane?"

"It ought to do him good if such a girl as you gives him all of herself that she decently can. I don't know whether I'm right or wrong!" he added almost angrily. "Confound it! there seems no end to conjugal infelicity around us these days. I don't know where the line is—how close to the danger mark an unhappy woman may drift and do no harm to anybody. All I know is that I'm sorry terribly sorry for you. You're a corker."

"Thanks," she said with a faint smile. "Do you think De Lancy may safely agree with you without danger to his peace of mind?"

"Why not? After all, you're entitled to lawful happiness. So is he. . . . Only ——"

"Only—what?"

"I've never seen it succeed."

"Seen what succeed?"

"What is popularly known as the platonic."

"Oh, it isn't," she said naïvely. "He's rather in love already, and I'm quite sure I could be if I let myself."

Duane groaned.

"Don't come to me asking what to do, then," he said impatiently, "because I know what you ought to do and I don't know what I'd do under the circumstances. You know as well as I do where the danger mark is. Don't you?"

"I suspect."

"Well, then ——"

"Oh, we haven't reached it yet," she said innocently.

Her honesty appalled him, and he got up and began to pace the gravel walk.

"Do you intend to cross it?" he asked, halting abruptly.

"No, I don't. . . . I don't want to. . . Do you think there is any fear of it?"

"My Lord!" he said in despair; "you talk like a child. I'm trying to realize that you women—some of you who appear so primed with doubtful worldly wisdom—are practically as innocent as the day you married."

"I don't know very much about some things, Duane."

"I notice that," he said grimly.

She said very gravely: "This is the first time I have ever come very near caring for a man. . . . I mean since I married." And she rose and glanced toward the forest.

They stood together for a moment, listening to the distant music, then, without speaking, turned and walked toward the distant flare of light which threw great trees into tangled and grotesque silhouette.

"Tales of the Genii," she murmured, fastening her loup; "Fate is the Sultan. Pray God nobody cuts my head off."

"You are much too amusing," he said as, side by side, they moved silently on through the pale starlight like errant phantoms of a vanished age, and no further word was said between them, nor did they look at one another again until, ahead, the road turned silvery under the rays of the Lodge acetylenes and, beyond, the first cluster of brilliant lanterns gleamed among the trees.

"And here we separate," she said. "Good-by," holding out her hand. "It is my first rendezvous. Wish me a little happiness, please."

"Happiness and—good sense," he said, smiling. He retained her hand for a second and, stepping back, saluted her gayly as she passed before him into the blaze of light.

XII

THE forest in every direction was strung with lighted lanterns; tall torches, burning, edged the Gray Water, and every flame rippled straight upward in the still air.

Through the dark, midsummer woodland music of violin, viola and clarinet rang out, and the laughter and jolly uproar of the dancers swelled and ebbed, with, now and then, sudden intervals of silence slowly filled by the far noise of some unseen stream rushing westward under the stars.

Glade, greensward, forest aisles and the sylvan dancing-floor, bounded by garlanded and beribboned pillars, swarmed with a gay company. Torchlight painted strange high-lights on silken masks, touching with subdued sparkles the eyes behind the slanting eyeslits; half a thousand lanterns threw an orange radiance across the glade, bathing the whirling throngs of dancers, glimmering on gilded braid and sword-hilts, on powdered hair, on fresh young faces laughing behind their masks; on white shoulders and jeweled throats, on fan and brooch and spur and lacquered heel. There was a scent of oldtime perfume in the air, and as Duane adjusted his mask and drew near he saw that sets were already forming for the minuet.

He recognized Dysart, glorious in silk and powder, perfectly in his element and doing his part with eighteenth-century elaboration; Kathleen, almost too exquisitely real for counterfeit; De Lancy Grandcourt, very red in the face under his mask, wig slightly awry, conscientiously behaving as nearly like a masked gentleman of the period as he knew how; his sister Naida, sweet and gracious; Scott, masked and also spectacled, grotesque and preoccupied, casting patient glances toward the dusky solitudes that he much preferred, and from whence a distant owl fluted at intervals, inviting his investigations.

And there were the Pink 'uns, too, easily identified, having all sorts of a good time with a pair of maskers resembling Doucette Landon and Peter Tappan; and there in powder, paint and patch capered the Beekmans, Ellises and Montrosses—all the clans of the great and near-great of the countryside, gathering to join the eternal hunt for happiness where already the clarinets were sounding Stole Away

For the quarry in that hunt is a specter: sighted, it steals away; and if one remains very, very still and listens one may hear, far and faint, the undertone of phantom horns mocking the field that rides so gallantly

"Stole away," whispered Duane in Kathleen's ear as he paused beside her; and she seemed to know what he meant, for she nodded, smiling:

"You mean that what we hunt is doomed to die when we ride it down?"

"Let us be in at the death, anyway," he said. "Kathleen, you're charming and masked to perfection. It's only that white skin of yours that betrays you; it always looks as though it were fragrant. Is that Geraldine surrounded three-deep—over there under that oak tree?"

"Yes; why are you so late, Duane? And I haven't seen Rosalie, either."

He did not care to enlighten her, but stood laughing and twirling his sword-knot and looking across the glittering throng, where a daintily-masked young girl stood defending herself with fan and bouquet against the persistence of her gallants. Then he shook out the lace at his gilded cuffs, dropped one palm on his sword-hilt, saluted Kathleen's fingertips with graceful precision and sauntered toward Geraldine, dusting his nose with his filmy handkerchief a most convincing replica of the bland epoch he impersonated.

As for Geraldine, she was certainly a very lovely incarnation of that self-satisfied and frivolous century. her success had already excited her a little; men seemed suddenly to have gone quite mad about her; and this and her own beauty were taking effect on her, producing an effect the more vivid, perhaps, because it was a reaction from the perplexities and tears of yesterday and the passionate tension of the morning.

Within her breast the sense of impending pleasure stirred and fluttered deliciously with every breath of music: the confused happiness of being in love, the relief in relaxation from a sterner problem, the noisy carnival surging, rioting around her, men crowding about her, eager in admiration, the knowledge of her own loveliness all these set the warm blood racing through every vein and tinted lip and cheek with a color in brilliant contrast to the velvety, masked eyes and the snow of the slim neck.

Through the gay tumult which rang ceaselessly around her where she stood plying her painted fan her own laughter sounded at intervals, distinct in its refreshing purity, for it had always that crystalline quality under a caressing softness; but Duane, who had advanced now to the outer edge of the circle, detected in her voice no hint of that thrilling undertone which he had known, which he alone among men had ever awakened. Her gayety was careless, irresponsible, childlike in its clarity; under her crescent mask the smiles on her smooth young face dawned and died out brief as sun-spots flashing over snow. Briefer intervals of apparent detachment from everything succeeded them: a distrait survey of the lantern-lit dancers, an absent glance at the man speaking to her, a lifting of the delicate eyebrows in smiling preoccupation. But always behind the black half-mask her eyes wandered throughout the throng as though seeking something hidden, and on her vivid lips the smile became fixed.

Whether or not she had seen him Duane could not tell; but presently, as he forced a path toward her, she stirred, closed her fan, took a step forward, head a trifle lowered, and right of way was given her as she moved slowly through the cluster of men, shaking her head in vexation to the whispered importunities in her ear, answering each according to his folly—this man with a laugh, that with a gesture of hand or shoulder, but never turning to reply, never staying her feet until, passing close to Duane and not even looking at him:

"Where on earth have you been, Duane?"

"How did you know me?" he said, laughing; "you haven't even looked at me yet."

"*On peut voir sans regarder, Monsieur Nous autres demoiselles, nous voyons trés bien, trés bien . . . et nous ne regardons jamais.*"

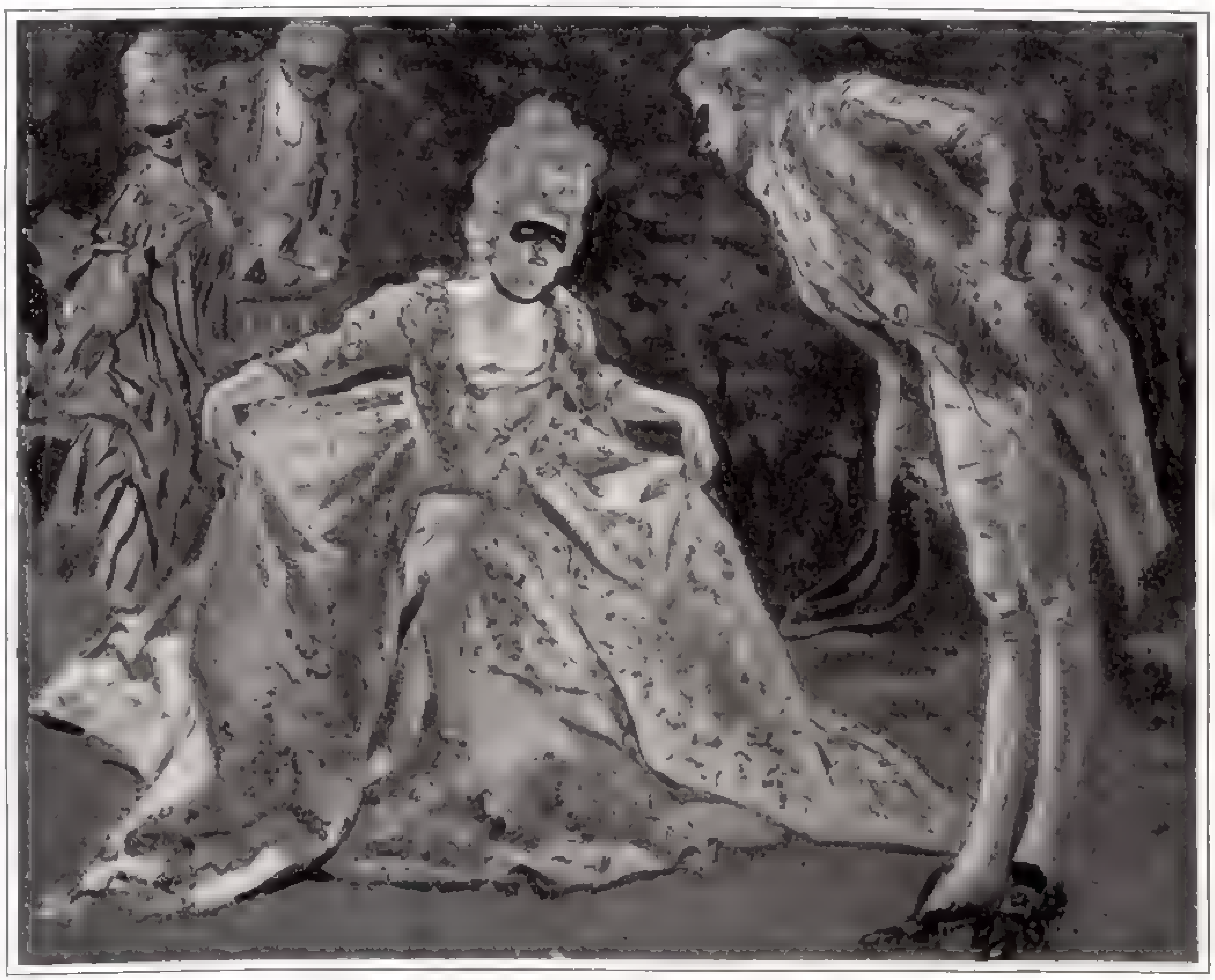
She had paused, still not looking directly at him. Then she lifted her head.

"Everybody has asked me to dance; I've said yes to everybody, but I've waited for you," she said "It will be that way all my life, I think."

"It has been that way with me, too," he said gayly. "Why should we wait any more?"

"Why are you so late?" she asked. She had missed Rosalie, too, but did not say so.

"I am rather late," he admitted carelessly; "can you leave all these men and give me this dance?"



She Dropped Him a Very Low, Very Slow, Very Marvelous Curtsey

She stepped nearer, turning her shoulders to the anxious lingerers, who involuntarily stepped back, leaving a cleared space around them.

"Make me your very best bow," she whispered, "and take me. I've promised a dozen men, but it doesn't matter"

He said in a low voice, "You darling!" and made her a very wonderful bow, and she dropped him a very low, very slow, very marvelous curtsey and, rising, laid her fingers on his embroidered sleeve. Then, head held erect on the slender neck and with a certain sweet insolence in the droop of her white lids, she looked at the men around her

Gray said in a low voice to Dysart: "That's as much as to admit that they're engaged, isn't it? When a girl doesn't give a hoot what she does to other men she's nailed, isn't she?"

Dysart did not answer; Rosalie, passing on Grandcourt's arm, caught the words and turned swiftly, looking over her shoulder at Geraldine.

But Geraldine and Duane had already forgotten the outer world; around them the music swelled; laughter and voice grew indistinct, receding, blending in the vague tumult of violins. They gazed upon one another with vast content.

"As a matter of fact," said Duane, "I don't remember very well how to dance a minuet. I only wanted to be with you. We'll sit it out if you're afraid I'll make a holy show of you."

"Oh, dear," said Geraldine in pretty distress, "and I let you beguile me when I'm dying to do this minuet Duane, you must try to remember! Everybody will be watching us." And as her quick ear caught the preliminary bars of the ancient and stately measure:

"It's the Menuet d'Exaudet," she said hurriedly; "listen—I'll instruct you as we move; I'll sing it under my breath to the air of the violins," and, her hand in his, she took the first, slow, dainty step in the old-time dance, humming the words as they moved forward.

Then she whispered, smiling:

"You are quite perfect, Duane; keep your head level, dear! Quite perfect, my handsome cavalier! Oh, we are doing it most beautifully"—with a deep, sweeping reverence; then, rising, as he lifted her fingertips: "You are stealing the rest of my heart," she said.

"Our betrothal dance. Shall it be so, dear?"

They looked at each other as though they stood there alone; the lovely old air of the Menuet d'Exaudet seemed to exhale from the tremulous violins like perfume floating through the woods; figures of masked dancers passed and repassed them through the orange-tinted glow; there came a vast rustle of silk, a breezy murmur, the scented wind from opening fans, the rattle of swords and the Menuet d'Exaudet ended with a dull roll of kettledrums.

A few minutes later he had her in his arms in a deliciously wild waltz, a swinging, irresponsible, gipsy-like thing which set the blood coursing and pulses galloping

Every succeeding dance she gave to him. Now and then a tiny cloud of powder-dust floated from her hair; a ribbon from her shoulder-knot whipped his face; her breath touched his lips; her voice, at intervals, caressed his ears, a soft, breathless voice which mounting exaltation had made unsteadily sweet.

"You know dear—I'm dancing every dance with you—in the teeth of decency, the face of every convention and defiance of every law of hospitality. I belong to my guests."

And again:

"Do you know, Duane, there's a sort of a delicious madness coming over me. I'm all trembling under my skin with the overwhelming happiness of it all. I tell you it's intoxicating me because I don't know how to endure it."

He caught fire at her emotion; her palm was burning in his, her breath came irregularly, her lips and cheeks were aflame as they came to a breathless halt in the torchlight.

"Dear," she faltered, "I simply *must* be decent to my guests. . . . I'm dying to dance with you again, but I can't be so rude. . . . Oh, goodness! here they come, hordes of them. I'll give them a dance or two—anybody who speaks first, and then you'll come and find me, won't you? . . . Isn't that enough to give them—two or three dances? Isn't that doing my duty as châtelaine sufficiently?"

"Don't give them any," he said with conviction. "They'll know we're engaged if you don't ——"

"Oh, Duane! We are only—only provisionally engaged," she said. "I am only on probation, dear. You know it can't be announced until I—I'm fit to marry you ——"

"What nonsense!" he interrupted almost savagely. "You're winning out; and even if you are not I'll marry you anyway and make you win!"

(Continued on Page 52)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 28, 1909

The Blindness of Justice

IT IS interesting to speculate upon what would have happened if Justice, instead of wearing a bandage over her eyes, had worn a clothespin on her nose or corks in her ears.

A court decided the other day that an offense to sight is not a nuisance. An enterprising gas company had embellished a choice residence district with a gigantic tank, painted that shade of red which will give a sensitive person sunstroke any time between May and November. The decision, no doubt, is according to precedent. Abatement of a violent offense to the sense of smell or hearing may be enforced, but the theory seems to be that it doesn't really hurt one to look at a huge red gas-tank on a warm day.

A more forcible illustration may be pointed out. Nearly if not quite everywhere in the United States it is impossible, legally, to prevent any man from chopping down any tree that stands upon land to which he happens, at the moment, to hold title. The tree may be a beautiful and beneficent growth of decades, the sight of it a cherished possession of thousands of people. Yet if a man buys the plot of ground he can fell the tree and make a bonfire of its corpse. Our eyes, in the poet's fancy, are the windows of our souls; but, generally speaking, we permit anybody that is so minded to spatter mud on the window-panes at will.

A Twenty-Million Saving

IN THE fiscal year ending June 30 last the Government's internal revenue receipts from spirits again declined. The total was the smallest for six years, and one has to go back eight years to find so small a consumption of alcohol per capita.

That isn't, perhaps, very far back when it is considered that the last fiscal year included a long period of industrial depression and extensive unemployment. Yet if consumption per capita had been up to the high-water mark of 1907 the country would have drunk up twenty odd million gallons more of alcohol than it did. The tobacco tax yielded more than the year before—indeed slightly more than in 1907—while the beer tax income was larger than in 1906. The latter figures may have some bearing on the question of how far the lesser consumption of alcohol was due to hard times and how far to a greatly increased prohibition area.

In any view it is not all clear gain. The use of liquor does not decline proportionately with the extension of the prohibition territory, and a gallon sold in defiance of law carries, all things considered, rather larger potentialities of harm than a gallon sold in conformity with law. Nevertheless, a saving of more than twenty million dollars, as compared with 1907, in the tax alone upon alcohol is a noteworthy item.

Alaska as a Home

ALASKA, with about one-fifth the area of the remainder of the United States, contains less than a hundred thousand inhabitants. That it can support a population of three to six millions is an opinion resting upon facts.

Sixty miles beyond the arctic circle the hardier garden vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage and cauliflower, are already raised successfully. At the farthest station of the Agricultural Department—more than five hundred miles north of Sitka—barley and oats are brought to maturity every year, and in normal years winter wheat and rye, spring wheat and buckwheat are harvested. The total Alaskan area suitable to cultivation is estimated at a hundred thousand square miles. Finland, substantially in the same latitude, and with as cold a climate, has about fifty thousand square miles of cultivable area, and supports a population of three millions. It is a fair argument that Alaska can do at least half as well as Finland. Doing fully as well the territory, with twice the arable area, would support six million people.

Fur was the chief and almost the only industry when we acquired the territory. But as the fur trade declined the salmon industry arose—mounting from forty-three thousand dollars in 1881 to ten million dollars last year. Gold, at present, is the most valuable product. Very possibly, as agriculture and other industries arise in the next fifty years, gold will become relatively unimportant.

Conservatism That Progresses

JUDGING by various symptoms, including the last Socialist vote, we doubt that a numerically-respectable corporal's guard could be rallied in this country to support the single issue of government ownership of railroads, while only a few years ago shrewd observers judged that such an issue would soon press to the fore.

One of the symptoms is the recent election in Cleveland, where an extension of Mayor Johnson's semi-municipalized street-car plan was rejected by an important majority. As against public ownership people seem decidedly inclined to try out the Roosevelt plan—or, as applied to municipal utilities, the Chicago plan—of continued private ownership, subject to strict limitation and accountability—to "regulation," as President Taft said in signing the tariff bill, "which the tendency in corporate enterprises in the last twenty years has shown to be necessary."

The other idea, that immense aggregations of wealth in private hands are necessarily inimical, instead of gaining ground seems to be losing—as experience lends support to the theory that all such aggregations can, after all, be kept within moral bounds.

Politically this is probably, at present, the most conservative of great and enlightened nations, because a policy essentially conservative gives promise of justifying itself. Perhaps, on the whole, if people can get a fair deal conservatively that is preferable to getting it radically.

The School-Child's Mind

A REPORT upon mentally-defective school-children in Philadelphia—probably the most complete of its kind yet published—suggests how small is the number of pupils who fail to make satisfactory progress in school for the reason that they lack proper machinery to progress with.

Out of a total primary-school population exceeding a hundred thousand, only eight hundred and forty-nine, or less than one per cent, are put down as mentally unequal to the school tasks, while in the grammar schools the corresponding number is only forty out of more than fifty thousand pupils. Incorrigibly-vicious, but not feeble-minded, children are reported as under three-fourths of one per cent of the school population. About twice as large is the number of backward children who require special instruction in small classes; while dull children, "who would be benefited by special instruction, but do not absolutely require it," are more numerous than all the foregoing put together—amounting to sixty-six hundred out of a hundred and fifty-seven thousand pupils. The figures are compiled from reports of the teachers who, perhaps, are not generally inclined to exaggerate the mental capacity of their pupils.

Exceedingly few children are really dull. That quality is more often found in the adults who impute it to them. While we take no stock in the popular superstition that the honor man is usually found, ten years after graduation, working in a humble capacity for the prize dunce of the class, we do think that whatever the school system fails to achieve is the fault of the system and not of the material upon which it works.

Putting Mufflers on Vox Populi

IT IS often said that the most unmistakable popular verdict of recent times upon a great national issue was given in 1896 when free silver was rejected by a majority of six hundred thousand. Yet it is a plausible theory that McKinley's election that year was really due to lack of rain in India. The agricultural West was hard up, deeply dissatisfied, consequently much infected with radicalism. In August wheat sold in Chicago at fifty-three cents a bushel. But supplies were low everywhere. In the autumn, when it became apparent the Indian crop would fail, prices rose rapidly. Election week, wheat sold at ninety-four cents in Chicago. The grand free-silver argument had been that demonetization of silver made wheat cheap. This striking object-lesson to the contrary probably convinced thousands who would otherwise have voted for Bryan. It will be remembered, also, that McKinley first proposed to make the campaign largely upon the tariff, which was hardly heard of as the canvass progressed.

From many other elections we might draw illustrations of the method in Senatorial madness. At this moment, no doubt, the country is much dissatisfied with the new tariff law. If the Senate had had its own way dissatisfaction would have been greater. To enact a law which will exasperate the people seems, at first blush, bad politics. But who can tell what the people will be thinking about at the next election, or how many complicating factors may enter into that contest? In '92 they overwhelmed the protectionist party. In '96 they exalted it. To this day, although it has been an issue for many years, nobody knows what a majority of the people thinks about protection.

If people voted upon issues as well as for candidates it would be possible to tell with some approximation to accuracy, whether the Government executed the popular will. Under the present system of voting for candidates only that is quite impossible.

Corralling the Old Masters

ONE of the most lugubrious views of the new tariff law comes from Germany. Considering the inroads which voracious American collectors have made upon European galleries in the past, despite a heavy import duty, Herr Wilhelm Bode, director-general of the Royal Art Museum of Berlin, is downcast. "As soon," he writes, "as the law freeing old art works from duties passes Congress, nearly all these treasures will go across the sea."

This view is rather alarming. Europe certainly should retain some art works, if only to provide American schoolma'ams with a plausible excuse for going abroad. Inasmuch as the American collector, in his barbaric infatuation, will outbid all others, it has been suggested that he ought to be handicapped by a double price; if the painting is priced to a European at a hundred thousand francs, it should be priced to the American at two hundred thousand. Also, that he should whenever possible be given a mere copy instead of the original.

But neither expedient will avail. Both, as a matter of fact, have been practiced by European picture dealers for a long time. It is exactly this insatiable quality which makes the American collector so discouraging to the European. You may overcharge him and load him up with junk to the limit, and still he carries off the prizes. He is a regular sieve, having, as the scientists would say, absolutely no point of saturation.

We can think of only one remedy. If the demand promises to be fairly unlimited, why shouldn't the supply correspond with it? The fact that Americans are providing a greatly-extended market for pictures might discourage a curator, but we should think a painter would easily reconcile himself to it.

Shooting Away Money

WITH easy money and improving times the investment of capital has been going forward upon an enormous scale. According to the Economist of London, issues of new securities in England during the first half of the year reached six hundred million dollars, and in Germany five hundred millions; government borrowings in a like period have been exceeded only once—in 1901. In the same time securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange amounted to nearly one and a half billion dollars, exceeding the total for the corresponding period of any preceding year with the exception of 1901.

Such a rapid consumption of capital is sometimes a disquieting sign, forecasting a pinch. For example, 1901 was presently followed by the trying period of "undigested" and unmarketable securities. But the mere figures do not tell the whole story. In 1901 the British Government issued three hundred and seventy-five million dollars of obligations, representing mostly the sheer waste of capital in the Boer War. No such item appears in the borrowings of this year. The Government bond issues, on the contrary, have been for funding, or for useful public works. And in 1901 we were still recapitalizing our industries with huge inflation. The record-breaking listings on the Stock Exchange then included five hundred millions of Steel common, which was all water. The new securities listed this year represent, we believe, in every case an honest capitalization of money actually invested in productive industry. There are a few cases of watered stocks, but they are all issues that have been outstanding many years without having previously been listed.

It makes a difference whether the capital is being shot away or put into mere fiat stuff, or legitimately invested in productive enterprise.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

One of Our Busiest Little Human Voicers

Where the Heart Is

PERSONAL: Our genial friend, Frank Newlands, dropped into town yesterday to see about his reelection to the United States Senate from the imperial commonwealth of Nevada. Frank, as will be remembered, paid us a similar visit in 1908, and we are glad to find him looking so well. Apparently, the cares of state rest lightly on him. He tells us he can remain in our midst only a short time, as he is needed in Washington. As soon as the Legislature has registered the will of the people and reëlected him he must return to the Capital. However, we may expect to greet him along in the fall of 1914, when this term expires. Always glad to welcome you, Frank.

Probably, that personal note did not appear in the Reno newspapers last fall, but there is no reason why it shouldn't, for Senator Newlands did pay his regular sexennial visit then, and if circumstances continue as propitious as they now are he will drop in again in 1914 and arrange for another reëlection.

It is real comfy and pleasant to be a United States Senator from Nevada. Senators from most of the other states are expected to call around and see the home folks now and again, but the proletariat of Nevada seem satisfied if their Senators call once every six years, just previous to the expiration of their terms. Of course, it is but just and proper that the Nevada Senators should put in the Congressional Directory that they are really citizens of Nevada, and claim that state for voting and voted-for purposes, but they go no further.

The late Senator Stewart lived in Washington, dropping out to Nevada only when exigencies demanded, and John P. Jones resided mostly in the Waldorf in New York. Wherefore, Senator Newlands has a place at Chevy Chase, Maryland, that is a wonder. It would not be right to say that Chevy Chase mansion, with its great porches and broad lawns and its gardens and pergolas and all that, is the Senator's home. Certainly not. Home, as the poet says, is where the heart is, and there can be no doubt that the Senator's heart is in Nevada, and will be there as long as they continue to send him back to the Senate. He merely abides at Chevy Chase, but he abides there with considerable permanency, so to speak. In fact, although he votes in Reno when necessary, the neighbors at Chevy Chase have come to look on him as one of the older set. He has been among them so long.

At that, these Nevada people are not so easy as it might appear. Various citizens, looking over the United States for soft spots to squat in and achieve a Senatorship, have picked out Nevada, and have not been picked. Newlands is identified with Nevada and has been, and so is Nixon, the other Senator. They did say, a time ago, that Steel Magnate Schwab had ambitions to senatorize from Nevada. But he denied the story after he had looked over the ground and had reflected a bit. It isn't a game that goes very well anywhere, in a general manner of speaking, confirmation of which philosophic utterance may be obtained from J. Edward Addicks, for example, who thought Delaware was a small state and needed him.

The Right Word at the Right Moment

NEWLANDS newlanded into Nevada in 1889, coming from San Francisco, where he had practiced law; his original port of entry into the world being Natchez, Mississippi, and the date being 1848. He went to Yale as a part of the class of 1867 until the middle of his junior year, and studied law in Washington. After he was admitted to the bar he sloped for the Pacific Slope, and there, in his early days, occurred an incident which we may describe as The Exemplification of the Power of the Human Voice, which, in truth, was the turning point in the Newlands career, for he has been trying it on ever since.

It was in this wise: Newlands struck San Francisco with an erudite knowledge of the law, but not weighted down to any considerable degree with that dross we call gold. In fact, he was reasonably uncontaminated by wealth. He was a young man who had his future in his hands, and his hands in his pockets, where he had nothing but the hands.

Be that as it may, Newlands was sitting in the hotel one night, contemplating the life and gayety about him and thinking of a new line of let-me-stay-a-week-longer conversation for his landlady, when an acquaintance came by, jingling a few gold coins, and told Newlands to cheer up and hike with him to a gambling-room where, so the friend said, it was his intention to demolish the bank and retire to a life of careless ease on the winnings that would accrue.

Having nothing to lose and nothing to do, Newlands went along. He watched the play for a time, and saw his friend's gold pieces dwindle to silver change, and not much of that. Finally, a quarrel came. His friend rose, drew a pistol and was about to shoot. It was a quivering moment. Newlands had a quick vision of police courts, stories in the newspapers, notoriety of a kind a struggling young lawyer did not need, and all that.

He jumped forward, seized his friend by the shoulder and shouted with great dramatic effect: "Stop! If you kill that man it will be MUR—DER!"

He jammed all the hopes of a successful future into that word "murder," splitting it into two resonant parts and injecting a large assortment of horror. It worked. The friend dropped his pistol, brought to a realizing sense of where he was, and they left without killing anybody or being killed, which was most satisfactory.

Fortunately, that little experience in melodrama did not send Newlands to the stage. He was a good-looking young chap, with a thatch of reddish hair, frank blue eyes and an omnipresent smile, and would have made a fine leading man, especially if, at the end of third acts, he had been able to throw as much expression into his lines as he had into his little speech just mentioned. He stuck to the law, but he did not neglect to exemplify the power of the human voice. No, sir! And he is still exemplifying it. Indeed, he may be said to be one of our busiest little human voicers.

Many Senators ride hobbies, and many hobbies ride Senators. So far as Newlands is concerned, he is astride of his hobby at least half the time. The other half the hobby has him singlefooting around the Senate chamber or wherever else he may be, like a Kentucky saddle-horse at a ring show. His hobby is the reclamation of the arid lands of the West by irrigation. He never yet has missed an opportunity of putting in a few words for irrigation, no matter what topic he was discussing.

Scene: The Senate, with Senator Newlands up, and the constitutionality of the act of 1846, reverting thirty square miles of the District of Columbia to the State of Virginia, under debate.

Senator McCumber: Will the Senator allow me to ask a question?

The Vice-President: Does the Senator from Nevada yield to the Senator from North Dakota?

Senator Newlands: Certainly. With pleasure.

Senator McCumber: Does the gen-tle-man con-si-der the Con-sti-tu-tion par-a-mount in such a con-tin-gen-cy?

Senator Newlands: As for that, I will say that, in my opinion, we are now spending millions in reclaiming the arid lands of the West where we should spend billions ——

And then he tells why, for an hour.

However, speaking about hobbies, the reclamation of the arid lands of the West has it all over many another Senatorial obsession—such as securing free hides, for example, and hoisting the tariff on what they make out of hides—when the good of the people comes into consideration, and Newlands has done much to help along this biggest and beneficent project of the Government.

Moreover, he has been an able and useful Senator. He served in the fifty-third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh Congresses in the House of Representatives, and was on the committees for Foreign Affairs, Irrigation, Banking and Currency, and Ways and Means, which shows his caliber. He is a smiling, pleasant, unruffled man, who is always calm, always self-contained, always companionable and always knows what he is talking about, a good lawyer and a skilled legislator.

Once, though, he did go up in the air. "This," he exclaimed in one of his perorations, "is the substance on which eloquence feeds," and he made his balloon ascension when he found it in the Congressional Record next day. He read: "This is the substance on which elephants feed."

Enough to make anybody sore, especially the leading citizen of Chevy Chase—beg pardon—Nevada!

Getting a View of Home

THEY were cottaging on the shores of Lake Champlain, those ladies, one from Washington and one from New York, and they had the Green Mountains on one side and the Adirondacks on the other, with a fifty-mile stretch of that noble sheet of water between.

They took the launch and went to Burlington, twenty miles away. When they returned one of the husbands asked: "What did you do?"

"Oh," they gurgled, "we found a lovely carriage with such an entertaining driver, and he drove us out to Red Rock Park and showed us a beautiful view of the lake."

"What else did you do?"

"Why, nothing; we had to come back."

"How much did that ride cost?"

"Only four dollars."

"Fine!" yelled the husbands in chorus, "and still they claim women have intellect. Living on the shores of Lake Champlain, with all the views in the world, you ride to Burlington and pay four dollars for a view of the lake, and then come back without doing anything else."

The Sympathetic Postmaster

THE rural free delivery reaches its flower of perfection in Vermont.

"Mr. Carrier," said a lady who is summering among the mountains, "I have a letter, received several days ago, saying a package has been forwarded to me by mail. I have not received it yet. Have you seen anything of it?"

"A package?" asked the rural free deliverer.

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a package?"

"Why, a small package—a box, in fact—covered with paper, containing some of my property."

"A small box; pasteboard, probably?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," pondered the rural free deliverer. "A package? Oh, yes, I guess that was your package I delivered to Mrs. Brown down in the foothills a few days ago. She hadn't had any mail for a long time, and I kind of felt sorry for her."

Practice for a Sharpshooter

CARDINAL LOGUE, the Irish prelate who was in this country last fall, went to Coney Island one day, tucked his ecclesiastical robes around him and had a great time shooting the chutes and doing all the other things there are to do at Coney.

The party came to a shooting gallery. The Cardinal took a rifle and rang bullseye after bullseye, and did many fancy stunts in shooting.

"Where did you learn to shoot so well, your Eminence?" asked one of the astonished spectators.

"In Ireland, practicin' on English landlords," replied the Cardinal.

A Sitting Strut

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, district attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association.

Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome around.

"You see that man," said the Colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch.

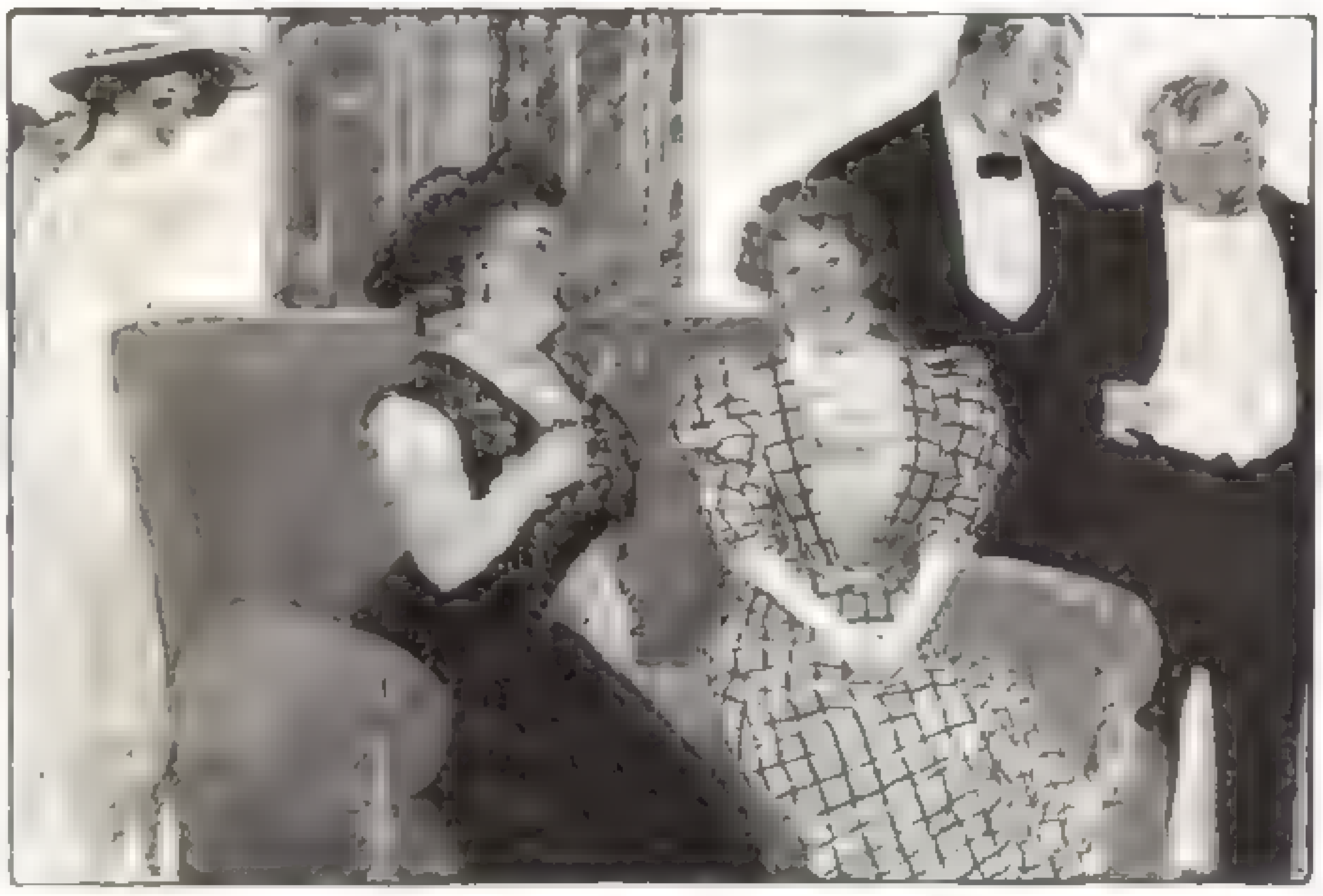
"I do."

"Well, suh, that is a man in whom our state takes great pride. He is Judge ——, suh, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

Cliff-Dwelling in Gotham

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



"I Think Your Dress is Awful Pretty"

IN NEW YORK, as everybody knows, are a few score vast hotels, each one broader or taller or newer or sweller than the rest—having more square yards of gold leaf or brighter splotches of paint, or a chaster display of crystal, or a sweeter bucolic touch, imparted by beautiful clusters of glass grapes depending from wrought iron tomato vines—each, in short, excelling in some particular, although that particular way be the very one which the next hotel prides itself upon avoiding; each, also, aiming at a distinctive character on the ground floor, above which all are about as alike as two peas.

Whence come all the people to fill these hotels, and why on earth do they come? Why does a man who tends his own furnace at home and calls his hired girl's brother-in-law "Mister"—being properly anxious to retain his trade—wish to dwell for a while in marble halls and have vassals and serfs contingently at his call when he goes to New York?

For a good while, whenever they went to New York, the Wimples put up at or with the Hotel Van Dam. At first they appeared upon its register as "John H. Wimple and Wife, Des Moines, Iowa." They never really lived in Des Moines, but traded there so much that they felt free to borrow, in this way, the weight and pomp of their capital city. Presently they discovered that, to the consciousness of the metropolis, the difference between Des Moines and Cherry Hill was scarcely worth mentioning also, that people of the first consideration lived in the country—as Mr. Rockefeller at Tarrytown, Mr. Harriman at Arden, and so on. Then Mrs. Wimple read in the etiquette department of a magazine that only the commonest people ever wrote themselves down as So-and-So and Wife. Thereafter they registered as "Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wimple, Cherry Hill." About the same time the hotel changed its style from Van Dam Hotel to Hotel Van Dam, and built a glass canopy over the side door, in consideration of which it raised prices twenty per cent

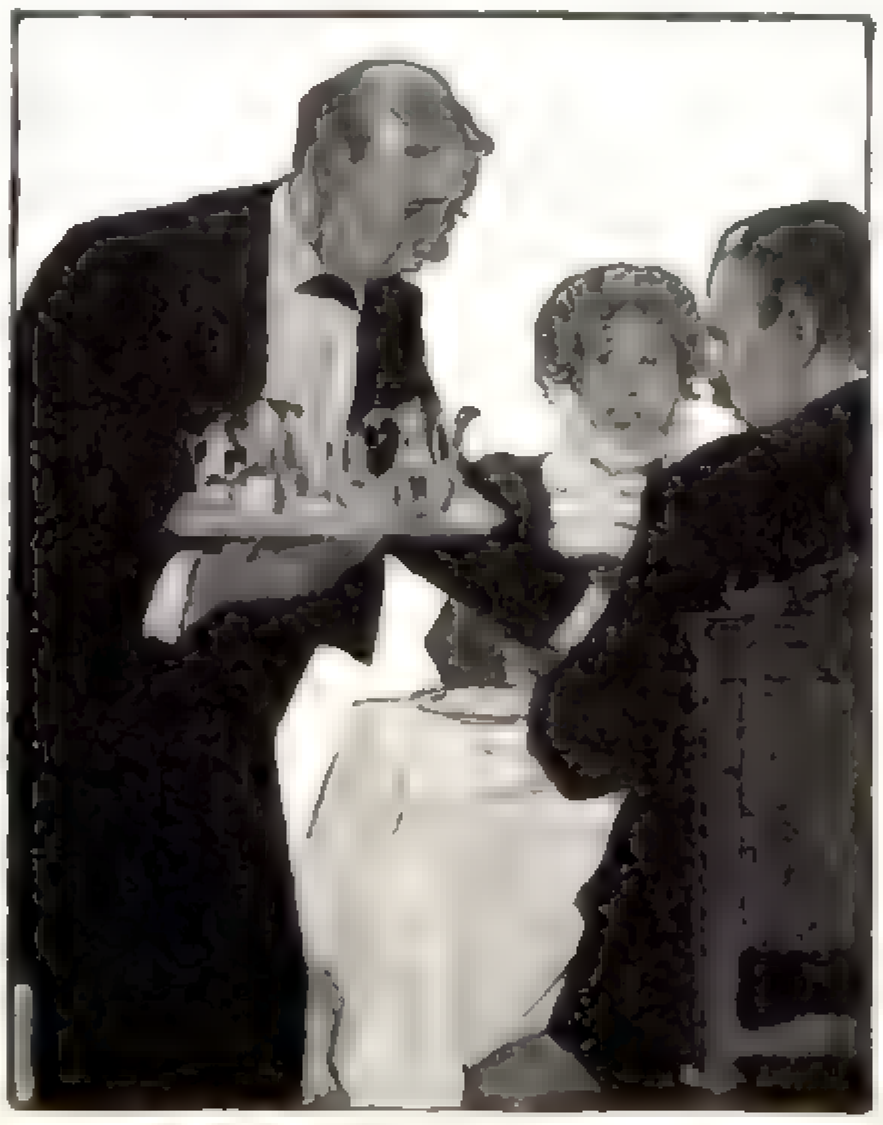
In Search of a Roof

AT FIRST the Wimples were the only persons in Cherry Hill who had been to New York—except some who came over in the steerage and retained only the vaguest impression of the city. So when Mrs. Wimple was asked, "Where do you stay in New York?" she would answer promptly: "At the Van Dam. That's the hotel, if you remember, where General Cassius Washington, of Alabama, was staying when he was run over by a street car." Which naturally lent to the house a flavor of old Southern aristocracy—for people who did not know that, just prior to the melancholy accident, the General had been ejected from the Van Dam bar for boisterous conduct and failure to settle the score

But a monopoly of knowing New York could not last. In time General Cassius failed to satisfy. Mrs. Wimple was obliged to face the further question: "The Van Dam; let's see; where is that?"

If the questioner were only a schoolma'am who had spent thirty-six hours in New York on an educational excursion ticket, Mrs. Wimple replied: "It's on Thirty-second Street. You know where the Waldorf-Astoria is. That's on Thirty-third Street. The Van Dam is on the next street south," without adding that it was also on Ninth Avenue—although that really made quite a difference

But if it were the Chicago shoe drummer she was less explicit. She would say: "Oh, it's a very quiet little place; well out of the glare and turmoil, you know. But I think we must make a change, for the place is really running down."



"Coffee Exhibits the Whole Philosophy of the Swell Hotel"

The oftener they were obliged to make such explanations the more they seemed to notice the running down of the Van Dam. Dinginess did, indeed, increasingly invade it. The elevator, which was operated by a rope, took to groaning and trembling paralytically in its slow ascent The last of the enamel finally peeled off their bathtub, and the plumbing dribbled a steady stream all night with a sound like rain running in the eaves—very poetical in a way, but annoying to a light sleeper. Then, when they turned it on in the morning, it gasped and death-rattled in its throat and went stone dead for a long time. Sometimes the stream wouldn't turn on; at other times it wouldn't turn off. In the dining-room some one of the six waiters was always trying to take the bowl of lump sugar away from another waiter's table before the people at that table were through with it—hence, occasionally, unseemly altercation arose among the servants. In short, the Van Dam became impossible.

"We can find what we want if we will only look for it," said Mrs. Wimple confidently. "We want a small, simple, decent place; a sitting-room, a bedroom with two single beds in it, and a bath. It's ridiculous to pay more than twenty-one dollars a week for just that. There are oceans of smallish but quite modern-looking hotels to the north."

Their plan was to walk up one street and down another until they found what they wanted. But they were always seeing something that looked promising in the next block, so they beat over their own trail a great deal, and when they got up to the promising-looking place it appeared too expensive, so they turned away. Or it didn't appear too expensive but proved to be when they inquired. Or if it didn't prove too expensive, then, on nearer view, it did not look at all promising.

At a quarter past five they sat on a soiled green plush sofa, staring across at a crack in the opposite wall This apartment, ten feet by eleven, was the sitting-room. The bedroom was nearly as large. As to the size of the bathroom they were uncertain, for it received no light from without, and the boy had gone to find a bulb for the electric

"It's as crummy as the Van Dam," wailed Mrs. Wimple. "Those were, in a way, our own crumbs These are the crumbs of strangers!"

Then Mr. Wimple rose on aching legs and revolted. As they fled from the hotel a hansom was drifting by. Before his wife could murmur a protest, Mr. Wimple hailed it Looking the cabman hardily in the eye he said in a firm voice: "The Waldorf."

"We can't afford it," moaned Mrs Wimple "I know we can find what we want by looking." But she spoke lifelessly, without conviction

Thus they discovered one reason why plain people go to ornate hotels. It is possible, no doubt, as Mrs. Wimple contended, to find the right place at the right price. Also, it is possible to find a needle in a haystack. Any man can pursue the latter object with self-respect; but no man the former. After the third place at which Mr. Wimple inquired what the rates were, and was informed they were more than he could afford, he had to have his wife boost him up in order to see over the edge of the desk

Having thus surrendered, they proceeded to cultivate an acquaintance with their formidable habitation

"In New York," observed Mr. Wimple next day, "the *Drang* is *nach Norden*. If we were still on the West Side I should say simply that the main flow or hike is northward But now that we are on the Avenue we ought to use as many foreign words as possible, trusting to luck to get them right. The *Drang* being *nach Norden* one naturally gets the impression that this hotel is built hindside before But it really isn't. It just faces the other way Traveling northward you enter, of course, at the southern or Thirty-third Street side. And the first object which meets your view is a book-booth. The weary wayfarer seeking the consolation of his inn, is offered, first of all literature! Could anything be more absurd? Hastily skirting the book-booth—without a second glance at it you turn to your left, traversing a handsome corridor then, turning to your right, you cross a splendid parlor, and come to the office of the hotel. Passing through the office and turning again to the left you go down an elegant hall, and so, at last, you come to the barroom—away off in the farthest corner—a perfectly hindside-before arrangement. But, you see, the main entrance is really on the northern or Thirty-fourth Street side. Coming in that way you find yourself in the office and pass at once to the bar, while the books are off in the farthest corner—which is the natural and logical order."

The Parade of Strange Gentlemen

"SO IT is the barroom!" said Mrs. Wimple. "You mentioned passing through a parlor before reaching the office. Well, I sat in that parlor quite a while this afternoon. Most of the time no one else was sitting there, but a great many gentlemen passed through hurriedly, from south to north. They came singly and in pairs and groups—a regular procession. Now I know where they were going. I noticed they looked neither to the right nor the left, but nearly all of them in passing through the parlor took off their hats. In other places about the hotel, even where there are women, part of the men wear their hats; but in that particular place a man appears at the south door, walking rapidly and abstractedly; off comes his hat; he passes through to the north door, claps on his hat and disappears. I suppose it's sort of symbolical—mankind bowing to the ladies ere taking a drink. At any rate, I never was bowed to by so many strange gentlemen before in my life. I thought possibly some one had got up a large parade in my honor. While a great many passed through going north, comparatively few passed through going south. What became of them?"

"I'm not sure," replied Mr. Wimple; "but I noticed, just beyond the barroom, what seems to be a series of chutes leading down into the cellarage, and overhead is a very large sign which says Package-Room"

Mrs. Wimple naturally hastened to write letters on the hotel stationery to every one she could think of, and regretted that the neglect in America of an admirable European custom would prevent them from going back to Cherry Hill with the hotel's labels stuck on their bags. Together or singly they ate in each of the half dozen dining rooms, and inspected each of the dozen parlors. They soon got so they could find the way from their room to any part of the main floor with almost unerring accuracy. They discovered that they were not required to live up to the magnificence of their surroundings. They could eat at any time in shirtwaist and sack coat. The first day, as Mrs. Wimple was receiving a fresh consignment of hotel stationery from a neatly-uniformed young Knight of Pythias, Mr. Wimple sprang to his feet, stifling a cry of dismay. He perceived that she was offering the young gentleman a Van Dam tip. But nothing disastrous happened. The young gentleman received the tip, bowed and retired in good order. And they found, indeed, that they could get excellent service in the dining-room without giving any tip at all—especially if they ate in a different place and had a different waiter each time

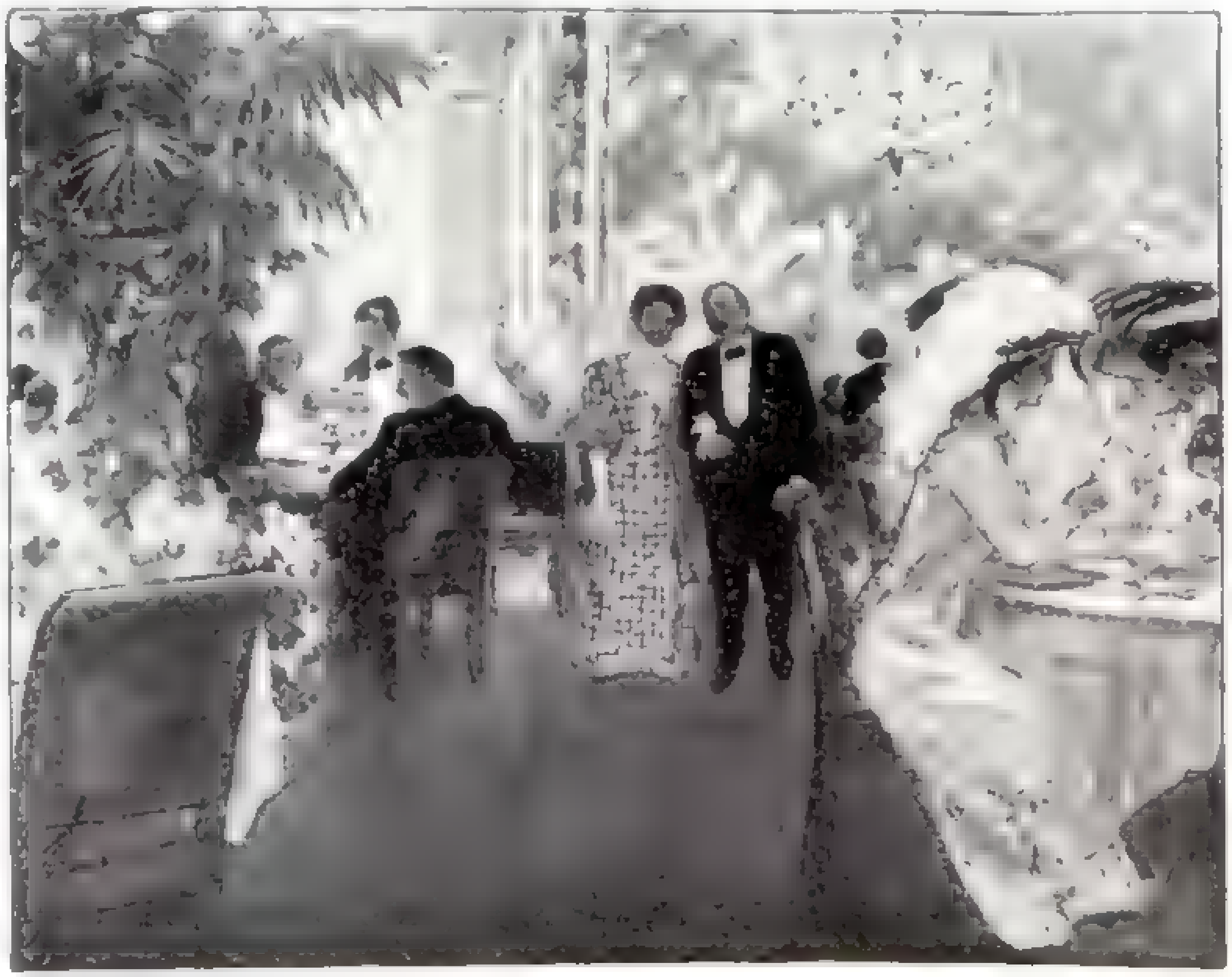
The second evening—Mr. Wimple having had his one dress shirt done up and his dinner coat pressed – Mrs. Wimple put on her best dress and they went down to dine in style. So far as they could judge, the impression produced was slight.

After dinner they promenaded through the handsome corridors and luxurious parlors, awesomely observant of the crowd of men duly starched and women splendorously gowned and jeweled. They imagined these persons to be in midstream of the dazzling social life of the metropolis probably just going up the Avenue to a ball, or coming in from dinner at one of the famous and palatial residences which the megaphone artist of the rubberneck wagon had pointed out to them; or waiting for an assorted lot of rare old Knickerbockers to drop in and spend the evening

Alone in a Great Hotel

SITTING in one of the corridors was a middle-aged, rather bulldoggy-looking gentleman who was not only in full evening dress, but wore an enormous solitaire diamond ring, and a lady who was as noteworthy for jewelry as for fat. In passing this gentleman Mr. Wimple experienced a strange thrill—for certainly there was something familiar about his face, and he thought the gentleman looked at him in a peculiar and searching manner. He wondered whether possibly Mr. Morgan or Mr. Gates or one of the Vanderbilts had not been in Cherry Hill incog., and so made his acquaintance. Coming back that way, he dropped into the vacant chair at the gentleman's right, with Mrs. Wimple on the other side, and presently mustered courage to remark that the chairs were quite comfortable. To his delight, the gentleman at once engaged him in conversation. Even the two ladies, in spite of their higher sense of social convention, were a little drawn into the talk. Several times the gentleman looked anxiously down the corridor, and at length he suggested to Mr. Wimple that they take a stroll. His objective, it appeared, was the bar, where they became quite friendly. Replying to the gentleman's inquiry, Mr. Wimple modestly mentioned his name and address, whereupon the gentleman did the same. It proved, indeed, a name of note, inseparably associated with the politics of a Western metropolis. Then Mr. Wimple understood why the gentleman's face had seemed familiar. His likeness had been widely published when he was indicted.

Returning, they found the ladies chatting in a friendly manner. As they came up the stout lady was saying to Mrs. Wimple, in a voice at once loud and throaty: "I think your dress is awful pretty. I was saying to Mr. N —— when you went by that I thought those dresses were lots prettier than the styles of this year or last." Two young female persons who were standing near seemed simultaneously to get a spasm, and hurried away.



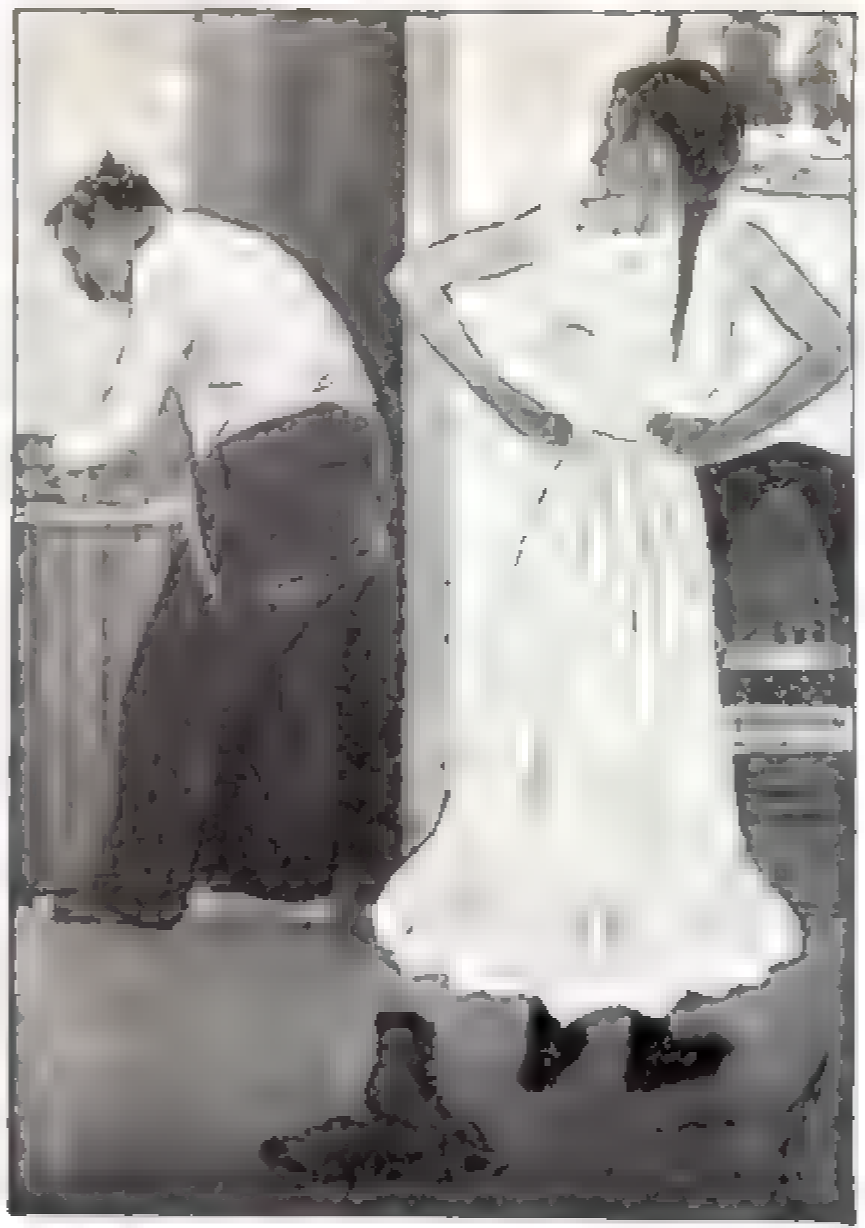
So Far as They Could Judge, the Impression Produced was Slight

The incident gave the Wimples a new and surprising point of view. After comparing notes in their room, Mr. Wimple said: "Why, of course! They sat there like two cats in a strange garret! And all those dressed-up people downstairs—I'll bet half of 'em are just poor lonesome devils from the country like us, not knowing a soul and fairly honing for somebody to talk to!"

Then Mrs. Wimple read in the society section of a newspaper an item about their hotel. It said a hotel could not be both miscellaneous and exclusive; to a really exacting social sense, it seemed, their hotel was "rather promiscuous." Not knowing that this crushing judgment was written by an exacting person who occupied a hall bedroom in Harlem, and commonly dined on sausage, the Wimples decided to move.

At the Van Dam they had been conscious of being themselves both miscellaneous and promiscuous and would, consequently, have deprecated any slur upon those qualities. But they had now been accustomed for a whole week to living in Fifth Avenue style, at Fifth Avenue prices, and naturally their ideas had risen. They felt that, having stopped at the Waldorf, they could not be put off with anything short of the most select, and how could they tell whether they were getting the most select until they tried the other places?

The long corridors of the Waldorf gave an impression of horizontal magnificence. Their next hotel, which was exceedingly tall and slim, gave a like impression perpendicularly. Sometimes they had much white marble downstairs, sometimes they had much red marble, sometimes hardly any marble but much paint. At one place the general effect was light and gay, or giddy, with warm-colored glass and bright upholstery; at another it was almost funereally grim, with oak, leather and dull bronze. Once they had the most celebrated modern painting in New York over their bar; and again they had the most celebrated divorcée of the hour under their roof There was always something distinctive and noteworthy. Yet upstairs their various quarters were so much alike that they could hardly remember whether they were in the Altitudinous or the Longitudinous.



It Gasped and Death-Rattled in Its Throat and Went Stone Dead for a Long Time

"We have been missing a great deal," said Mr. Wimple one day "Here we have been surrounded by costly articles of luxury and art; but we haven't known what the objects were, nor their proper names. We never knew, for example, that certain items of drygoods on the main floor are Savonnerie rugs We must get posted. Don't you see how much pleasanter it will be when we return to Cherry Hill if we are able to speak of Savonnerie rugs in a confident, offhand way? We are not sure that we know the right names for the various splendid apartments downstairs. I know the office, for that is where you pay your bill, and the barroom, because even though you lavish all the treasures of painting, sculpture, wood-carving and tapestry upon a bar, the only net effect is to raise the price of a drink from fifteen to twenty cents Also, I feel pretty sure of the grill, for the grill is a dining-room which is next to the bar, thereby giving the waiters a short haul. But there are other rooms which we have been in the dark about, and we should certainly get all the culture we can for our money. You know how handily it will come in when Doctor Peterson starts that tiresome old rigmarole about his five-weeks' Cook's tourist trip abroad."

"But don't you feel timid about asking the help what this and that is?" his wife inquired nervously.

"Not necessary," said Mr. Wimple. "All you have to do is to look up the admiring articles about the big hotels that are printed in the magazines and Sunday papers. It might seem more convenient if each hotel would give its guests a description of itself, with diagrams, arrows, stars, and so on. But that would destroy the illusion, you see. The illusion is that people who come here are already very familiar with these nobby things, having been brought up with them from childhood

"The only way is to read up. We never would have thought, for example, of looking for a porch in the middle of the house. Yet that is where it is That place in front of the main dining-room, I find, is a colonnaded porch. Already I can show you where the ceiling is coffered in rich plaster design, and which are the breccia marble pillars and pilasters. I can point out Caen stone and weathered bronze, and tell at a glance the difference between Flemish oak and Circassian walnut. Give me a few days more and I shall fairly be aching to get at Doc Peterson If I don't make his St. Peter's and the Louvre look like thirty cents, I'm a sucker. I find it stated, for another thing, that the architectual design of this hotel suggests a French château of the Renaissance type. Unless he'd read it I don't believe anybody would guess that in a hundred years – especially if he'd ever been in France."

"Is there anything in the articles," Mrs. Wimple inquired anxiously, "by which you can tell the mayter de hotel? I'm just dying to see a mayter, and as long as we are, so to speak, paying the rent on one, I think he ought to wear a badge by which a person would know him."

Why Food is High

"I DIDN'T intend to mention it," said Mr. Wimple confidentially, "but yesterday I saw the real name of a mayter de hotel. It was Mike P. Tuohy. I don't think that's right. I would not be unreasonable or hypercritical I would not object to genuine Brie, Camembert or Roquefort cheese from New Jersey, nor even to reed birds that are really squabs. But running in a Coney Island mayter de hotel on innocent guests seems going too far."

"The whole dining-room scheme is disappointing in a way," Mrs. Wimple replied. "If we kept several servants and spent twenty-five thousand a year on our house I might learn here a great deal about the usages of polite society that would be a real help to me at home. But, of course, we couldn't put Tilly in pants and a swallowtail coat, and I don't see anything done here that I can scale down, as you might say, so it will fit our little establishment. I have learned positively that it is not recherché for men waiters to wear German silver numbers on their lapels, nor white aprons; but when it comes to an overwhelming precedent to quote to Tilly if I want to make her roll down her sleeves before entering the dining-room, I am no better off than I was before. I have learned the most elegant manner of serving a steak from the sideboard, but we never do serve it that way, and I don't seem to catch on to any new wrinkles about passing the gravy."

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Wimple. "We are spending so much money here that when we go home we shall have to get along without gravy "

"It does cost a great deal," Mrs. Wimple observed pensively, contemplating the bill-of-fare. "Some of the prices for food seem too high."

"Some of the prices, no doubt, are reasonable enough," Mrs. Wimple continued. "Here is terrapin at three dollars and a half; red-head duck at three dollars and a half; canvasback

(Concluded on Page 56)

YOUR SAVINGS

Trustees and Trust Funds

NOT long ago a woman dressed in black entered the main office of a great New York trust company and asked to see some one in authority. She was directed to one of the vice-presidents, who asked what he could do for her. The woman said, "I have been carrying a check for twenty-five thousand dollars around in my purse for a month, and I don't know exactly what to do with it. I liked the looks of your building and I thought I'd ask you to advise me about my money

"Where did you get this money?" asked the vice-president

"It is the insurance on my late husband's life," was the reply.

On further questioning the trust company official learned that the woman had enough cash in bank for her immediate needs and that she was really seeking some means by which the insurance money might be kept intact for her children and at the same time produce an income for her during her lifetime. Meanwhile, she was carrying the check around in her pocket, and had already lost a whole month's interest on it

The problem confronting this woman is a very common one. Every day and in all sections of the country widows are receiving insurance money; and frequently, for the lack of proper advice, these legacies are recklessly used and lost. Then hardship for widow and orphan ensues. The protection of such money is an important and sacred task, and no woman can afford to take any chances with it, especially with the "good friends" and "old family advisers" who have sure things in which to make a million.

Hence the wisdom of putting such inheritances into what is known as a trust fund, because when this is done the law at once steps in and places certain safeguards about the fund. The explanation of trust funds furnishes a lesson in conservative investment for everybody

First of all, there can be no trust fund without a trustee, because the trustee is the custodian of the fund. A trustee may be an individual, or it may be a trust company. Since a trust fund is liable to extend over a good many years there are some objections to the individual. He is, for example, liable to die, become insane, prove dishonest, have prejudice, or in some way imperil the trust. If he should die the trust fund would have to be turned over to new hands, which involves much red tape and sometimes considerable expense. For all these reasons many people have found it preferable to have a trust company act as trustee.

Paying Some One Else to Worry

There are two kinds of trust funds — voluntary and testamentary. The voluntary fund is created when a person goes of his or her own free will to the trust company and asks it to become trustee. The testamentary fund is a trust under a will.

The case of the widow mentioned at the beginning of this article offers a good illustration of the working of the voluntary trust fund. On the advice of the vice-president she executed a deed of trust to the company. In this document she was known as the grantor and the company as the trustee. In it she assigned to the company "to have and to hold" during her lifetime the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars with authority to invest and reinvest The income was made payable to her during her lifetime and on her death the principal was to be paid to the children In this particular deed the trust company was named as guardian of the children after her death, providing her death occurred while one or more of the children was under age.

On obtaining this deed of trust the trust company invested this widow's money in a mortgage on improved, income-bearing real estate in New York City yielding five per cent interest a year.

What happened? The widow's mind was absolutely freed from worry about her insurance money She knew that the moment her money passed into the hands of the trust company as trustee it would be invested only in such securities as are prescribed by law.

Deeds of trust differ in some respects, however, and the difference is worth explaining. The grantor may leave the investment of her fund to the discretion of the trustee, and in such case it would not be restricted to the legal investments of the state; she may specify certain kinds of mortgages, bonds or stocks; or she may provide that the investment be only in those securities approved by the law as safe investments for trustees.

Deeds of trust may be revocable or irrevocable. In the case used as an example the deed was irrevocable. This means that having once signed the deed of trust the control of the money passed out of the hands of the widow for all time. The value of this kind of deed, in the instance of a woman, is that it makes her fund immune from sudden changes of mind. When a deed is revocable the grantor reserves the right to terminate the trust at any time and ask for an accounting and a return of her money.

What a Trustee Costs You

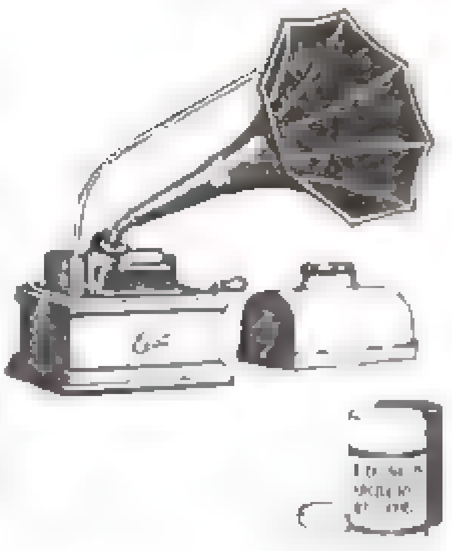
The commission charged by a trust company that acts as trustee varies with the amount of the trust. In New York the big companies make a minimum fee of twenty-five dollars, although they take trusts of five hundred dollars and upward. Usually a charge of two and a half per cent of the income is made. The income on twenty-five thousand dollars at five per cent would be twelve hundred and fifty dollars annually. At two and a half per cent the trustee's fee would be thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. The grantor receives her income twice a year and at the same time she usually gets an itemized statement of her investments. On the winding up of a trust fund the trustee takes out an agreed percentage of the principal. In the case cited this was one per cent. Since the principal is twenty-five thousand dollars, the fee would be two hundred and fifty dollars.

In the case of a testamentary trust the work of the trustee and the conditions and commissions are practically the same as under a voluntary trust. There are more testamentary trusts than voluntary, for the reason that most people who leave any sort of estate leave part of it in trust for somebody.

Since most states have laws regulating the investment of trust funds it is, perhaps, helpful to see just what these investments are. The nearer the average conservative investor gets to the highest type of trust investment the closer he gets to safety for his principal.

Some of these state laws are more rigid than others. In New York the employment of trust funds is limited to the investments which are legal for savings-banks in that state, and these savings-bank laws are the best in the United States. Hence the trustees can only put the money in the following: Government bonds, which also include the bonds of certain states, cities, towns and school districts; real-estate mortgages and some railroad bonds, mostly first-mortgage bonds of standard roads and systems. There is a slight difference, however, in the matter of loans on real-estate mortgages. A savings-bank can lend up to sixty per cent of the value of the property, while a trustee can lend up to sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

In Massachusetts the trustee, in the absence of any specific instruction, "may invest in any securities not speculative or hazardous" State and municipal bonds are proper, as also are corporate bonds and stocks when the company has been conducted for a long time "so as to gain the confidence of conservative men." It might be well to repeat here a rule once laid down by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts: "All that can be required of a trustee to invest is that he shall conduct himself faithfully and exercise a sound discretion. He is to observe how men of prudence, discretion and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation, but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."



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In New Hampshire the laws governing the investment of trust funds are very specific. The investments are divided into the following classes: notes secured by mortgage on real estate at least double the value of the notes; deposits in savings-banks of the State of New Hampshire; bonds or loans of the State of New Hampshire or towns, cities and counties in that state; bonds of the United States.

The Vermont trustee is warranted in investing in United States, state and municipal bonds and in "stocks and bonds of corporations that have proved to be secure investments." The trustee is entitled to the direction and advice of the probate court in all investment matters.

Very rigid laws are placed about the investments made by trustees in Connecticut in that such investments are restricted to those legal for savings-banks. The Connecticut savings-bank laws are practically the same as those for New York and Massachusetts.

In New Jersey the trustee, in the absence of other specific instructions, may invest in the following: bonds of the State of New Jersey; bonds of the United States; loans secured by mortgage on unincumbered real estate within the state and worth at least twice the amount of the loan. These laws have been so amended as to include investments in the bonds of any county, city, town or township in the state where the total indebtedness does not exceed in the aggregate fifteen per cent of the assessed valuation of taxable property. The trustee may apply to the orphans' court for advice.

Legal investments for trustees in Pennsylvania include United States Government bonds, state bonds and the bonds of counties, cities and school districts in Pennsylvania. The ground rent, a type of mortgage on real estate, is also legal. The Pennsylvania trustee is forbidden to invest in stocks and bonds of private corporations.

Thus you find the strong arm of the law always controlling the investments of the trustee, thereby affording safety and peace of mind to the one whose funds are being employed.

Made of Quartz

HITHERTO almost the only substance possible to utilize for vessels in the laboratory where high heat is employed was platinum, which is exceedingly expensive. But utensils of this costly metal are now being replaced to some extent with cheaper ones of quartz. It is practicable to melt, or even to vaporize, gold, copper or silver in a quartz receptacle—so wonderfully resistant to high temperatures is this material.

The method adopted for making quartz vessels and plates is to melt the stuff in a thin graphite box in an electric furnace, at a temperature exceeding two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, under a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch. Articles of this material, such as bowls or cups, are usually opaque, rough on the outside, but on the inside with a beautiful sheen resembling that of mother-of-pearl. They can be made perfectly transparent, however—like ordinary glass, but with an exquisite iridescence—by using pure quartz crystal instead of common quartz.

One peculiarity of these quartz vessels is that when white-hot they can be thrown into cold water without danger of breaking them. Ordinary glass expands or contracts with changes of temperature, and on this account easily cracks; but the quartz glass neither contracts nor expands and so is heat-proof and cold-proof.

Recently, artificial spiders' webs have been made from threads of spun quartz. They are wonderfully fine, with much the same appearance as real cobwebs; and they actually catch flies fairly well when the strands of which they are composed—otherwise too slippery for the purpose—have been gently stroked with a straw dipped in castor oil. The oil takes the place of the gluten in an ordinary spider's web, giving to the counterfeit the requisite stickiness. It has even been found possible to attract a spider to such a glass web by a tuning-fork vibrated near the latter, to suggest the buzz of a captured fly.

Nobody doubts the efficiency of Vacuum Cleaning—the question is—

What Machine?

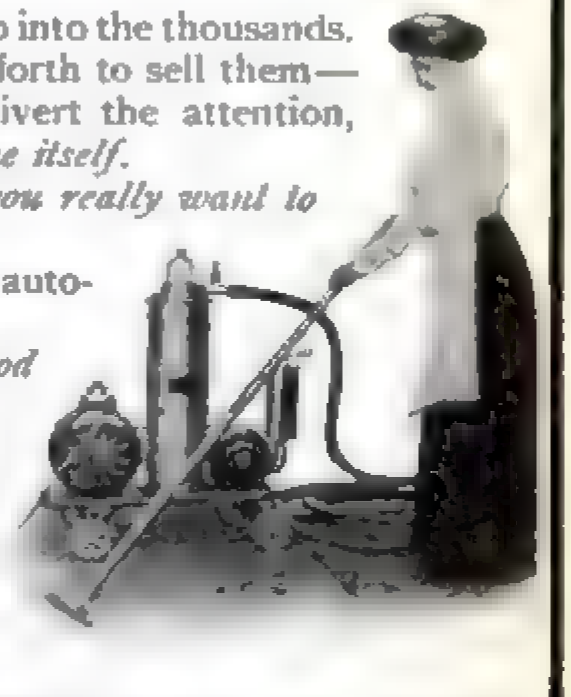
In thousands of homes and buildings, the country over, this matter is now a study—*What machine to use!*

THERE are all kinds on the market—
Some mere toys as low as $5—others up into the thousands.

You have noticed the various "talks" put forth to sell them—

Generalities—apologies perhaps—that divert the attention, that depart from the *main issue—the machine itself.*

You *know* all about these things—*what you really want to know is which is the best cleaner.*



Remember the history of the bicycle and automobile—the "survival of the fittest."

We are just now entering upon *that period* in Vacuum Cleaning.

Get proof! Study the different types.

Don't accept as proof final the bland statement that a certain machine is "the best on earth."

Don't buy a Vacuum Cleaner until it has *proven* its superiority—

And you are the one to decide.

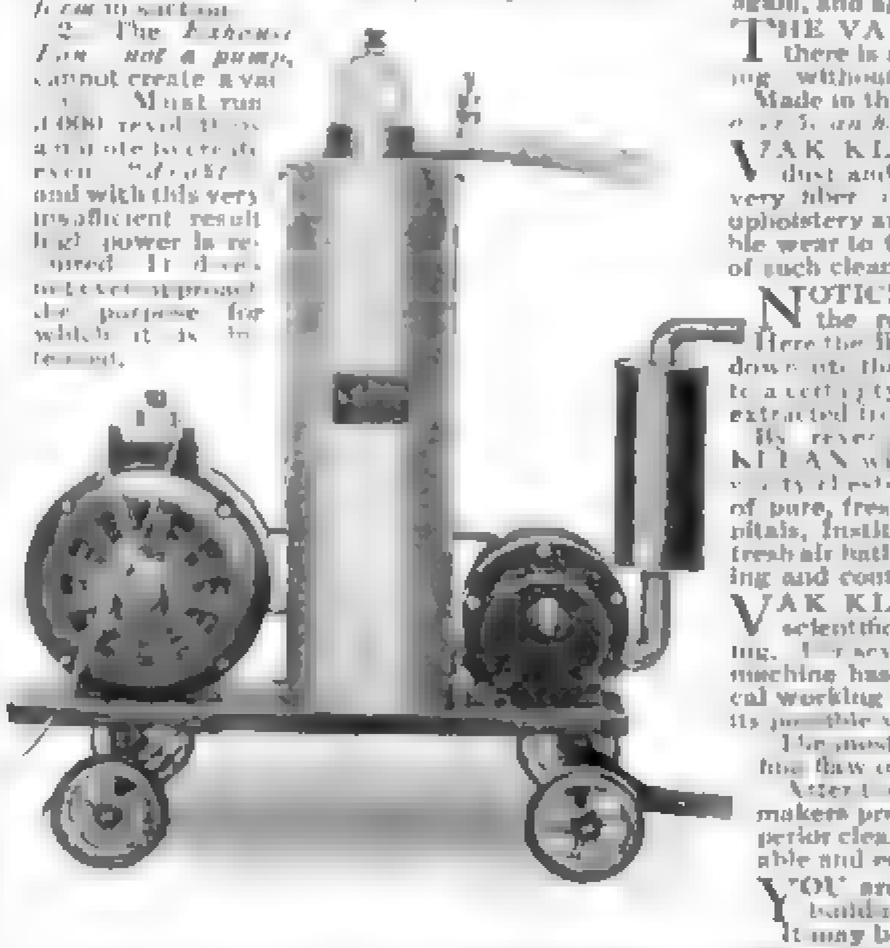
FIRST of all look at the *pump*—the air pump which creates the vacuum, the *suction.*

There's where almost the *whole efficiency of the machine lies.*

It must work on one of three principles.

1.—If a *Cylinder, Diaphragm or Bellows Pump,* it has an efficiency equal only to the displacement of air at every stroke multiplied by the number of strokes per given time. The motion is reciprocal—forward and backward—which requires enormous power and complex machinery; noisy and *unsuited to suction.*

2. The *Exhaust Fan*—*not a pump,* cannot create a vacuum. Must run 4000 revolutions a minute to create even "*draft*" and with this very insufficient result high power is required. It does not even approach the purpose for which it is intended.



3. The VAK KLEAN ROTARY POSITIVE SUCTION PUMP creates a positive vacuum up to 20 ins., *by gauge.*

It has *just one motion*—forward, *rotary.*

Being continuous, a positive *constant* suction of great *volume* is produced at only 780 revolutions per minute.

[illegible] power to a fraction.

During the actual process of cleaning the VAK KLEAN attains an *actual working vacuum on gauge* of from 4 to 10 ins.; can be simply, instantly regulated, as often as desired, to any pressure (vacuum).

THE *reserve* power is immense.
Readily picks up dust, dirt, sand, string, ravelings, waste, bits of paper, shavings, saw dust. Repeated tests have been made in the factory and before prospective purchasers with iron shavings and other [illegible], tacks, pebbles, nails, sticks (not too large or long to go through the hose). All are taken up with ease and whisked up through the tool and hose into the receiver.

WE will enter a competitive test with any other Vacuum Cleaner made. We will let VAK KLEAN prove its own superiority.
We have done this repeatedly and will, without reserve or favored conditions of any kind, do it again, and again, for you.

THE VAK KLEAN can be used anywhere there is an electric current, direct or alternating, without changing wiring or fixtures.
Made in three sizes and *the largest will not cost over 5c an hour for current*—the smaller two less.

VAK KLEAN will extract every particle of dust and dirt from within, beneath, from the very fiber of the goods itself—carpets, curtains, upholstery and all other fabrics; without perceptible wear to furniture and furnishings after years of such cleaning.

NOTICE the small glass dome on the top of the receiver (center portion of machine). Here the dirt is plainly visible just before passing down into the receiver and it is possible to determine to a certainty the point when no more dirt is being extracted from the object being cleaned.

By reversing the hose connection the VAK KLEAN will aerate mattresses, pillows, clothing, musty closets and cabinets, etc., giving them a bath of pure, fresh air. In the care of the sick, in Hospitals, Institutions, or the Home, this wonderful fresh air bath to the bedding and clothing is refreshing and contributes greatly to a speedy recovery.

VAK KLEAN is the product of the most scientific, mechanical study in Vacuum Cleaning. For several years, and the first, perfected machine has been put to the most severe practical working tests, even subjected to abuse to find its possible weak point.

The most expert engineers have been unable to find flaw or fault or to improve it.

After the most conclusive and final tests the makers pronounce, offer and *guarantee it* a superior cleaner in every respect—efficient, dependable and economical.

YOU are interested in the cleaning of some building—
It may be your home, an office building, institution, church.
No matter.
Send at once for our booklet "VAK KLEAN."
It will explain in clear simple language, and truthfully, all about the workings of the VAK KLEAN—a thousand times better than we possibly could here.
You will then be able to make an intelligent selection of a Vacuum Cleaner which will be the standard for many years to come and will still be serviceable and efficient after a generation of hard use.
State as clearly as you can the possible use you might have for a vacuum cleaner. We will give you an intelligent answer, recommending which size machine will be most adaptable to your needs, price and full particulars.
Be sure and mention the booklet "VAK KLEAN."

Address—Hanlon & Wilson, 330 Wood Street, Wilkinsburg, Pa. (Wilkinsburg is a suburb of Pittsburgh.)

We Want a First Class Representative in Every City in America

DO NOT ask to represent us unless you are a person of tact, with executive, business ability and selling qualifications, and at least a moderate amount of money.

You are simply wasting your own time and taking up ours if you can not qualify.

We are satisfied that we have the one efficient standard Vacuum Cleaner on the market to-day.

We have spent years and thousands in perfecting it.

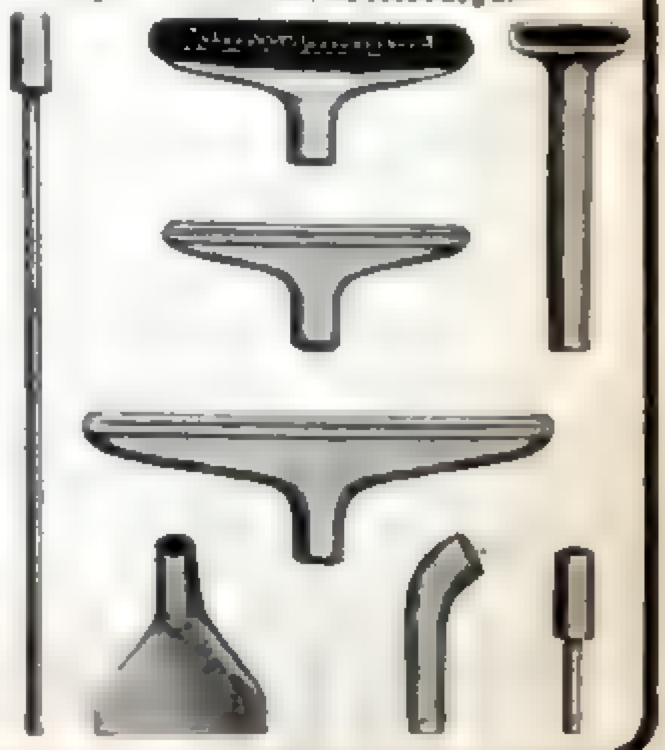
Most positively we will divide profits *only with representatives who will work faithfully and reflect credit on our enterprise.*

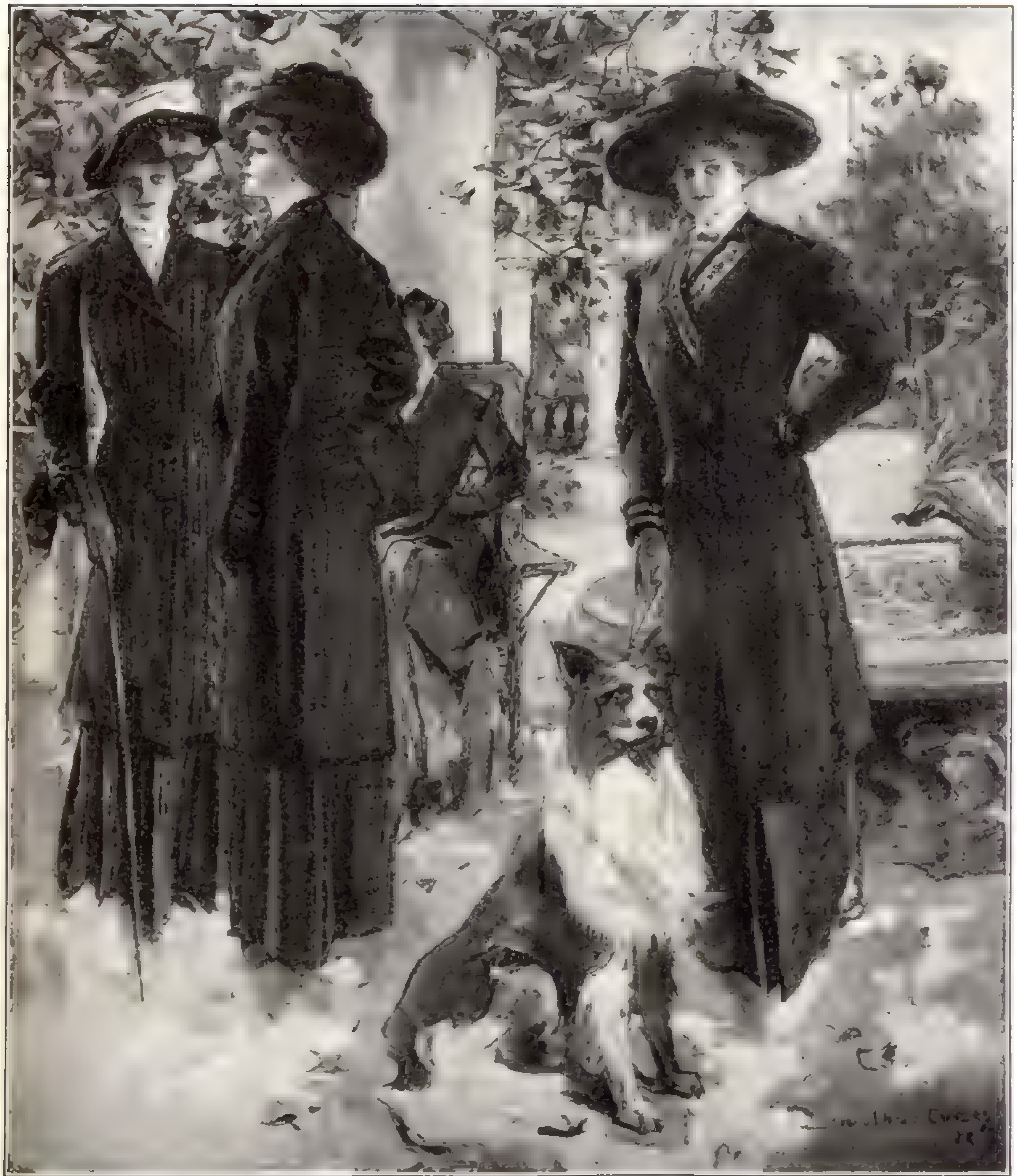
Application for territory must be addressed in just this way:

***Agency Department*, Hanlon & Wilson**
330 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Give full particulars—age, past experience in selling, present business, amount of money you can command to open office and carry sample machine for demonstrations, territory wanted, etc.

Rest assured we shall investigate you thoroughly.





THE "CH
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Mr. Howard Chandler Chris
painted for you here several "Ch
and Dresses. And Mr. Christy's
to paint American Women true

That he should adopt "NAT
is recognition of "NATIONAL

You, too, can have a "NA
Graceful and charmingly Becom
made to your own measure with

"NATIONAL" Tailored S
customers, all of whom send us
making perfect-fitting suits in th

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and knowledge and skill can go into the

And there is even more. At the "
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how to make suits that not only fit, but th

Would YOU learn the self-satisfacti
able and well-cut suit? The long service
tailored of fashionable and durable mate
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which you have never seen before, and
Dresses and Coats? It gives you so man
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Yours—is here ready for you, waiting

MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS $10 TO $40

New York Styles ***Fall Style Book and Samples Free*** **Express Charges Prepaid**

Any suit you may select from your "NATIONAL" Style Book will be a New York Suit—will be made for you with all the grace and becomingness the "NATIONAL" knows how to put into a suit. It will be finished as only a "NATIONAL" Suit is finished, for "NATIONAL" Workmanship is perfect. There is never a flaw in a "NATIONAL" Suit. Seven examinations during its making ensure careful, painstaking, perfect workmanship.

And now about materials. With your Style Book we will send you, if you ask for them, a large assortment of samples selected from our 450 new Fall Materials—embracing all the imported and domestic novelty suitings, and everything desirable that will be worn this season.

You select your material from these samples. You select your suit from the Fall Style Book. We do all the rest and we take all the risk.

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag—our signed Guarantee—attached. This tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you, and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways. The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world.

And now we have told our story. And so with this YOUR copy of the "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book waiting for you won't you write for it today? Isn't it to your interest to write NOW?

In writing for the Style Book be sure to state whether you wish samples for a Tailor-Made Suit and state the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY, 214 W

ISTY GIRL"
ONAL" SUIT

the foremost American Artist, has
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nius and fame rest with his ability
life—**as they really are.**

NAL" Garments for his drawings
style and artistic worth.

IONAL" suit just as Stylish and
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of these Twenty-One Years of experience
ing of Your Suit this Fall

TIONAL" you will have the service of this
utters and tailors—all specialists in knowing
o bring individuality of style to the wearer

personal pride in wearing a really fashion-
economy of a "NATIONAL" suit, well
Would you know the really new styles?
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season.

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ons in Your Copy of the "NATIONAL"
upon request? Why not see the new
resses, which return this season to the pretty
Coat Sweaters, the new "Silcotta" Petticoat,
the new ideas in Misses' and Girls' Suits,
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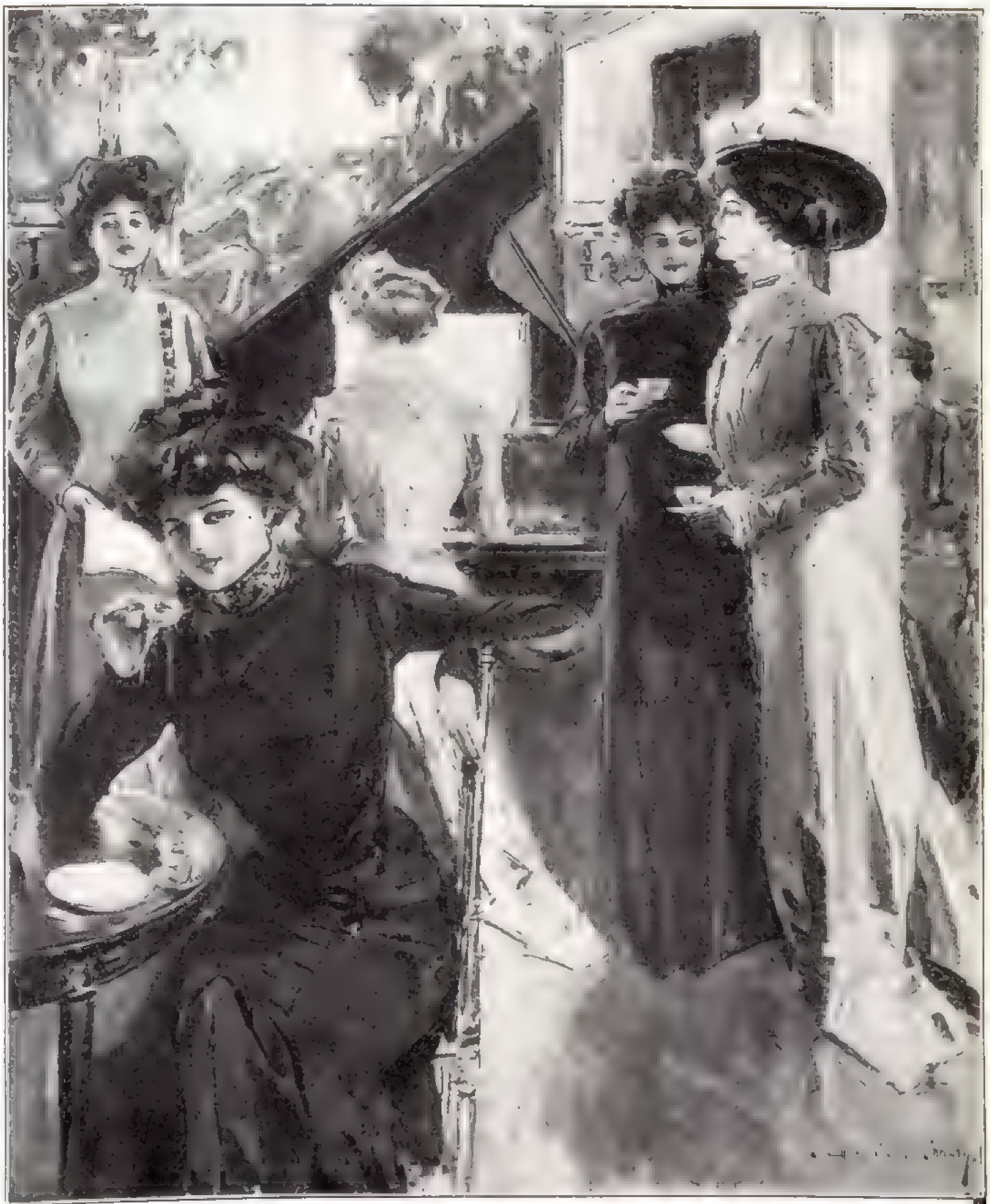
is going to be worn that it is the one indis-
d one copy of this complete Style Book is
you to write for it today



"NATIONAL" READY-MADE GARMENTS

Waists
Skirts
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Dresses
Sweaters
Hats and Plumes
Ruffs and Boas
Petticoats
Corsets
Hosiery
Muslin Underwear
Knit Underwear
Misses' Suits and Dresses
Misses' Coats
Girls' Dresses and Coats
Boys' Clothing
Infants' Wear

Express Charges Prepaid.

This is the largest and most complete line of stylish Ready-Made Garments in America. Literally thousands of new designs in all classes of wearing apparel were examined side by side in selecting the "NATIONAL" models. And each garment included is shown because of some point of superiority over many similar garments. So that in selecting from this "NATIONAL" Style Book you are choosing from among the very best designs New York has produced this season. And all of them are perfectly illustrated and plainly described for you and priced at "NATIONAL" low prices in Your copy of the Style Book we want to send you free. In fact—

The "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book pictured here is your property. Will you write for it? Also it is Your Opportunity to learn the new fashions, because this season's styles are greatly changed—everything is radically new. It is imperative that no woman should even consider investing in a single Fall garment until she sees these new styles and learns just what will be worn

This "NATIONAL" Style Book Belongs to You
You Only Need Write for it

When we say that this copy of the "National" Style Book is yours FREE—we mean just that. We mean that we will gladly send to every woman one copy of this "NATIONAL" Style Book, entirely **free,** all postage prepaid.

Will you write for your copy and learn the New Styles?

Be sure to state whether you wish samples for a Tailored Suit. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

NEW YORK FASHIONS
NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO. NEW YORK CITY

Mail Orders Only ***No Agents or Branch Stores***

st 24th Street, New York City

Sense and Nonsense

The White House Farm

THE acquisition several months ago by the Taft family of a cow to supply the Executive household with milk has stirred up not a little excitement. But in former days four or five cows were customarily attached to the White House, their pasture being those grassy hillocks where nowadays, on Easter Monday of each year, the children roll their eggs.

Up to quite recent years, indeed, the patch of land surrounding the President's House—as it used officially to be known—was a farm. There was a fruit orchard where now the great War, State and Navy building stands, and the area at present occupied by the Treasury building was a vegetable garden which furnished the White House with fresh vegetables.

Beneath the front portico of the White House was a dairy, to which water was brought by an inch pipe from a spring in Franklin Square, several blocks away. During the Administration of Andrew Johnson, Martha, the wife of Senator Patterson, of Tennessee, who acted as mistress of the establishment, was accustomed to get up early every morning and, in white apron and calico gown, skim the milk with her own hands.

Eventually there came a time when it was deemed expedient to extend a U-shaped street around the White House, separating it from the Treasury on the east and the War Department on the west. Incidentally it was deprived of most of the farm originally pertaining to the establishment—all of that area now known as the White Lot, as well as the hill on which the Washington Monument is located, to the south, having been included within the early limits of the Executive estate

Thus the Presidential property may be said to have undergone a progressive shrinkage, the original farm being represented today merely by a fairly ample area of lawn inclosed by a tall iron fence. There is no longer either a fruit orchard or a kitchen garden, and White House agriculture is represented today by a single Jersey cow.

A Liberal Education

My only books
Were woman's looks —
And Folly all they taught me.
When I thus read
What Tom Moore said,
I all at once bethought me,
How wise was he
Not to agree
With any grave professor;
Instead of page
By musty sage,
He learned from woman, bless her!

No need had Moore
To squabble o'er
The Eliot selection;
Revise, dispute
And substitute,
While aiming at perfection.
Five feet of lore
Had Thomas Moore;
He showed a fine acumen.
His gay bookshelf
He chose himself—
Five feet of lovely woman!

—Carolyn Wells.

One of the Irish Herd

WILLIAM F. CRERAND, the New York trade journalist, was touring in Ireland.

"You see thim mountains," said the driver of the jaunting-car.

"Yes."

"Thim's the highest mountains in the wurruld."

"Is that so?" asked the surprised Crerand.

"It is," assured the driver, "exceptin', av coorse, thim in furrin parts."

A Rolling Part

JAMES THORNTON, the monologue man, was walking down Broadway along about Fortieth Street one summer afternoon. The actors were there by the score, telling of their hits during the past season and what their future triumphs were to be.

Thornton saw an impressive person with a rather old silk hat and an ancient frock coat, who posed on a corner

"Am I right in supposing you are an actor?" asked Thornton.

"You are, sir. I am an actor."

"A capable actor?"

"I can play any part, sir."

"Could you play the part of a Spaniard?"

"I could, sir. My work in Spanish parts has always created a furore."

"Well," said James, "if you are as good a Spaniard as that roll me a cigarette."

The Champion Liar

The angler lies beside the brook,
And casts his gaudy flies,
And lies, and lies, and lies, and lies,
And lies, and lies, and lies.

—Sam S. Stinson.

Fighting in Sections

A WASHINGTON negro thought he was a prize-fighter, so some of the local sporting men matched him.

He couldn't fight, as was soon shown. In the first round his antagonist swung on the negro and knocked him sprawling. The negro remained perfectly still.

"One! two! three!" began the referee, and then he noticed there was nothing the matter with the negro but fright. "Ain't you goin' to fight no more?" he shouted

"Yassir," replied the negro, "I'm goin' to fight some more, but not tonight."

The Germ Destroyer

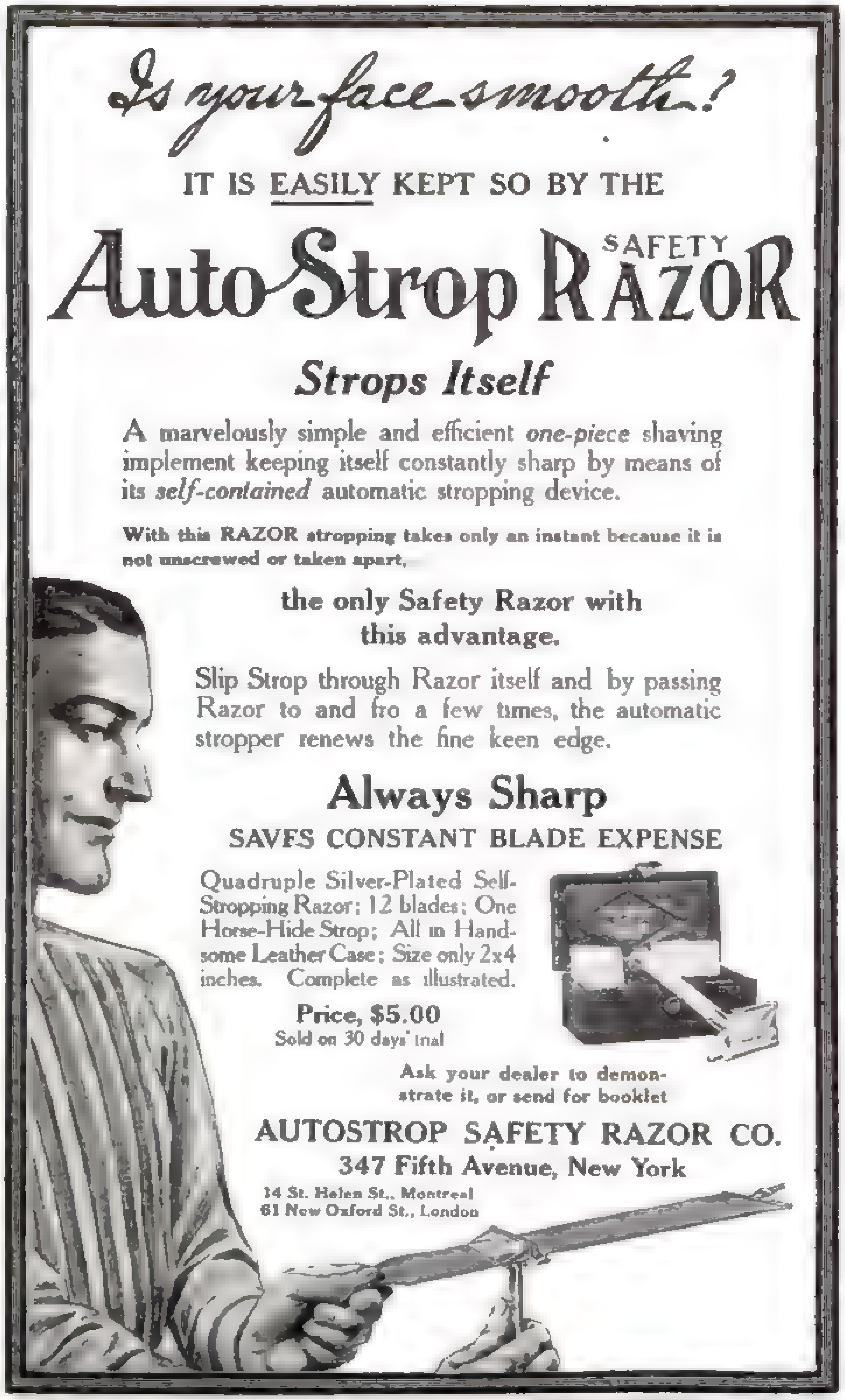
Mamma, have you boiled the milk and sterilized my plate?
I think there was a germ or two in the last food I ate.
I saw a micrococcus' track upon the pork and beans,
And there were staph'lococci playing leapfrog in the greens
We ought to have more screens put on—I read just yesterday
The stegomyia fasciata love to romp and play
About a little baby's crib and fill his precious veins
With horrid yellow-fever germs and other aches and pains

Mamma, have you found time to read it? No? Well, try
To read the latest pamphlet out—"The Battle With the Fly."
I have one in my nursery with colored plates, that shows
The way he carries germs about upon his legs and nose.
The names of them are legion and are ominous to view,
You'd think to carry one of them would break his leg in two,
But he just dips his feet in them, no matter where they are,
And gathers up a million germs and bears them near and far.

Mamma, have you screened the steak, the porridge and oatmeal?
I heard a buzzing sound just then, and for the common weal
Of all of us we must not let a fly go forth to roam
With germs of ours—for every one should keep his germs at home.
If you will help me catch the fly we'll lay him down and see
With my small microscope upstairs what colonies there be
Upon the soles of his small feet, and we will sterilize
His feet and legs so he will not do harm to other flies.

Mamma, these are trying times, and I trust you will give
More time to health and hygiene so that all of us may live
Immune from predatory germs, which lurk in every nook;
And you should learn the names of them and how they act and look.
I think, if you'll permit me, now I'll vaporize the tea
And put a sterile compress on the prunes and celery,
Till quite immune from typhoid germs and kindred kinds we feel
The blessedness of sitting at a quite aseptic meal!

—J. W. Foley.


Is your face smooth?

IT IS EASILY KEPT SO BY THE

Auto-Strop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

A marvelously simple and efficient *one-piece* shaving implement keeping itself constantly sharp by means of its *self-contained* automatic stropping device.

With this RAZOR stropping takes only an instant because it is not unscrewed or taken apart.

the only Safety Razor with this advantage.

Slip Strop through Razor itself and by passing Razor to and fro a few times, the automatic stropper renews the fine keen edge.

Always Sharp

SAVES CONSTANT BLADE EXPENSE

Quadruple Silver-Plated Self-Stropping Razor; 12 blades; One Horse-Hide Strop; All in Handsome Leather Case; Size only 2x4 inches. Complete as illustrated.

Price, $5.00
Sold on 30 days' trial

Ask your dealer to demonstrate it, or send for booklet

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York
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5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Write for Information

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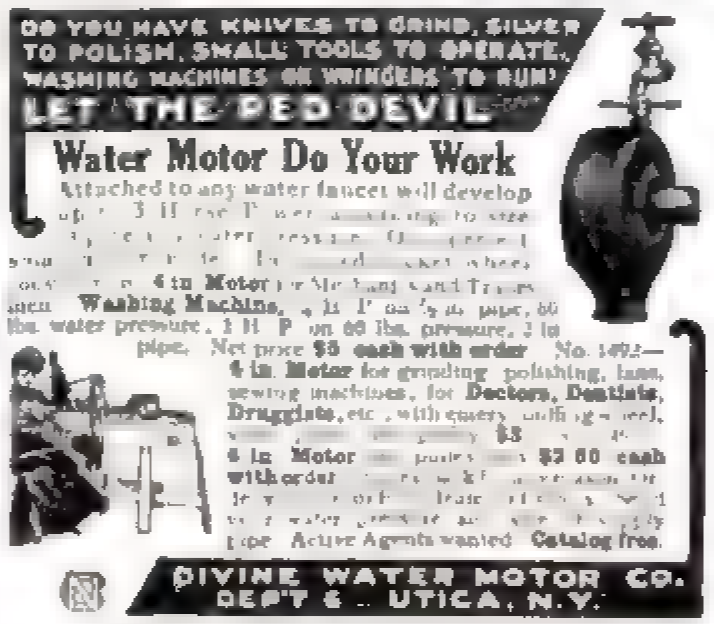
DO YOU HAVE KNIVES TO GRIND, SILVER TO POLISH, SMALL TOOLS TO OPERATE, WASHING MACHINES OR WRINGERS TO RUN? LET THE RED DEVIL

Water Motor Do Your Work

Attached to any water faucet will develop up to 3 Horse Power [illegible] 4 in. Motor [illegible] Washing Machine, [illegible] pipe, 60 lbs. water pressure, 1 H. P. on 60 lbs. pressure, 2 in. pipe. Net price $5 cash with order. No. [illegible]—4 in. Motor for grinding, polishing, fans, sewing machines, for Doctors, Dentists, Druggists, etc., with emery, buffing wheel, [illegible] $3 [illegible] 4 in. Motor [illegible] $2.60 cash with order [illegible] pipe. Active Agents wanted. Catalog free.

DIVINE WATER MOTOR CO.
DEPT 6 .. UTICA, N.Y.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The ideal place to rest, to accurately learn your exact physical condition, to have applied the physiological and dietetic methods necessary to eliminate the causes of your illness and to [illegible] health. Hygienic [illegible] appointments, moderate rates, [illegible] kinds of baths, electric [illegible] indoor [illegible] feet above sea level, 300 trained nurses, 30 physicians, accommodations for 1000 guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

HEALTH
REST

The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.

WHEELCHAIRS A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy [illegible] Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW

GORDON MFG. COMPANY
431 Madison Avenue, TOLEDO, O

POLLEN AND DUST IRRITATE HAY FEVER

The NASALFILTER prevents breathing either.

Made of Sterling silver and fitted with fine mesh cloth, which, when dampened by the secretions of the nose, makes a most effective filter. Cloth changeable at will.

Order one at once and enjoy relief throughout the season. Price $2.00 At drug stores or from us. Write for descriptive book

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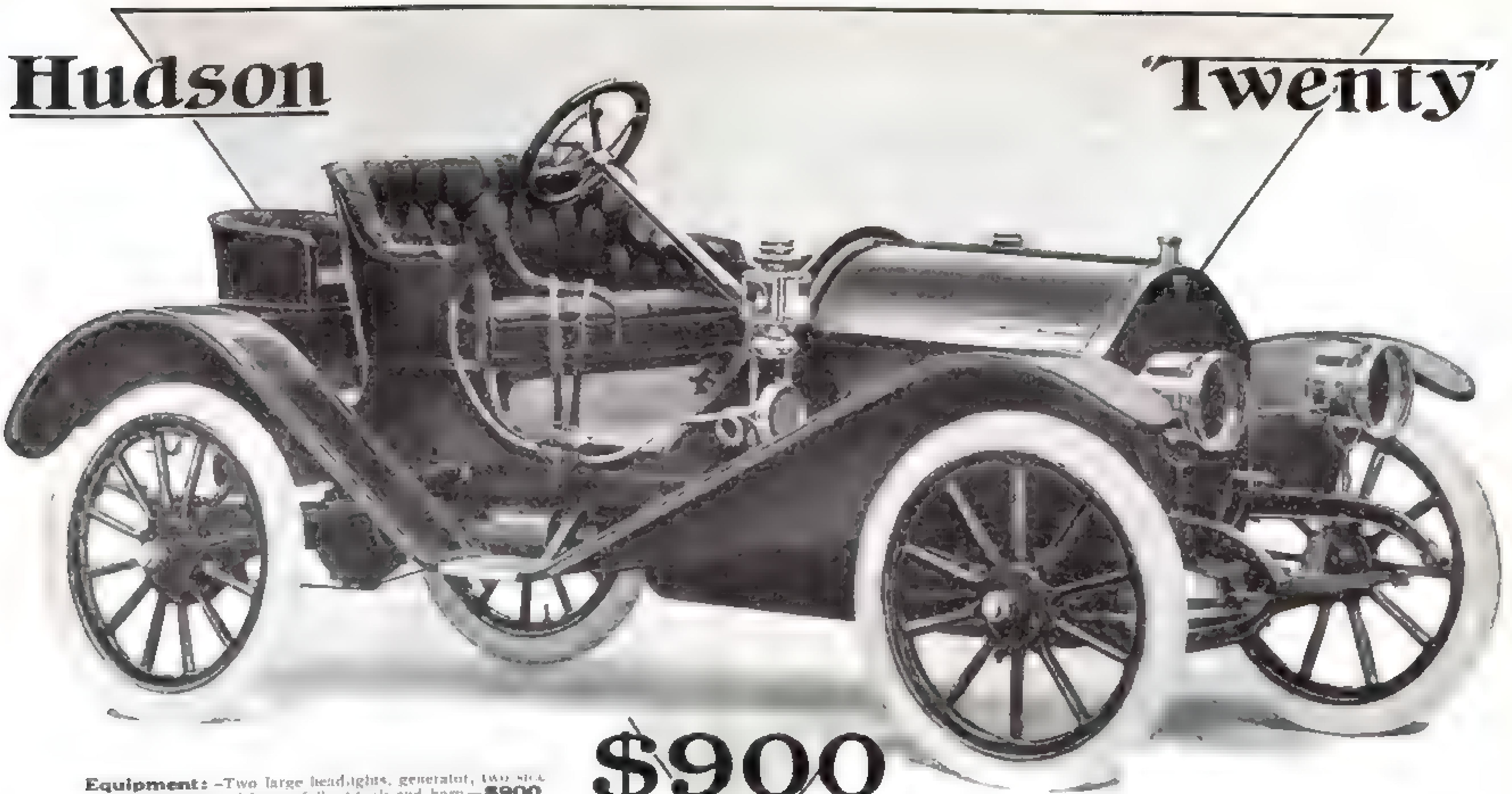

Hudson "Twenty"

Equipment: –Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps full set tools and horn—**$900.**

With Bosch magneto top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—**$1050.**

$900

"Look for the triangle on the Radiator."

Have an expert with you when you examine the Hudson "Twenty"

You **can afford to abide by the unbiased opinion of the expert *and so can we.* The expert will tell you that the principal features of the Hudson "20" are designed after those used in the most *successful standard high priced* cars.**

The best makers in this country and abroad have demonstrated in their own machines the practicability of the mechanical features of the Hudson "20."

The general public knows practically nothing of the long experimental period through which this car passed — of the thousands of tests of raw material made — of the hundreds of patterns and combinations worked out before the simple Hudson mechanism was evolved. But the dealers throughout the country were quick to recognize the mechanical excellence of this $900 car.

They are experts. That is why the entire output of 1910 Hudson "20's" is now contracted for by dealers and that is why *you* should investigate *now.*

The dealer in your city may sell his entire allotment before you get your order in. We do not expect that every Hudson "20" will be sold to consumers at once, but we do know that certain dealers are bound to sell their allotment before long.

We can only build so many of these 1910 cars, so please examine the Hudson "Twenty" now.

Some of the Reasons Why Our Output is Already Contracted For by Dealers

The Hudson "20" is a big, roomy, stylish car. It has a 100 inch wheel base and 32 inch wheels. No car at any price provides more comfort for driver or passenger. In this respect, it overcomes one of the vital objections which has heretofore been registered against cars selling at or near its price.

The Hudson Motor

The motor in the Hudson "20" develops a full 20 H. P. and is of the Renault type, i. e., valves all on one side and designed along the lines of simplicity and symmetrical compactness which have given the French Motors of that name their international reputation.

The Motor with a bore of [illegible] and stroke of [illegible] embodies nothing but the most advanced and best accepted engineering practice. As will be noted by the long stroke it conforms to the most up-to-date foreign designs.

Any Hudson dealer will gladly explain to you the advantages of a long stroke motor.

The Hudson Transmission

No car has a better designed transmission than the Hudson "20." It is sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as is found on the Packard, Pierce, Peerless and other high priced cars. This type of transmission is not found on most other low priced cars.

The shifting mechanism is simple, positive and noiseless and easily operated by the most inexperienced.

The Hudson Rear Axle

The rear axle construction is of a semi-floating type and shaft driven. A careful study has been made of the terrific shocks and strains to which a rear axle is subjected. Thorough and severe tests have been carried out over a long period of time, and thousands of miles of driving have demonstrated that this feature of the Hudson "20" leaves nothing to be desired.

The Hudson Front Axle

The front axle is a one-piece drop forged I-beam section specially designed for the car, of pleasing appearance and reinforced against any possible shock or strain.

It is located well forward of the radiator, allowing an even distribution of weight, gives the car a racy appearance, and helps make possible the long wheel base so much to be desired.

The Hudson Springs

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THE EDUCATION OF AN ENGLISH BOY

(Concluded from Page 13)

In spite of his mercy to a criminal caught red-handed, as it were, the head master told me that this prefect was one of the best the school had ever possessed

"The boys know he is not a sneak," said the reverend gentleman, "and sneakiness is the one quality they never forgive."

In another school somewhat similar to this one (a very ancient foundation) a prefect is not allowed to birch a boy, but in the interests of discipline he is permitted to bestow upon a delinquent not more than two slaps on the cheek with the open palm. Recently there was appointed as prefect in this school a lad who was little taller than a dwarf, yet, as is often the case, the muscles of his arms and legs were powerfully developed. He could climb the school flagpole hand-over-hand by the aid of his strong arms, without ever touching the pole with his feet. His record in both scholarship and athletics was excellent. The head master was in some doubt regarding appointing him to the prefecture because of his size, but except for this no one in the school was more eligible for that promotion; so at last the head master called him in and made the appointment.

A prefect is responsible for the good conduct of the boys under his charge, and, of course, if discipline is maintained the fewer he sends for punishment the better prefect he is. The test of a new prefect is the hour (usually between eight and nine in the evening) when he takes "prep," as it is called — that is, he overlooks the preparation class assembled in one of the rooms to prepare their lessons for the morrow.

In the case of the dwarf there was a snigger of rather cruel laughter as he entered the room. Although the boys were familiar enough with his personality their sense of humor was touched by the new power with which he was clothed. There he stood before them, with the right to slap any boy twice on the jaw, and yet only the very smallest lads in the class could this unfortunate boy reach with his right hand. The laughter grew louder, and the dwarf stood there saying not a word.

The room became vocal with whispering, and funny things were said in voices that became louder and louder. One boy punched another and received a return blow, and bogus protests arose all around from boys who pretended they were eager to study, but could not for the noise

At last the tallest and most powerful lad in the room turned round and struck the boy behind him.

"I'll teach you to run a pin in my elbow!" cried the big fellow, while the boy behind him swore by all his gods that he had never touched him.

Then the dwarf spoke to the tall lad in tones that contained no trace of resentment:

"Johnson, will you be so good as to step forward?"

Johnson did so with a grin, and the whole class roared, because now, as pupil and prefect stood face to face, the contrast had become ludicrous.

"Banks," continued the dwarf unmoved, "would you kindly bring my chair down from the platform and place it in front of Johnson?"

Johnson's grin faded away into an airy nothing as he remembered alas! too late — the power of the prefect's right arm.

Banks was only too eager to assist in the coming fracas, and, with an expression of quite unnecessary virtue, placed the wooden chair in front of the giant. The dwarf mounted it; then he drew back his right hand and smote the tall boy on the side of the head with a report like a cannon.

In a moment or two, like Rip van Winkle rising after his twenty years' sleep, Johnson achieved the perpendicular once more, one side of his pale face red-marked with the print of a vehement hand. The dwarf stood with outstretched arm, his keen eyes first flashing over the class and then fastening on Johnson, as if awaiting any sign of further truculence. There was no such sign, and after an anxious two minutes the right arm fell to the dwarf's side and he descended leisurely from the chair.

The new prefect proved to be one of the best the head master had ever appointed.

ADVENTURES OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC

(Concluded from Page 15)

"I mean, what particular people live on sumik and never die? Some kind of people must, for every place I have been they have a kind of sour milk that has prolonged life in the Balkan States, or elsewhere, for indefinite periods. Indeed, that is the cause of so much bloodshed over there and so many war clouds. They have to shoot them or they never would die."

She fled.

The head waitress came over. "This," she said, "is a temple dedicated to the higher and purer symbols of nutrition. It is not to be profaned by such as you who come here in a spirit of levity. Diet, with us, is a science and an art. It is a form of poesy. From what we learn to eat here we radiate happiness and health, and the true, the beautiful and the good."

"Very well," I conceded; "if that is the case bring me some young onions."

And she did, and with some entire-wheat bread and the onions I gained a lap on the true, the beautiful and the good, drinking the while a small stein of apple tea, which didn't taste like apples or tea and which must have been, therefore, a fine food.

I went back to the porch. My friend who had had the epicurean dream the night before was still sitting in his rocking-chair.

"Cheer up!" I said. "I sneaked a couple of carrots for you."

"No," he said. "I must be brave. Besides, I am not a horse. Say," he continued, "while you have been in there I have seen a remarkable thing."

"Another roast-beef army?"

"No, not that. But I was looking out there at the grass a while ago and a whole regiment of mince pies marched up the cement walk and met a regiment of apple pies, right there under that tree. They had a terrible fight"

"Which whipped?" I asked.

"Oh, they didn't get to it, for a bunch of plum puddings, with drawn clubs, rushed up and drove them away."

"I'll bet the mince pies would have won," I said enthusiastically.

"Didn't have a chance," replied my friend unemotionally. "The apple pies had a lot of gooseberry tarts in reserve, to say nothing of a battery of cup custards, over there by that lilac bush."

We sat in silence.

"Four days, going on five," he began to moan presently, "and me a freeborn American citizen!"

He started up. "There!" he shouted. "Look over there by that rhododendron!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, there's a couple of Virginia hams two-stepping with a pair of beautiful spare ribs."

I rose to leave.

"Hold on!" he begged. "Don't go yet. There's a big chocolate cake coming up on the porch"

I told him I must.

"Well," he said, "if you must, you must; but, neighbor, slide them carrots into my pocket when I ain't looking."

"Not going, are you?" asked the Professor, as I started stealthily down the steps.

"Well — yes ——" I stammered. "The fact is, I have an engagement downtown, but I'll be back presently; of course, you understand that."

The Professor turned, muttering something.

"Say," whispered my fasting friend hoarsely, "when you get down by that second tree grab a couple of that flock of Spanish omelettes that are eating parsley there and slip them to me."

Editor's Note — This is the third in a series of Adventures of a Hypochondriac.

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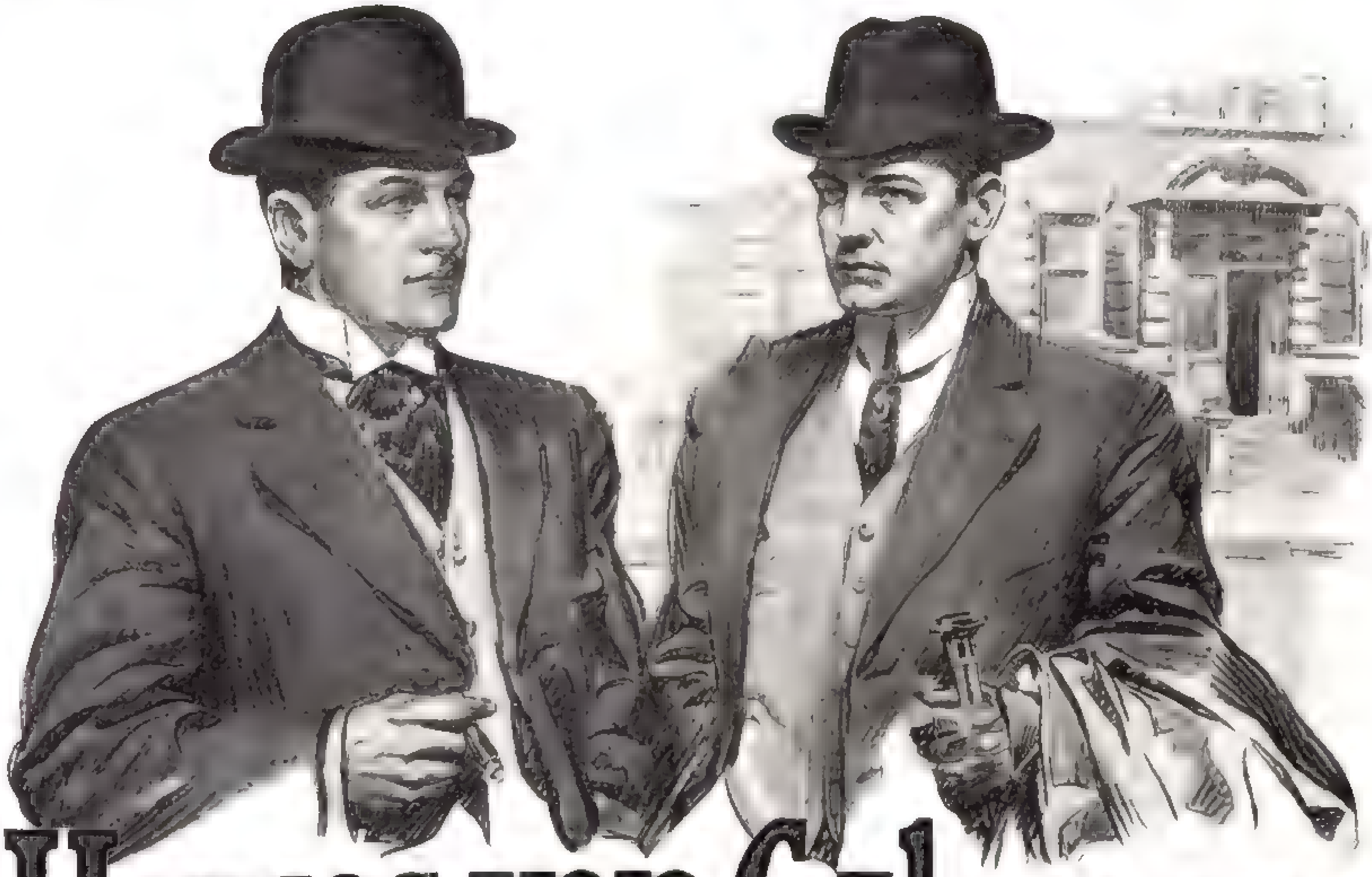

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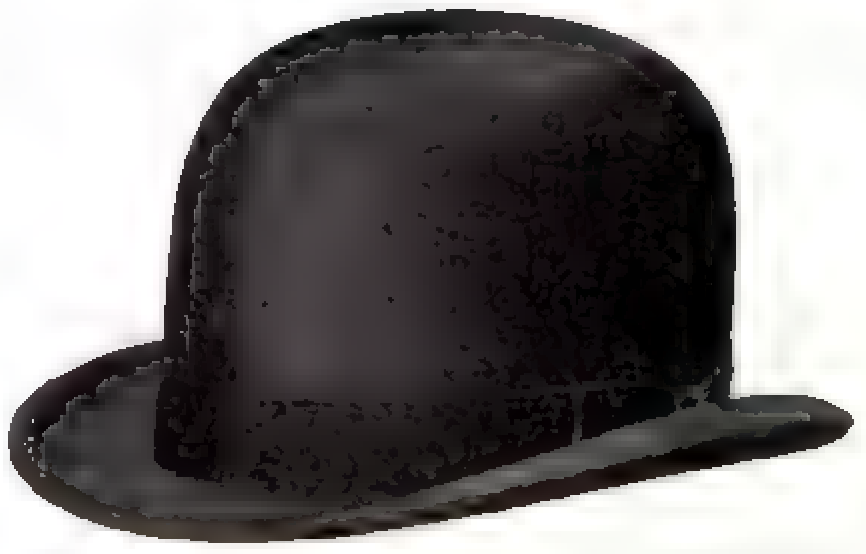

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BLACK OPALS

AUSTRALIA, that land of surprises in the domain of natural history, as well as in that of mineralogy, has given us many forms of the opal during recent years. First, the wonderful specimens that are found in the brecciated ironstone which was filled with large, wonderful white, blue and blue-green opals, running to the thinnest tissue-paper-like films of brilliant color, permeating a mass of a few inches in size and a much larger mass alike

Then again, there are the opals found in the Wilcannia White Cliffs district, New South Wales, where the most beautiful white noble opals frequently replace the vertebræ and other bones in animals, markings on wood, and marine shells. The pineapple opal, as it is termed sometimes, occurs in nodules the size of a man's fist.

The foolish superstition in regard to the ominous character of the opal, which was more or less prevalent fifty years ago, has almost entirely disappeared. Strange to say, in ancient and even mediæval times these stones were believed to make the wearers fortunate, and were thought to combine the virtues of the different red, blue and yellow stones having the colors which are reflected from the surface of the opal. Until within the past few years the black opal was exceedingly rare. It was supposed to bring good luck to the wearer, even by those who distrusted the light opal, and for this reason, as well as for its beauty, it has always been highly prized. During the years 1906-1908, however, a quantity of black opal, of a velvet-black in general effect, but permeated with a rich display of red, green, blue and purple, was discovered at the Lightning Ridge mine, in New South Wales. Gems weighing one hundred carats were taken from there, and a quantity of material has been obtained and formed into specimens which have found their way to the gem markets of the world.

The opal field is situated in close proximity to the Queensland border and is said to have an extent of twenty-five miles. There is now railroad communication with Collarendabri, forty-five miles from Lightning Ridge, where the opals occur. The miners suffer much from a scarcity of water, and it is stated that three times the number of those engaged in opal-mining at present would be employed in that pursuit if the water supply were increased by the building of adequate tanks. Something has already been done in this direction, and conditions are much improved from what they were a few years ago, when the miners were forced to carry water from a long distance and it was occasionally sold at twopence a bucket. The miners are industrious and thieving is practically unknown. In many cases disputes in regard to rival claims are settled by the old "bush law," thus saving the expense and delay of an appeal to the regular legal tribunals.

Buying the Opal Pig in a Poke

The name black opal has often been erroneously bestowed upon matrix opal, a material consisting merely of veins of opal in the matrix rock, but the true black opal, such as is found at Lightning Ridge, is composed entirely of opal. The material occurs as nodules in the rock and varies very much in quality. It frequently happens that fine specimens cannot be utilized for gem purposes because of extensive flaws, or "sandshots" as they are called, which traverse the stone in different directions and render it comparatively worthless. The miners are unwilling to permit a thorough examination of the rough material, only cleaning off a small surface, sufficient to show the coloration of the material and leaving the rest of the mass covered with sand, so that possible flaws are not visible. Hence the opal-buyer is forced to take the chance of buying poor material at a high figure. In spite of this the best material has sometimes commanded as much as two hundred and fifty dollars an ounce at the mines, although the average price is very much lower.

In 1906 opals to the value of forty thousand dollars were secured from the Lightning Ridge fields, and the worth of the total output there is nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course, the returns are very irregular, a small syndicate having realized five thousand dollars in three months' time. New South Wales has almost a monopoly in the production of black opals at the present time.

The fields at Lightning Ridge differ but little in appearance from the surrounding country, being flat and monotonous in outline, and covered in spots with the usual trees of the region—gum, needlewood and sandalwood. The opal is found embedded in a tough rock, which has been called "shincracker" by the miners because, in splitting it with the pick, a fragment often flies off and strikes the unlucky miner a sharp blow on his shin. The only guide to the presence of precious black opal is the occurrence of the common and valueless brownish or blackish opal, known locally as "potch"; where this is found in quantity the miner sinks a shaft and is frequently rewarded for his labor by valuable finds. These shafts rarely exceed forty feet in depth, the opals appearing between six feet and forty feet. Only pick and shovel are used, and great care is requisite in liberating the precious material, as it is firmly embedded in the hard rock and may easily be broken and rendered worthless by a single heedless stroke of the pick.

Peacock Feathers Done in Stone

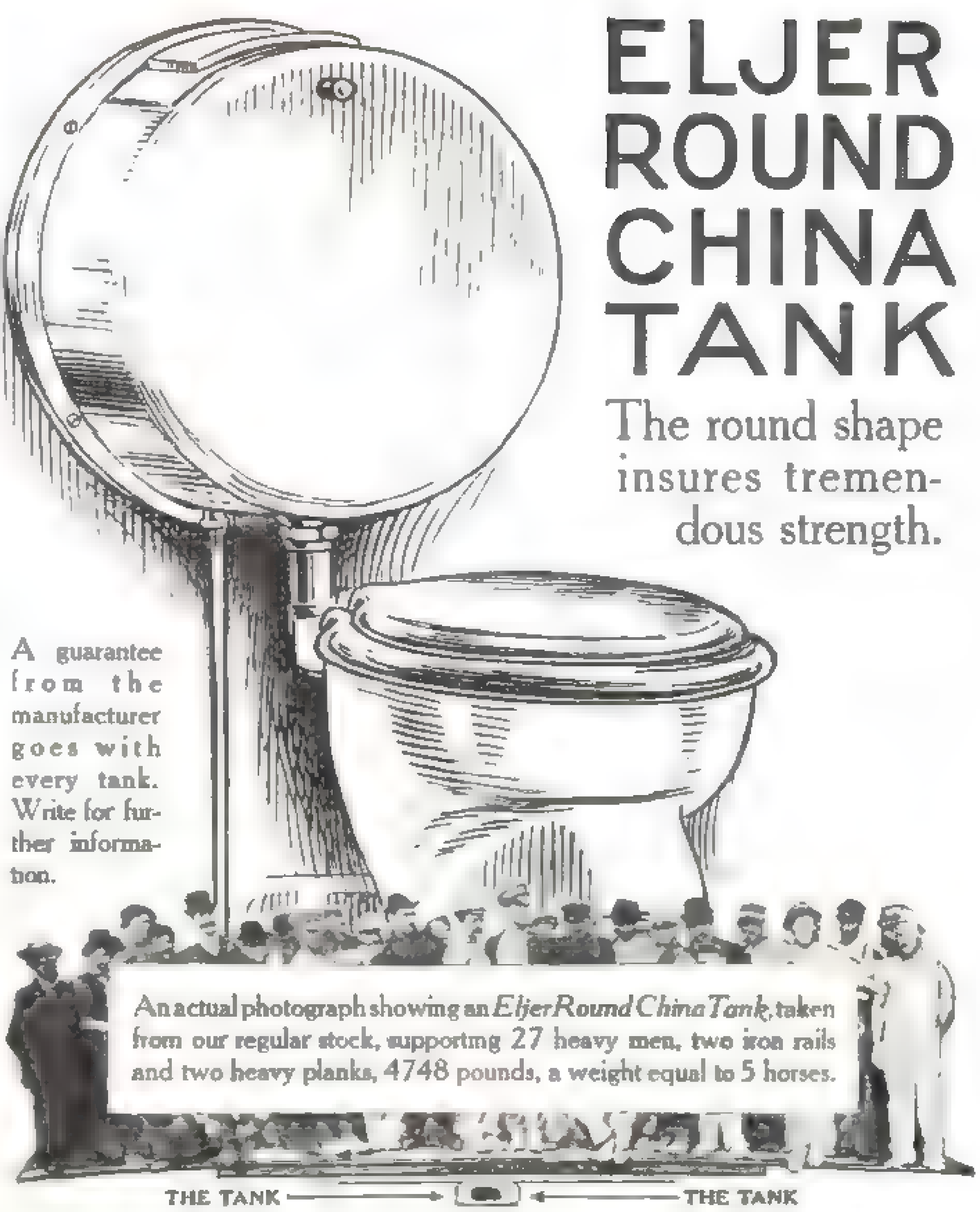
The total value of the opals of all kinds found in New South Wales has been placed as high as five million dollars. But by far the greater part of this sum represents the value of the various light opals, which occur in many other parts of the world, while the black opal is rarely found outside of Australia, the richest deposits being in the Lightning Ridge fields. A fine exhibit of the mineral treasures of New South Wales was shown by Mr. Percy Marks, of Sydney, in the Franco-British Exhibition in London, and the black opals in this collection were the center of interest, both because of their rarity and because of their great and singular beauty.

Never before have opals been found that possess such a great variety of intense coloring matter. One peculiar shade was bluish, almost resembling some dark turquoise or a mixture of ink and milk, the coloring being due to the minute intermingling of the black in a white field. This strange color, however, was entirely opalescent, with pale bluish green reflections.

A type which frequently occurs may be referred to as the humming-bird form of coloring, in which are blues, reds, yellows and greens, the reds burning as a hot coal, and the slightest turning of the opal giving out the black of smoke. The red is intense and fiery, yet, notwithstanding this, it has a softness alternating with the deepest flame color and resembles a fiery flame of red upon a black, smoky ground.

The peculiar golden green seen in the plumage of some humming-birds may also be observed in certain opals when reversed, the most beautiful green and bluish flashes revealing themselves. This phenomenon is also apparent in many opals, notably in some of those from Lightning Ridge, New South Wales. When they are laid horizontally, and the light is allowed to fall on them, they appear green if looked at toward the light, but when they are turned around and looked at away from the light the flashes are red. This peculiarity is also apparent in many of the brilliant noble opals from New South Wales, which show a greenish hue when looked at, but have pinkish reflections when looked through. In one striking form, the entire surface was broken like a cracked plate, with ribbon-like effects, in which there were reflections of intense green, each fragment throwing out a bright green light, until the entire surface was one mass of green reflections, with, here and there, small breakings and brecciated surfaces.

In several other specimens from Lightning Ridge the color was like that on the tail of a peacock -that is, as if a great mass of feathers were to be seen through a concave lens, being a miniature, reduced peacock-tail, with interwoven green reflections.



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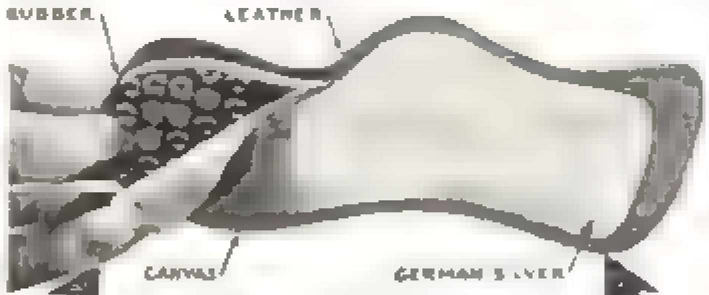

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IN THE WIRELESS ROOM

(Continued from Page 11)

doorknob with Stobart's dynamo, so that my evasive visitor, the moment his hand touched the metal, would get a shock that'd knock the sleepwalking out of him for a week or two. But that, I decided, as I stepped inside the wireless room again, would be both foolish and dangerous. Instead, I looked over the cabin for the second time very carefully and found everything as I had expected. Then I lit a pipe, lowered my collapsible deck chair a few notches, switched off the light, and quietly opened and hooked back the cabin door. Then I waited for something to happen.

I was comfortable enough, except for the heat. I remember putting down my pipe—tobacco had no taste in the dark—and I also recall shifting my chair along the cant of the deck so I could get my feet up on the berth edge. I remember thinking, for the second time, what mystery hung over all ships at night, and warning myself that it was in air like this, velvety-hot and steamily-distorting and humidly-melting all at once, that systems and theories went wrong in the hardest of human heads.

There must have been something hypnotic in the drone of the fan over my head, in the steady throb of the screw, in the slow rise and dip of the ship, in the soft swish of the water along her side plates. I suppose, too, I was a bit tired after my second night of broken sleep. But I went off, without knowing it, against my intentions.

I'd no idea how long I slept there. But I woke up with that sense of depression, of bewilderment, which comes over you when you wake up in a strange room. That's what I tried to tell myself, at least, as I lay back in my chair. Then a keener impression came to me, a vague sense of evil which I can't even describe. But the totality of that impression, whatever it was, caused a sort of mental gasp. If I'd translated it into actual words it would have amounted to the exclamation: "There's Something in this room!"

My shift of position had rather turned my face away from the operating table. But a sixth sense, intuition, anything you like, kept telling me that Something was stirring and moving behind me, almost at my side. I felt a draft of cooler and damper air from the deck outside. I remember wondering if the grayness of the light could mean that morning was coming. But I felt that Presence there until I could stand it no longer. I couldn't forget that this Thing, whatever it was, stood between me and the door; I couldn't forget that it was there between me and my freedom. And I knew I had to face it.

I turned my head very slowly, inch by inch, until my glance was able to take in the entire wireless room. And I merely saw a man in a double-breasted blue uniform. He stood at the operating table, bent over the responder as though some detail of its mechanism puzzled him.

Something in his attitude as he stood there struck me as indescribably sorrowful. I don't think I ever saw greater pathos, a more poignant suggestion of tragic misery, than I caught from the bending profile of that lean and hungry-looking face. The eyes were hooded by the bulging frontal bone until they were in deep shadow, until they were cavernous, like that figure of Abbey's Hosea—isn't it? I couldn't actually see them, but, hidden as they were, they seemed to hold the most unsatisfied and wistful look I ever saw on a human face. This pathos extended even to his figure, which was lean and stooping and seemed to have fallen in on itself. His whole attitude seemed one of an anxiety and anguish and frustration that was unfathomable. And, in spite of myself, I felt that sudden horripilation which comes with most sudden shocks to the nerve centers. I could feel my hair rise and then that tingle of fear—you know it, like mice going up and down your backbone! For I felt there was something—well, something abnormal about it all. Yet it was merely the figure of a man, understand—there was nothing phantasmal or sepulchral about it—no ghost nonsense with a mist or an aura of light about it. It was just a man, a plain, clear-cut, distinctly-outlined, extremely-attenuated man in a double-breasted blue

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cloth coat with two rows of brass buttons running down the front of it. But here was the disturbing part of it: I knew every man and officer aboard the Clotilda. And this man in the double-breasted uniform coat was not one of them.

I remember, as I sat back, peering up at him, how I still refused to believe what I saw. I even remember thinking that a coat like that, in such heat, couldn't be altogether comfortable. I tried to tell myself that I was still half sleeping. But reason couldn't swallow that. Then I tried to persuade myself that the figure was that of some overlapping dream projecting itself into the area of waking consciousness. Perhaps it was a sort of dream, and nothing more. But I know that, the next moment, I did one of the most foolish things of my life. I jumped to my feet and shouted out loud. It wasn't for help. It wasn't even to give an alarm. It was more the involuntary and inevitable expression of overpent feeling flowering into action. And as I shouted I sprang for Stobart's big nickel-plated revolver next to the helix case. I don't remember taking aim or firing. But I remember my surprise on hearing the sound, and my sudden horror as it came home to me that this man who had come into the cabin was merely a stowaway, and that I was murdering him. The shots rang out clear and quick—you can imagine the noise, at such a time, along a quiet deck!

When they came running into the wireless room they found it full of smoke and the splash of six lead bullets on the painted wall. But that wasn't bothering me. What appalled and stupefied me was that every bullet had gone through that stooping body as easily as hailstones drop through a cloud. I think he turned and looked at me, but I'm not sure. Then he passed through the cabin door and walked away, not exactly reproachfully, and not exactly angrily. But I watched him as he turned and strode across the deck. I watched him as he went through my silk thread without breaking it, and the fall of a folded newspaper would have snapped it, and strode out over my powdered boards without leaving so much as a mark. I stood leaning against the open door, watching him as he crossed that empty deck and walked out through the ship's rail, out through three iron bars and six inches of solid oak into space, like a puff of smoke.

Then I knew that the uproar had brought the men from the bridge and Stobart from amidships and Captain Goodyear himself from his stateroom not thirty feet away. I could see the startled amazement on the men's faces. On the captain's, I remember, was anger. On Stobart's was something that seemed to be triumph, almost exultation.

I remember they all stood about, questioning me, and the captain's sagacious side look as he took the revolver from my fingers and craftily pocketed it. He was one of those oldish types of skipper, thickset, hairy, full-bearded, with an ear-tuft of hair on each side of his face, for all the world like a lynx's. I also remember the sudden reticence that had come over me after one look into that face. No, it wasn't reticence; it was merely a realization of the uselessness, of the hopelessness, of ever trying to explain. A minute before I'd been consumed with a passion to tell some one, any one, what had happened; to take outsiders into my confidence; to unload on them, in one avalanche of words; to electrify them with my discovery; to stagger them with the weight of this new mystery that had come into the world—and then to flail it about until we'd shaken out its last pod of truth!

But as I stood and faced them there I realized how utterly incommunicable it all was, how impossible it would be to translate it into the phraseology of every-day speech. I was a Cassandra with messages no one wanted and no one would understand. I was like a drunken musician with a thousand concertos reeling and ramping through my brain. I remember hearing Stobart lie for me—and it angered me inwardly to think he'd stepped into the rôle of guardian for me—saying that sneak thieves had been trying to get into his cabin and I'd promised to sit up with him. I remember hearing Captain Goodyear telling me to go down and take a bracer and a bath and to come to him after breakfast. I remember Stobart trailing after me and asking what I'd seen. I remember turning and petulantly

Home-made Gas-Light From Crushed Stone

TWENTY years ago the oil lamp had already been driven out of the city into the country home where gas could not follow—so we thought.

In those days we would have laughed at the idea of a country home lighted with gaslight.

But like the telephone and free mail delivery gaslight has finally left the city to become a common rural convenience.

In the year [illegible], the up-to-date villager or farmer not only lives in a gas lighted house, same as his city cousin, but when he drives home on a cold, wet night he actually lights up his barn, his barnyard or porches on his house with this gaslight by simply turning an "ignition" button on a post or wall.

⁂

And this change seems quite like magic when you consider that this rural gaslight is home-made—made by the family itself right on the premises.

Takes fifteen minutes once a month to make all that can be used in a large house.

The magic is all in the strangely weird, manufactured stone known commercially as "Union Carbide."

This wonderful gas-producing substance, "Union Carbide," looks and feels just like crushed granite. For country home use it is packed and shipped from warehouses located all over the United States in sheet steel cans containing 100 pounds.

Union Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will keep in the original package for years in any climate. For this reason it is safer to handle and store about the premises than coal.

⁂

All that is necessary to make "Union Carbide" give up its gas is to mix it with plain water—the gas, which is then instantly generated, is genuine Acetylene.

When piped to handsome brass chandeliers and fixtures Acetylene burns with an intensely brilliant, stiff flame, that the wind can't affect.

This flame makes light so white in color that it is commonly called "artificial sunlight."

Experiments conducted by Cornell University have proven that it will grow plants the same as sunlight itself.

Physicians recommend Acetylene as a germicide and a remedy for eyestrain, and it is used as an illuminant in fifty-four hospitals in New York City alone.

Then too, Acetylene is so pure that you might blow out the light and sleep all night in a room with the burner open without any injurious effects whatever.

On account of its being burned in permanent brass fixtures attached to walls and ceilings, Acetylene is much safer than smoky, smelly oil lamps which can easily be tipped over.

For this reason the Engineers of the National Board of Insurance Underwriters called Acetylene safer than any illuminant it commonly displaces.

In addition to all these advantages, Acetylene light is inexpensive.

An Acetylene light of [illegible]-candle power costs only about [illegible] cents for ten hours' lighting, while for the same number of hours regular oil lamps of equal volume cost about 6 cents in kerosene, chimneys and wicks on the average.

⁂

Consider this carefully and you will hardly wonder at the fact there are today no less than 176,000 town and country homes lighted with home-made Acetylene, made from "Union Carbide."

Once a month some member of the family must dump a few pounds of Union Carbide in a small tank-like machine which usually sets in one corner of the basement.

This little tank-like machine is automatic; it does all the work; it makes no gas until the burners are lighted and stops making gas when the burners are shut off.

The lights, located in every room in your house, on your porches, in your horse and cow barns, or barnyards and chicken yards if you like, will all be ready to turn on with a twist of the wrist or a touch of the button at any time of the day or night.

No city home can be as brilliantly or as beautifully illuminated as any one of these 176,000 homes now using Acetylene.

Won't you let us tell you how little it will cost to make this time-saving, money-saving, beautifying light at your own home?

Write us today how large your house and how many rooms you have, and receive our estimate and books giving full information. Just address: Union Carbide Sales Co., Dept. A, 155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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First, the superior flavor of Lake Erie Island grapes—the finest for grape juice purposes in all the world. **Second,** the private process of sterilization used in the preparation of Fremont and in no other grape juice. Now as to the results—a pungent grapey odor when you open the bottle that delights the nostrils; and a delicious tang you've never experienced before; likewise a perfect clarity and freedom from sediment or floating particles which is directly due to our method of sterilization.

Go first to your dealer, grocer or druggist. If he hasn't Fremont in stock, send us his name and $1.00 and we'll forward you all charges prepaid, ten "baby" bottles, each containing one glass. [illegible] this, we're positive you'll never be without Fremont Grape Juice in your home.

THE FREMONT GRAPE JUICE COMPANY, Fremont, Ohio

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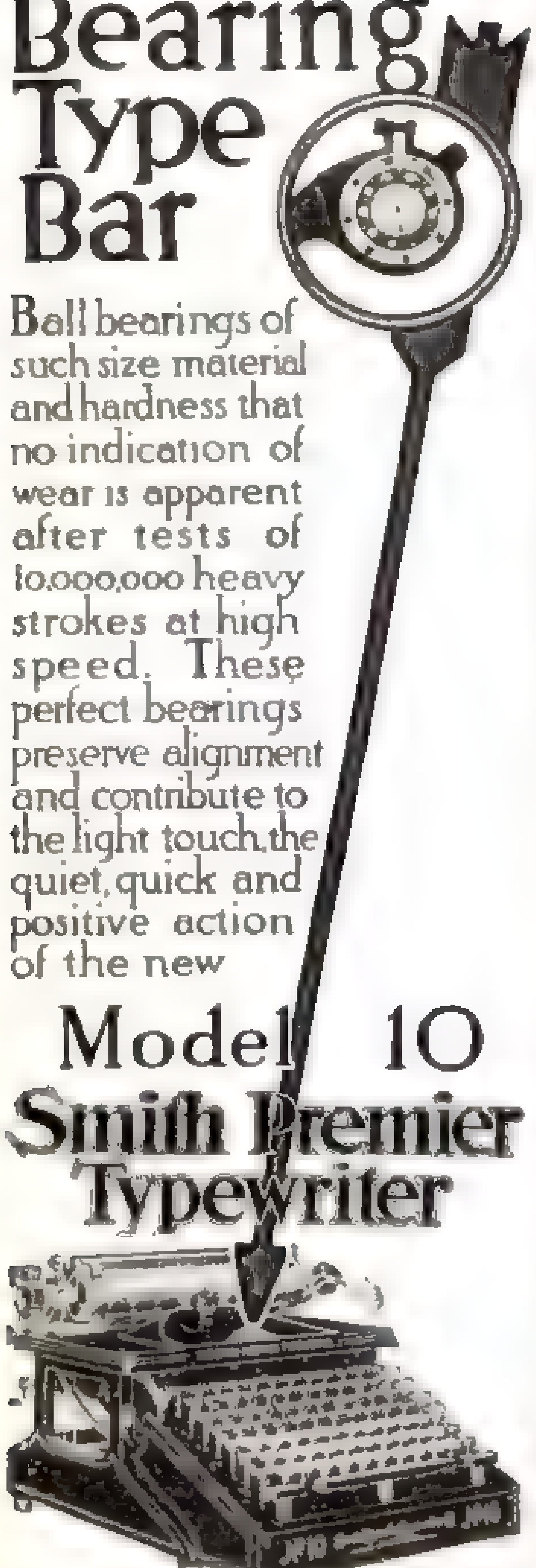

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Special [illegible] Price on [illegible] British Columbia Mink neckpiece $34.00, muff to match $51.00. In Ondatra River Mink neckpiece $12.05 to $14.40. In Japanese Mink neckpiece $17.00 to $30.40. In Natural Black Marten neckpiece $19.00 to $23.35.

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lying to him, saying I'd seen nothing, that I'd fallen asleep and had a nightmare and made a fool of myself. . . . But, most of all, I remember that strange and wistful figure I'd seen leaning over the wireless responder, and the hunger that seemed to hang on the gray and colorless face

VI

I WAS late in getting up to Captain Goodyear's quarters, for I had my rounds to make and a stoker with heat apoplexy to look after. But I found him in the chart room, with a pair of dividers in his red and stubby fingers. There was something about Captain Goodyear's fingers that intimidated me. They were thick and square-ended and brownish-red and scarred. They weren't the sort of fingers to talk psychology to

There's no use relating just what he said. He was one of the older school, you know; and, I'm afraid, there was a good deal of profanity. But it amounted to the fact that he was going to have order on his ship. He wasn't going to have it made into a private shooting gallery. And, for two pins, he'd lock the wireless room up and put the operator to scrubbing decks. With that, he turned away to his charts, giving me the full breadth of his back.

The incident would have been closed, only I still had a hankering to justify myself. I wanted to make myself less of a fool in his eyes. "But Stobart's a sick man," I tried to explain. "He's got to be looked after."

That brought the captain round on me in a flash. "A sick man!" he cried. "They're all sick men! They get full o' dynamo and go dippy! Look at Chrysler, deserting at Kingston, two trips back, without so much as taking his clothes! Look at young Tucker, coming whining to me that he can't sleep in that cabin, and then sneaking off the ship at Rio without a word of excuse. And it's always been that way, putting a lot of land-bred nincompoops into that wireless room to hand me out my orders!"

I tried to speak up for Stobart, but he cut me short.

"Don't argue about it, sir; don't you dare to argue about it! Wasn't it one o' those nincompoops who sent this ship to the bottom? And let her take twenty lives with her when she went?"

This brought me up with a start. "An operator sunk this ship?" I remember gasping out at him. He looked me up and down with his slow and resentful little eyes

"Yes, a lying, land-bred, underhand sneak who went deaf on his run and wasn't man enough to say so!"

"Went deaf on his run?" I echoed foolishly, for every word was like a battery shock, and the whole thing was so unexpected.

"Went deaf as a post and all the time pretended to be getting his messages," scoffed Captain Goodyear. "And a land station could hear their foghorn when they came for the Irish coast, and kept warning him back. And so they went down on St. Withel's Rock, and there was the devil to pay!"

"What happened?" I gasped. Something in my face made that skipper stop and look at me.

"Happened?" he grunted. "They went down in five fathoms of water before they'd got their last twenty souls off. And it took thirteen thousand sterling to raise her and patch her up. And it was that one man who sent her down, that one nincompoop in the wireless room!"

I remember sticking there to the captain's side in spite of his gesture of dismissal. "But how did they know?" I demanded. "How did they know he went deaf?"

He didn't look at me as he answered. He was busy making his dividers walk over a chart, like a boy on stilts, stiff-legged, step by step.

"Shut himself up in his operating-room when she struck, and blew his brains out. Then they found letters he'd written, when they raised her, letters to his wife telling what happened. And I'm here to navigate this ship, sir, and not rehash admiralty court inquiries."

"Then it's true!" I cried, and I stumbled out of the chart room, I don't remember how. But I remember wandering to the rail and leaning there, limp and weak as a seasick passenger in a side roll.

At last, I deliberately and vindictively made up my mind to see the thing through

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We have a monopoly of the [illegible] selling of these nine billion cigars [illegible] the patents and make the only [illegible] practical Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. It will bear the severest test—the most searching investigation.

The purchaser drops a nickel or a dime in the machine and instantly gets his cigar delivered into his hand from the original box

The field for the operation of these machines throughout the world is too big for our organization to handle. We reserve Chicago however for our operating company. We wish to establish systems of Pope Cigar Selling Machines in all cities, counties and states which are not already provided with them.

You see it work through the Plate Glass Case

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We have contracts already entered for over $300,000 worth of these machines in various sections of the United States. We invite negotiations with men who have from $1,000 to $50,000 to invest in this business which offers returns from 8 to 10 times those of ordinary investment. We must choose wisely the men who are to control territory as we can dispose of it but once. Therefore, men should not only be financially able to establish a local system, but they should also have the brains and push to install the maximum number of machines in a given district.

Please bear in mind that we are not selling patent rights nor stock in our company. We dispose of the machines to you at a fixed price and turn over the control of the operation, selling and leasing of the machines in your district to you. We furnish you with plans showing how to install and operate the plant and how to make each machine in the system earn a maximum of profit for you.

Systems of Pope Cigar Selling Machines are now established in various parts of the United States. One entire Western State is disposed of. Negotiations are pending for three southern states. A number of large eastern cities are being operated by local interests whose capital ranges from $4,000 to $70,000. Other smaller eastern cities and counties from $1,000 to $4,000. A number of western cities and counties have been taken up on a basis of from $1,000 to $50,000.

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Judging by the number of responses to our recent announcement, together with the readiness with which the territory was taken up, the public has been waiting for just such a machine as we make and exclusively control.

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To the right man—one with brains and energy, as well as money, we will make a proposition that he cannot afford to pass by. Write to-day for our Book "A-3" and ask for a ten days' option to [illegible]. Negotiations are pending in many cities. Yours may be taken unless you act quickly. Write at once.

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PLAYER PIANO

The power is transmitted through an improved pneumatic system with an individual pneumatic for each and every note, instead of one dependent series of pneumatics for all the notes as found in other players. This insures more accurate control—saves expensive repairs and is another reason why the Krell Auto-Grand has the true human touch.

It will pay you to know more about this wonderful instrument and its many advantages—about the wonderful tone quality of the celebrated Albert Krell Pianos and the five year guarantee under which every Krell Auto-Grand or Krell Solo-Grand is sold. If you are interested we will send you a booklet of interesting facts "How to Select a Player Piano." If you have friends who are interested send us their names and addresses, and for your trouble we will send postpaid, free, a beautiful little hand mirror with white ivoryloid back and handle, and convex glass.

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to a finish. I decided to go to Stobart at once and have it out with him, the whole cursed business. And I didn't give that feeling time to cool. I started for his door without waiting to think the thing over

I say I started for his door but that was all. Did you ever see a house dog diving for a bone and suddenly finding a tomcat guarding it? Well, that's precisely the way I brought up, of a sudden, as I started toward that wireless room. For there, directly in front of me, in the deep shadow of the awning above the open door, stood the figure in the double-breasted blue coat with the two rows of metal buttons down the front. It wasn't looking at me, at first. It was looking up at the sky, at one of those wide, tropical skies with whipped-cream cumulus clouds in it, like an azure dish-cover with tufts of cotton wool stuck about its edges I never saw a man look so wistfully at a stretch of blue sky before. Then he stepped slowly back into the wireless room and, as he stepped back, he looked at me steadily and quietly. It wasn't until he turned half away, and the stronger side-light fell on his lean and melancholy face, that I noticed the mark on his temple, between the ear and the end of the eyebrow. I'm not maintaining it was a perforation, or even a scar. Only, I saw it unmistakably, quite small and clear-cut, as though the cork of an ink-bottle had been pressed against it

VII

IT WAS Stobart himself, with a jug of ice water in his hand, who found me standing there, staring in through that open door. I didn't move or look round when he spoke. I wanted to assure myself that the Thing was still there, that it didn't escape.

"What is it?" Stobart cried out—I suppose I wasn't an altogether healthy color

"There's some one in there!" I told him He turned and looked into my face instead of looking into the room It wasn t apprehension I saw in his eyes, it was rather incredulity, almost pity, I thought

"But it's impossible," he declared "here in open daylight. You imagine this. It's only in your own head." I remember something strangely like a note of relief in his voice, something that was almost joy on his yellow-skinned face.

"There's somebody in that room," I repeated with the calmness of utter conviction. Stobart started to say something to me. Then he came to a sudden stop. It was a new sound that arrested him, a sound which we each knew and recognized at the same instant. For what we heard was the familiar crescendo drone of the wireless starting-lever as it crossed on the contact-points and threw the current from the engine-room into the dynamo directly under the apparatus table

I called out sharply to Stobart to wait, for I could see that he was making a dive for the door. "Not on your life!" was all he answered as he pushed me aside and flung the door open

It was a moment or two, of course, before I could swing about and follow after him. I heard his laugh, a little high-pitched and hysterical, and then his self-assured exclamation, "It's empty!"

He laughed again as I stepped into the cabin. I suppose my face was something to laugh at, as I stood there trying to reframe my whole universe into some semblance of reason. I can't describe my feelings to you. But I began to feel that I'd been duped, that I'd been thimble-rigged and victimized.

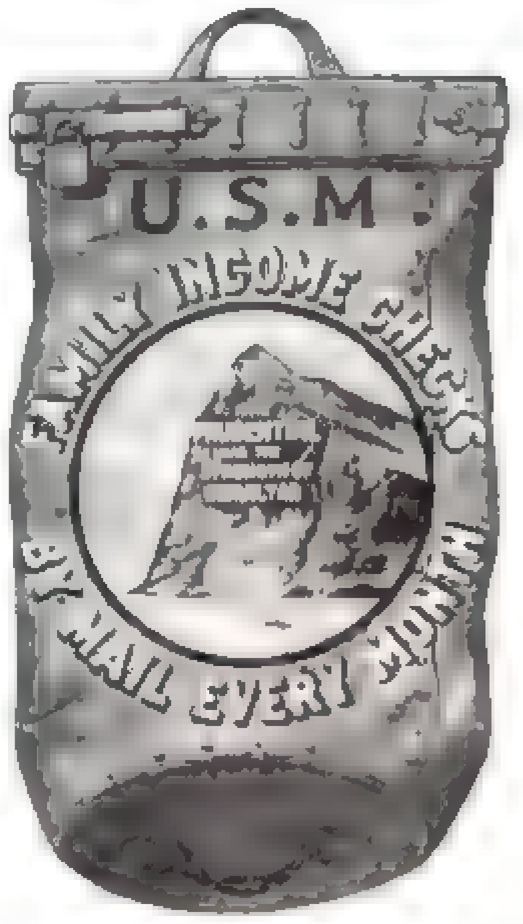
"You look like a sick man," Stobart had the cheek to tell me.

"Who wouldn't look like a sick man," I retorted, "without four hours' sleep in two whole nights?"

I remember his answer, his complete change of voice. "I don't think I've had an hour's sleep—honest sleep—on this ship!" He said it wistfully, as though he were very tired. Then he cried out with sudden and vehement passion, "I'd be all right if I only could sleep! I've *got* to sleep!"

I relented at that, and tried to tell him he'd be better in a day or two, now we were steaming up into cooler weather.

"If I could only sleep!" he kept repeating, and the red rims of his shrunken eyes made me think of a hound's eyes. "All hell can walk that deck out there, now, if it wants to," he declared. "I'll lock it out. But I've got to sleep."



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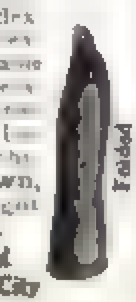

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I couldn't stand for any more of that outbreak. My nerves were too shattered I felt that a black plague of lunacy was crashing and tumbling like a wave over all the ship. I was glad to get away, flinging Stobart a promise over my shoulder that I'd do what I could for him, mix him up something to quiet him down. It was a relief to get below-deck to my dispensary, even to pretend to busy myself with every-day things, to make little tasks for myself, so I wouldn't have time to think. And, late that afternoon, I took Stobart up a phial of chloral hydrate, telling him what it was and advising him to follow the directions I'd written out on the bottle.

He showed little interest in the narcotic by this time, and seemed eager to talk. A strange spirit of elation had crept over him. He appeared pathetically anxious to impart some portion of this to me. But I told him I was tired out and had ten hours' sleep to catch up. I'm afraid I was curt with him. But he followed me to the door, in a way I afterward remembered, and looked after me as I crossed the deck. I caught sight of his wistful, yellow face as I went below, still looking up at the sky, as the other figure had done. But I thought nothing of it at the time. I took an opiate and tumbled into my berth, for I wanted sleep before I got to thinking again—I wanted eight or nine hours of revitalizing, reorganizing sleep before I started back to that problem of mine. We'd be at Kingston by morning, I remembered. Once there I could slip away from the ship, out to Constant Spring for half a day, and get a new perspective and a new grasp on things. So I went to bed and slept, if you can call the nightmare of febrile torpor that comes from any of the opiatic derivatives real sleep.

VIII

I WAKENED suddenly, about four in the morning, I think it was. The moment I wakened, I remember, a sense of uneasiness, of impending evil, flashed over me. I tried to fight it off, but it goaded me into my clothes and drove me up on the bridge deck—though, every step, I kept telling myself that the whole thing was asinine

It was still dark, pitch dark, and the Clotilda was rolling heavily. I crossed to the wireless room as best I could. I found the door unlocked. I went inside and switched on the lights.

Stobart was there, huddled down and back in his chair, with one hand flung out and half covering his transcription pad On this pad he'd written just five words

"*Relay all ships northbound Jamaica*——"

I had my hand on Stobart's shoulder, shaking him, before I really saw his face Then I stopped, for I knew he was dead He'd been dead for some time. It took me only a minute or two to make sure of that.

I'd seen Death too often to be disturbed by it. I remember that I was quite calm as I picked up the empty chloral bottle and put it beside his tuner. I even felt it would be more fitting to place the poor chap's body on its berth, to lift it out of that huddled and wistful posture in which I'd found it.

It took me some time to do this decently. Then I hooked back his chair, which kept rolling from side to side, closed and locked the door, and went at once to the captain's quarters to report. I waited for a moment before his stateroom, wondering how I'd word my message. I clung to a handrail, hesitating over how I ought to tell him. Then a sound came to my ears as I stood there. It sent a chill eddying up and down my back. For as plain as you hear my voice now I heard the spit and crackle of the wireless spark at the masthead above me. Some one or Something, in the room where the dead man had been locked, was operating the wireless apparatus. I pounded on the captain's door, like a frightened child knocking for its nurse—no, more like a lost soul beating on the bars of hell. For I was quivering and shaking when Captain Goodyear came out—or, rather, round from the bridge steps, for we were supposed to be fingering up along the southern coast of Jamaica.

"Stobart's dead, sir," I told him. "Come at once!"

He turned on me slowly, ponderously, like a liner swinging round in a roadstead. "Stobart's dead?" he repeated "What makes you think he's dead?"

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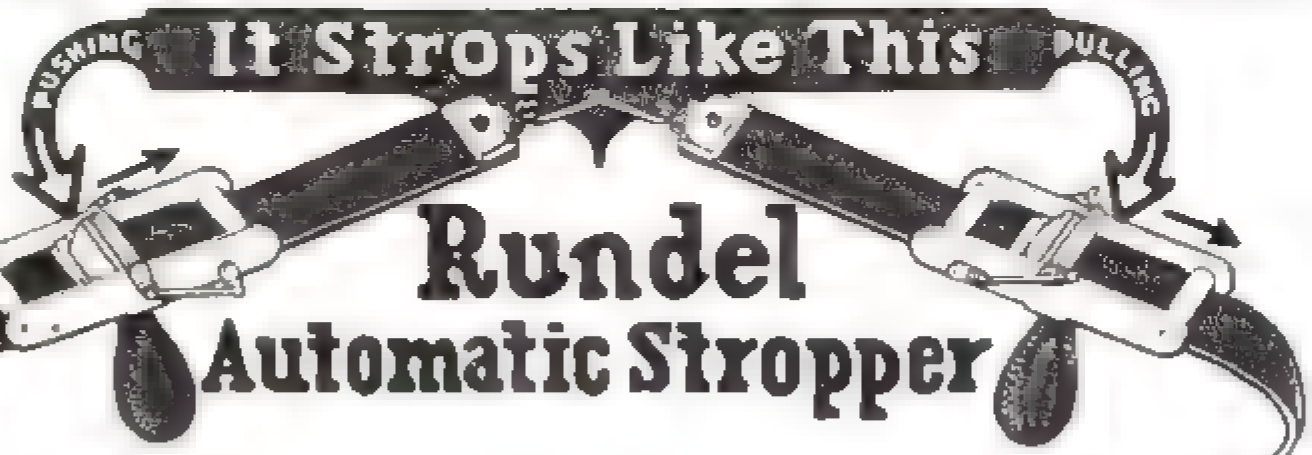

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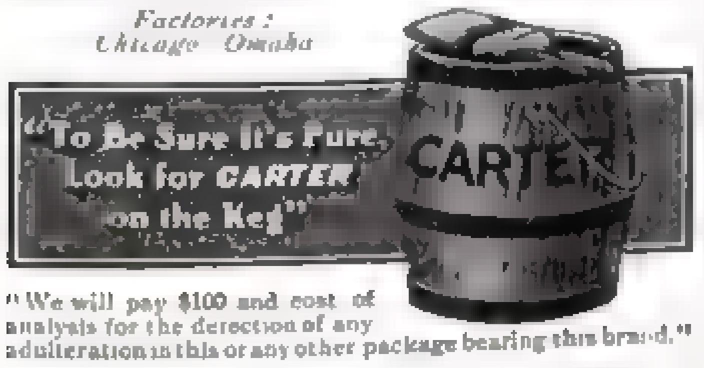
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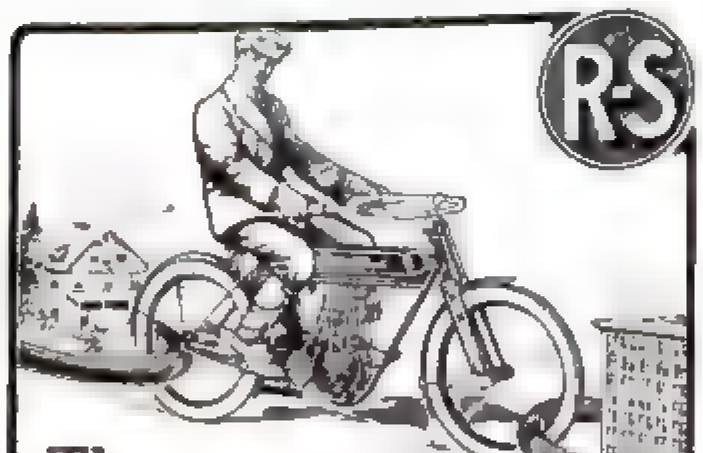

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THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

His question, coming after all the nonsense of the night before, rather flurried me. "He died as he was operating," I tried to explain. "I wish you'd come, sir, at once."

He cut me short, turning into the chartroom as he spoke. "Go and make sure you haven't been having another nightmare. Then come back and report!" And I heard him mutter in his beard over his chart, "This is the night we need his damned wireless!" He suddenly stood upright and stepped out on the deck again, peering up through the darkness. Then he turned on me in a towering rage. "Sir, you're making a fool of yourself and this ship!" he cried out. "He's there! He's there operating! Look at his spark, you fool, against the masthead!"

I looked up. I could see the small blue spark come and go at the insulation-points of the antennae. I saw it, and I didn't much care whether Captain Goodyear thought I was as mad as a March hare or not. But I at least knew what *rigor mortis* was; I knew a dead man when I lifted one.

"Go and see!" I almost screamed at my commanding officer. And something in my face made him first stare and blink and then swing about and start for the wireless room on the run. I ran after him, remembering I'd the door-key in my hand. He took it from me and flung the door open.

"Where's your dead man?" he cried as he faced the full glare of the electrics. His scoffing didn't last long. I remember the change that swept over his face as the empty cabin and the figure on the berth hit home. Then his eyes moved on to the apparatus table. My own gaze followed his as he turned to the inscription pad. He touched it. "Why, it's not dry! The ink's not dry!" he said. Then we read through the words together:

Relay all ships northbound Jamaica south coast lights gone . . . Stand by till morning. . . .

I kept peering down at that message. I didn't hear the captain leave the wireless room. I didn't even know he'd left until I heard the tinkle of the engine-room signals, and then the bark and bellow of voices on the bridge. Then I felt the shake of the Clotilda's deck as the screws reversed and she swung and backed sullenly about in the cross seas. Then I heard more voices, and then the rattle of the anchor cables.

Of a sudden, the ship seemed startlingly quiet. Only the engines had been stopped, but all the world seemed to be at a standstill. I started for the rail to see what had happened. Then I stopped, for I saw a figure leaning over it, over the rail opposite the wireless room. The figure I saw was incredibly thin and wore a double-breasted blue coat. From somewhere out of the darkness, as I stood there, I heard a dog's bark, and then the sound of a gun, very faint, repeated three times. But all I saw was the figure in the uniform coat, as it stood there, peering ahead, with one lean hand over its eyes. It sounds all wrong, I know, but I've always thought I heard that figure say very quietly, "Thank God!" before it slipped away, though I had no sensuous evidence of its slipping away. All I can say is that one moment it was there, and the next moment it was not to be seen.

The lifting weather had already shown a scattered light or two. We'd anchored within rifle-shot of land. Then morning came. Jamaica lay in front of us, close enough to hear our siren. Port Royal stretched before us—a ruined Port Royal, slipped half-way into the sea. It was the second day after the Jamaica earthquake—the earthquake that ruined Kingston and wiped out every light on the south coast of the island, the earthquake that sent the Hamburg-American liner Waldemar ashore beside the ill-fated Princess Victoria Louise. And there was the Clotilda, rocking at anchor, with her forefoot almost pawing the shore gravel! Our ship had been saved. . . . We took refugees and wounded from Kingston aboard. That gave me work night and day, and I was glad of it. I had a busy week northbound to New York. In fact, I broke down under it and had seven weeks of it in Roosevelt Hospital with what my old friend Bromig mildly described as a case of neuritis. They were all very kind and fed me like a king, and I came away fat and hearty, . . . and hungering for the sea again.

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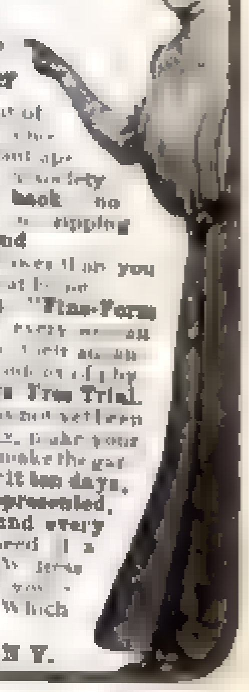

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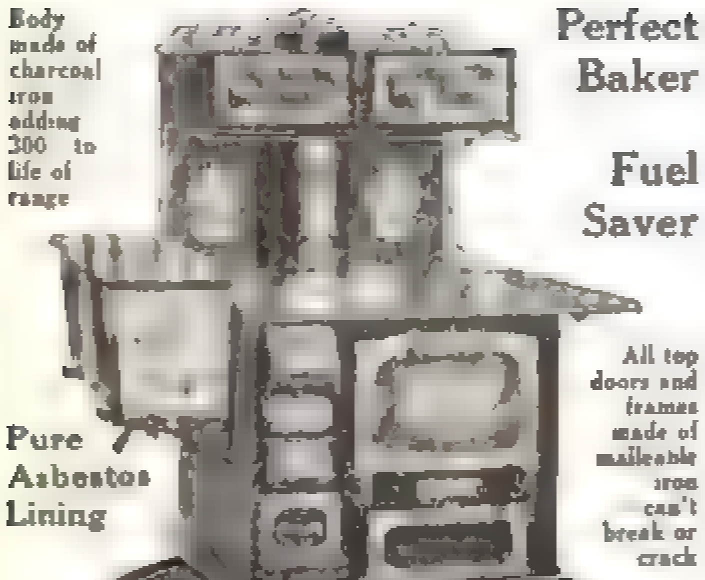
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All top doors and frames made of malleable iron can't break or crack

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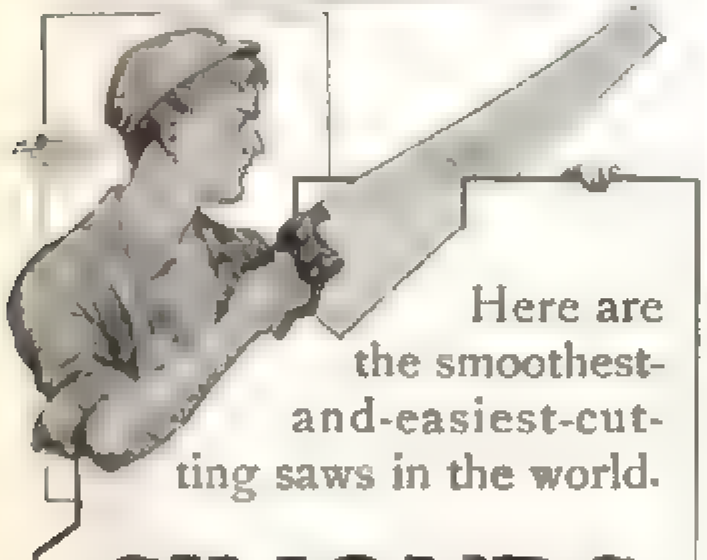

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EASY MONEY FROM EASY PAYMENTS

(Concluded from Page 7)

A young man who needed money to get married tried the trick. He was more modest than the Chicago lady. He stole only five typewriters. With a fine chisel he cut out the last two digits of the number and then advertised and sold the machines.

Two days before the wedding was to come off the typewriter men had him. One of the buyers of the machines was a fussy individual who wanted to "make sure before he bought." When the beat delivered the machine in the morning he was told he must come back in the afternoon for his money. Meanwhile, secretly, the man sent the machine to a repair shop for inspection. The beat learned, for the first time, that the number of that machine was cut into various parts on its interior, when he got out of jail a month later, having missed the penitentiary through the efforts of his family, who spent hundreds of dollars to save a hitherto untainted name.

Now and then a beat gets very shrewd. He buys clothing, for instance, from a time-payments man, and grows defiant, supposing that for the slight amount involved it will not pay the merchant to sue him. But for such beats as this the installment man has a special method.

A Jersey City credit-clothing man had a customer of this stripe. He bought, paid deposits and met his weekly installments so unfailingly that he established no little confidence for himself. In this wise he managed to owe the firm a hundred and twelve dollars when he decided he had paid enough. Week after week he fell behind and, when pressed, grew insolent, claiming he had been cheated. He offered to send back the clothes, which to the installment man, of course, were worth the price of rags. What clinched the fellow as a deliberate dead beat was that he was found to have played this identical game on a dealer ten doors up the street.

From the day the installment man discovered this he began a series of petty persecutions. Day by day he sent a collector to the beat's house. When this failed he sent two and finally all three of his collectors on daily calls. Each collector then began to visit the house twice daily. The beat declared he did not mind in the least, if the clothing man did not mind; but about the time he figured the credit man had done his worst the collector began to call at his office. As he entered his place of business he found one waiting for him on the doorstep. Another with an expressionless face sat waiting patiently as he went out to lunch. Another greeted him as he was about to go home in the evening. For two weeks the beat showed defiance, always knowing better than to try to assert himself by throwing his various tormentors down the stairs. Then he came to his knees and paid all he owed in cash.

Gentle Jane

Wednesday morning, Gentle Jane
Started in an aeroplane;
"Ha!" said Gentle Jane, in glee,
"It is now all up with me!"

But the airship wouldn't work,
And it fell, with such a jerk
In some river, flowing south;
Leaving Jane down in the mouth.

When an alligator spied
Jane, his jaws he opened wide,
Saying in a tone polite,
"Do drop in and get a bite."

Soon they tinkered up the craft;
Jane got in and gayly laughed.
Joy and gladness filled her cup;
"Ha!" said Jane, "the jig is up!"

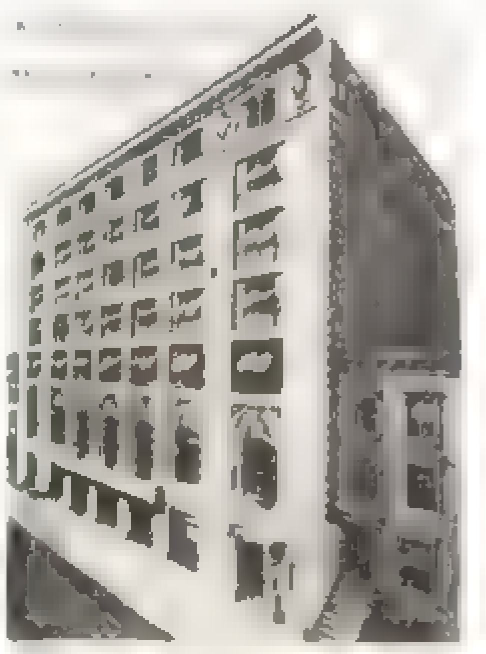
As the wind grew stiff and stiffer,
Jane's opinions seemed to differ.
Then a near-by cyclone showed;
"Well," said Jane, "I will be blowed!"

But the airship, soaring by,
Cut a furrow in the sky,
Passed 'twixt Mercury and Mars;
Gentle Jane said, "Oh, my stars!"

Onward went the aeroplane;
Onward, too, went Gentle Jane.
Ever darker grew the night—
Gentle Jane was out of sight.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

When your building burns your business stops



Can you afford to build that Factory, Warehouse, Store, Hotel or Residence with wood that burns and rots?

Can fire insurance repay you for destroyed records, unfilled orders, and lost business?

Why not put up a **permanent fireproof** building and save insurance and expense of continual repairs?

The cost is very low if you adopt the **Kahn System Reinforced Concrete.** You save 20% to 30% over the cost of steel frame buildings with fireproof floors. We can prove to you that **Kahn System Reinforced Concrete** is more economical than quick-burning construction.

[illegible] **Kahn System** [illegible] **Kahn System**

[illegible] **Kahn System** brings [illegible] the direct personal service of skilled engineers.

Kahn System Economy and **Kahn System** Results are only made possible by use of

Kahn System Products

Kahn Trussed Bars: The perfect reinforcement for concrete beams, girders and joists.

Rib-Metal: The ideal reinforcement for concrete floors, roofs, walls and conduits.

Hy-Rib: For sidings, roofs, partitions and ceilings. Makes centering and studs unnecessary.

Rib-Lath: The stiffest steel lath for plaster, ornamental and stucco work of all kinds.

Trus-Con Products for waterproofing and finishing exposed concrete work.

Our large Engineering Department will show you how to use these products advantageously in your particular work.

Write us about your building and we will send you special catalog and valuable information free.

"Unburnable Buildings are Best"

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
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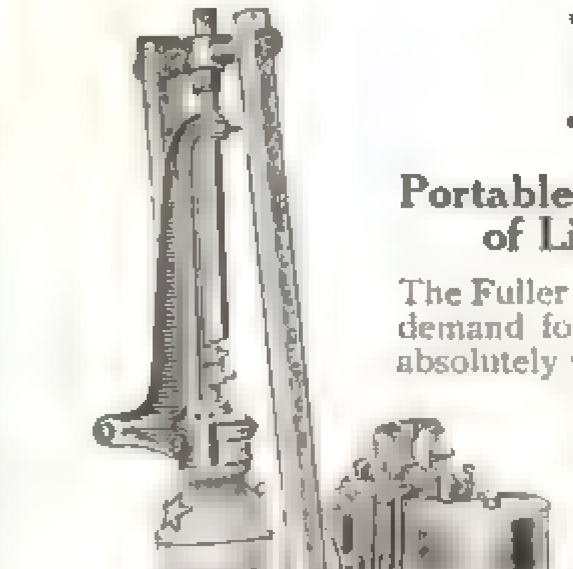
KAHN SYSTEM

The Handiest Engine Ever Built!



Portable Power for Running Pumps and All Kinds of Light Machinery. A Veritable Wonder!

The Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine meets the widespread demand for Portable Power at the lowest possible cost. It is absolutely unique in design—the **handiest** engine built.

It comes to the user complete in itself—**"everything but the gasoline."** Ready for action, **anywhere!** Requires no cement foundation—no anchor posts—no pump jack—no arms—no belts!

Attaches to any regular Force Pump by means of four common nuts. Carries its own standard or base. Has a pulley for running light machinery. The cost for fuel seldom exceeds **half a cent a day.** No other engine at any price will give you such Power for less.

Fuller & Johnson
Farm Pump Engine

The Perfect Air-Cooled Engine

Here at last is an air-cooled engine without fans or cooling attachments! A revolution in this type of gasoline engines, as fully explained in our book. **Cannot freeze or overheat!** Made of the same high grade of materials and equal in quality of workmanship to the best automobile engines.

Dealers Write for the Agency

The Field of the Farm Pump Engine

As a pumping engine, for City or Country, no Power compares with this. It is fast supplanting Windmills and is used in connection with Domestic Water Supply Systems. By [illegible] piece of common pipe for extra air chamber [illegible] for watering lawn or garden, [illegible] vehicles, [illegible] **will throw a stream as high as a house, giving valuable fire protection.** It supplies power for running any [illegible] ordinarily operated by hand-power, in house, barn or workshop.

COUPON for Engine Catalog

Please send Catalog of Farm Pump Engine to address below.

Name,

Town

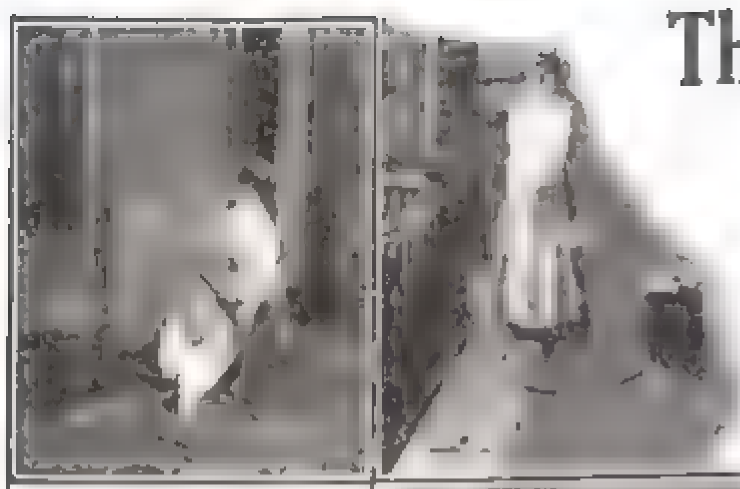
(State)

Dealer's Name

Send Coupon or Postal for Catalog

Hundreds of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would buy Farm Pump Engines if they only realized what a great little engine we have built. Our catalog—gladly sent free—tells the exact facts. Are you interested?

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
377 Groveland Ave., Madison, Wis.
For 30 Years the Leaders in Standard Farm Machinery



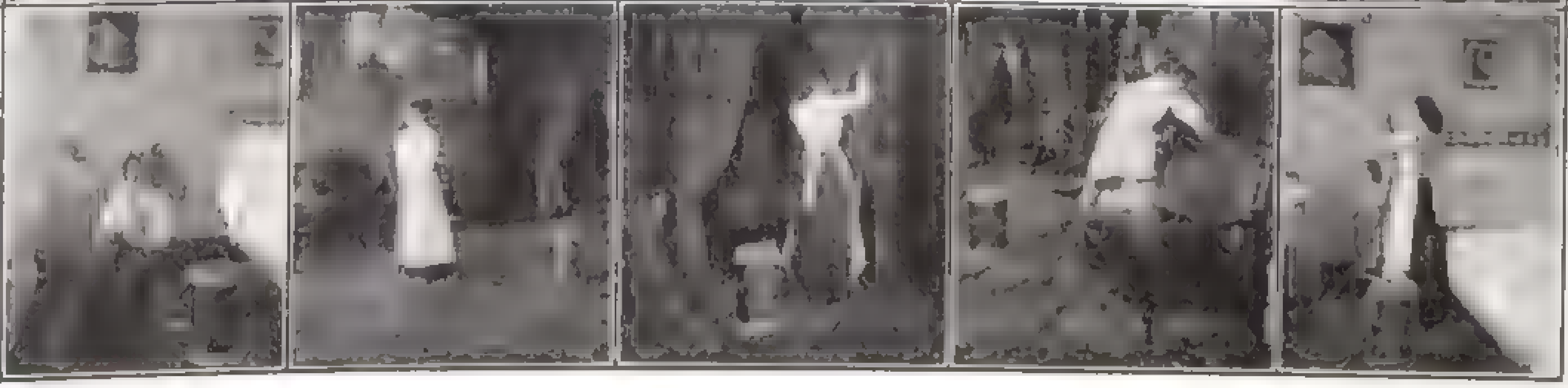
The Dust in Your Home—

Breeds Disease—It's Dangerous
—ASK ANY DOCTOR

A Santo in Your Home—

Makes it Clean—Dustless—Safe
—ASK ANY USER

9
Ways to
use
the
Santo



There are
many
other
ways to
use it

From 10,000 to 100,000—A New Record for Vacuum Cleaners

For the first year we estimated 10,000 **Santo** Cleaners as a [illegible] production. Within six months we were forced to provide for [illegible],000.

[illegible] **Santo** [illegible]

The **Santo** [illegible] the United States Government, Insurance Underwriters, and users in every walk of life—everywhere.

It is perfect—the final in vacuum cleaners. Nothing more can be desired. No better cleaner [illegible] be made at any price.

It Safeguards Your Health

Eminent phy[illegible] say that the dust and dirt in [illegible] is a breeder of disease—a harbinger of death.

The [illegible] source of contagion is street dust. You carry [illegible] carpets and other [illegible] where they [illegible].

Ordinary sweeping fills the air with germ laden dust. People breathe it and become infected, even in homes *seemingly immaculate*. Many contagious diseases, including the dread tuberculosis are the direct result of *dust and dirt*—man's worst enemy.

The only answer to the question is a **Santo** Vacuum Cleaner.

Get a Real Cleaner

The vacuum cleaner [illegible] has great [illegible]. It has come to stay. As a result many [illegible] have been introduced.

Anybody can make a cleaner with either a high vacuum or a large displacement [illegible] but neither one alone will do [illegible] cleaning.

An [illegible] make a perfect vacuum cleaner than a blacksmith can build a high-grade automobile.

A thoroughly efficient cleaner must have both a high vacuum and a large displacement to obtain the necessary velocity and lifting power when in operation.

This involves the most complicated problem of pneumatics. It was solved by us only after years of experience and costly experiment.

The **Santo** has both a high vacuum and a large displacement of air, perfectly balanced. This is the secret of its wonderful efficiency.

Don't experiment—get a **Santo** [illegible].

Necessary Efficiency

As a result of our experience we have determined the standard of [illegible] absolutely necessary to [illegible] satisfactory results with an electric vacuum cleaner. This standard, as embodied in the **Santo**, is as follows:

It will produce a maximum vacuum of 7 to 8 inches of mercury.

It has a displacement of 25 to 30 cubic feet free air per minute.

It will not stall nor overheat.

It will not burn out fuses nor endanger your wiring.

It is strictly within the limits set by Insurance Underwriters [illegible] not more than 200 Watts when operated at full capacity.

Before you buy an electric cleaner of any kind at any price be sure it has a vacuum of 7 to 8 inches mercury, a displacement of 25 to 30 cubic feet free air per minute.

Easy Cleaning

The **Santo** Electric Vacuum Cleaner reduces the work of cleaning from hours to minutes. Cleaning becomes so much like play that you smile.

Every article, crack and corner in your home that must be kept free from dust is cleaned so perfectly that you are amazed.

The **Santo** [illegible] in store, office [illegible] wherever [illegible].

The [illegible] Church of the Messiah was reputed to be the cleanest church in Philadelphia. The **Santo** removed over a barrel of black dirt, dust and grime.

Mr. [illegible], sexton for over thirty years, says the performance of the **Santo** [illegible].

The results are similar wherever our cleaner is used. Thorough cleaning is impossible without it.

Know the Maker

We [illegible] cleaning devices [illegible] the largest [illegible].

[illegible] of Mr. James Keller, who [illegible] been recognized as one of the foremost authorities in the field of pneumatics.

Weight
Only
26 lbs.
Price
$35.00
Complete
as shown

Santo Hand Power Cleaner

This powerful little machine will do twice the work of any other hand cleaner. It is more efficient than many electric cleaners.

It is fitted with an improved rotary pump which revolves six times with each turn of the fly-wheel. It is not a fan but a real vacuum pump—noiseless and light running. Any child can operate it with ease.

The **Santo** Hand Cleaner produces a vacuum of 3 [illegible] mercury and a displacement of 13 cubic feet free air per minute—the greatest [illegible] yet attained in any cleaning device operated by hand.

The jerky, irregular suction so common in hand cleaners is entirely overcome. The suction of the **Santo** is continuous—it cleans rapidly and evenly. Besides carpets and rugs it cleans mattresses, walls, ceilings, etc., **in a way no other hand cleaner can.**

The **Santo** Hand Cleaner is as carefully made as the **Santo** Electric Cleaner. Not a particle of tin or other flimsy material is used. Nothing to get out of order—it is practically indestructible.

The base is of Flemish oak; all the metal parts are enameled black and striped with blue and gold. It is easy to handle—the weight is only 26 pounds. Takes up little room. Keep it behind the door.

The equipment consists of 12 feet best vacuum hose with nipple on each end, one hollow handle and one 6-inch aluminum nozzle for cleaning carpets, rugs, curtains, etc. Tools for other purposes will be furnished at reasonable prices.

Please use attached order blank and send us your order today. Try this cleaner 10 days. Then if you are dissatisfied ship it back and we will cheerfully refund your money—immediately—without question or argument.

The **Santo** Electric Vacuum Cleaner was invented, designed, developed and [illegible] in our own factory by our own workmen. The right and title to the invention is vested in us.

It was perfected at a cost of over $50,000. There are no theories for us to exploit—and no experimental work to be paid for by the user. **It is the ORIGINAL Round Cleaner.**

The **Santo** is made and [illegible] entirely under our own roof. There are many cleaners, but it stands as the only vacuum cleaner without a fault.

A Mechanical Marvel

The **Santo** is made [illegible] perfectly and of the highest grade material [illegible]. The top and base are polished and [illegible]. No wood, tin or paper [illegible] is used.

An improved vacuum pump which was invented and perfected in our own factory is connected direct to the motor and operated at a speed of about 1200 impulses per minute. Our motor is the most expensive ever put into a vacuum cleaner.

The suction is continuous and powerful. It cleans thoroughly. Jerky suction, such as you will find in slow speed machines, cleans only in spots.

The dust separator is very simple—just a heavy canvas bag which can be emptied quickly without the slightest inconvenience.

The machinery is all enclosed—can not tear your clothing or injure children. It is the simplest cleaner in the world—nothing to get out of order and no mechanical skill is required to operate it.

It costs less than 2 cents per hour to operate and will keep your home clean for 10 cents a week. Easy to handle, too, as it weighs no more than a [illegible] of coal. Carry it anywhere.

Tool Equipment

We do not tell you about the many uses for a vacuum [illegible] and make you spend forty or fifty dollars extra for the means to use it. Our complete equipment is as follows:

1—Electric [illegible] connecting cleaner to lamp socket.
2—Vacuum hose for use with all tools.
3—Hollow [illegible] handle.
4—6-inch nozzle for thoroughly renovating carpets and rugs.
5—4-inch nozzle for portières, upholstery, clothing, etc.
6—Rubber nozzle for tufted upholstery, corners, etc.
7—Wall brush for walls, ceilings, mouldings, etc.
8—Book brush for cleaning books, hats, furs, etc.
9—10-inch wood face nozzle, for light and rapid sweeping.
10—12 inch nozzle, felt faced, for sweeping hard wood floors.
11—Blowing hose for drying hair, airing bedding, etc.
12—Tube of lubricant which eliminates the greasy oil can.

These aluminum tools are furnished without additional cost—there is nothing more for you to buy.

Handsome and Durable

Our cleaner is mounted on ball bearing casters and it is covered with the finest Chase grain leather. You can have it in black, maroon or olive green, as you prefer. It is the handsomest cleaner in existence.

In tests for durability our regular stock machines have been run upward of 200 million strokes without a break. This is more than the average family will use a cleaner in twenty years.

If sold on a basis of comparative efficiency the **Santo** would be the highest priced of all cleaners, but our large output has enabled us to place it within reach of every user of electricity.

You can pay more for a cleaner but you cannot get as much at any price.

Our Guaranty Bond

Besides giving you more for your money than you can get elsewhere, we protect you with a guaranty bond bearing our corporate seal and signed by our President. This bond secures you against all loss that might result from possible defects in material or workmanship [illegible].

We will replace without cost to the purchaser any part or parts proving defective in material or workmanship at any time, whether it be one year, five years or longer.

Instead of verbal promises covering only one year, and in most cases worthless, we give you a *real* guaranty.

This Book Free Our new book "The Dustless Home" describes the **Santo** Electric Vacuum Cleaner in detail and illustrates the many ways it can be used. Fill out the coupon below and mail today for a free copy.

Keller Manufacturing Company, Dept. 6 P, Philadelphia, Pa.

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New England and New Jersey North of Trenton.

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FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON [illegible]

Keller Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 6 P, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—For the $35.00 enclosed please send me one **Santo** Hand Power Cleaner and equipment.

It is understood that you will refund the full amount [illegible] days [illegible].

Send me a complimentary copy of "The Dustless Home."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

EXAMINE

The Eyelets on the shoes you wear — See if there is a little diamond ◆ trade-mark slightly raised on the surface. If it is there you are sure it is a genuine Diamond Fast Color Eyelet and simply

"Can't Wear Brassy"

They are made with top of solid color, improve the appearance of the shoes and look bright and new, even after the shoe is worn out. They are to be found on the best shoes. Just look for the little diamond ◆ trade mark and insist on it, as only genuine DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS have them. It is a small thing, but worth remembering when you purchase shoes.

United Fast Color Eyelet Company

Boston, Mass.

ARCADIA MIXTURE

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls — it costs $2 00 per pound — three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents — five hours of pleasure for four cents — certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke

Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

"PLAY BALL!"
EVERYBODY PLAYS FAN-BALL.
A CARD GAME OF BASE BALL.
A PERFECT REPRESENTATION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL GAME.
AT YOUR DEALERS OR SENT POSTPAID 61¢
FAN-BALL CO. INDIANAPOLIS. IND

Harvest Pennies

Buy and operate O. I. C. Peanut Vending machines. The simple and most successful [illegible] Never out of order. Pay for themselves in a few months. Earn money for owners. Only work required is to fill machines and gather the money. Any spare money you have can be more profitably invested. Build a business that will make you independent. Write for particulars.

O. I. C. Company, 1334 Unity Bldg., Chicago

"CLINGFAST" Nipple For Nursing Bottle

Pure Gum. Right Size. Right Shape. Clings tightly [illegible] At druggists, or from us 5c for postpaid. THE GOTHAM CO. 82 Warren St. N.Y.

THE SPREAD EAGLE

(Continued from Page 5)

himself) she reminded him of a silly baby camel that he had seen in the zoo, that had six inches of body, six feet of legs, and the most bashful expression imaginable.

Mrs. Burton, you may be sure, did not lose the start that Fitz gave before he went forward and shook hands with Eve. But she misinterpreted it. She said to herself (all the while saying other things aloud to Mrs. Williams): "If he had only seen her a year ago, even a boy of his age would have been struck by her, and would have remembered her. But now! Now, he'll never forget her. And I don't blame him. She's so ugly that he was frightened."

But that was not why Fitz had started. The poor, gawky, long-legged, tearful, frightened, overgrown, wretched girl had not struck him as ugly; she had struck him as the most pathetic and to-be-pitied object that he had ever seen. I do not account for this. I state it. Had she been pretty and self-possessed he would have left the room presently on some excuse, but now he stayed — not attracted, but troubled and sorry and eager to put her at her ease. So he would have turned aside to help a gutter cat that had been run over and hurt, though he would have passed the proudest, fluffiest Angora in Christendom with no more than a glance. He began to talk to her in his plainest, straightest, honestest Ohioan. It always came out strongest when he was most moved. His mother's sharp ears heard the A's, how they narrowed in his mouth, and smote every now and then with a homely tang against the base of his nose. "Just like his father," she thought, "when some one's in trouble." And she had a sudden twinge of nostalgia.

Fitz lured Eve to a far corner and showed her a set of wonderful carved chessmen that he had bought that morning; and photographs of his friends at Eton, and of the school, and of some of the masters. He talked very earnestly and elaborately about these dull matters, and passed by the opportunities which her first embarrassed replies offered for the repartee of youth. And he who was most impatient of restraint and simple occupations talked and behaved like a dull, simple, kindly old gentleman. His method may not have left Eve with a dazzling impression of him; she could not know that he was not himself, but all at once a deliberate artist seeking to soothe and to make easy.

Eve did not enjoy that call; she enjoyed nothing in those days but prayer and despair; but she got to the end of it without any more tears and crashes. And she said to her mother afterward that young Williams seemed a nice boy — but so dull. Well, they were quits. She had seemed dull enough to Fitz. A sick cat may touch your heart, but does not furnish you with lively companionship. Fitz was heartily glad when the Burtons had gone. He had worked very hard to make things possible for that absurd baby camel.

"You may call her an absurd baby camel," said his mother, "but it's my opinion that she is going to be a very great beauty."

"*She!*" exclaimed Fitz, thinking that the ugliness of Eve might have unhinged his mother's beauty-loving mind.

"Oh," said his mother, "she's at an age now — poor child! But don't you remember how the bones of her face ——"

"I am trying to forget," said Fitz with a tremendous shudder for the occasion.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Misunderstood

CLARENCE S. DARROW, the Chicago lawyer and reformer, who is different from most reformers and radicals because he has a sense of humor, went to Toledo a time ago to visit Brand Whitlock, the author, who is mayor of that city.

A great admirer of Darrow heard that Darrow was in Toledo, and rushed to the mayor's office and besought Whitlock to introduce him.

"Ah, Mr. Darrow," said the admirer, gazing adoringly at his hero, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied Darrow, "I have suffered from being misunderstood, but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

Paint Talks No. 11—Advantages of Fall Painting

The fall of the year offers several advantages as a painting time. First, and most important, surfaces are almost sure to be dry; there is no frost or inner moisture to work out after the paint is applied. There are no flies or gnats about to stick in the paint and mar the finished surface; there is less dust. Paint applied in the fall means protection against the penetrating winter storms; it means less likelihood of finding rotted joints and opened fissures in the spring.

Pure White Lead and Linseed Oil (tinted as desired) give a reliable winter coat to a building — an armor against the hardest attacks of the weather. White Lead and Linseed Oil paint does not crack open and scale off. It stays on until gradually worn off — leaving an excellent surface for repainting.

The Dutch Boy Painter Trade-Mark is Your Guarantee

Buy of your local dealer if possible. If he hasn't it — do not accept something else — write our nearest office.

Read about our Houseowners' Painting Outfit [illegible]

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia) (National Lead and Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Painting Outfit Free

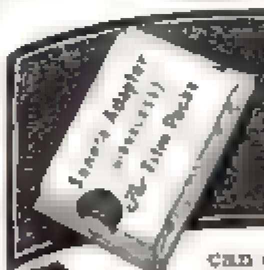
We have prepared a little package of things bearing on the subject of painting which we call Houseowners' Painting Outfit F. It includes:

1 — Book of color schemes (state whether you wish *interior* or *exterior* schemes)

2 — Specifications for all kinds of painting

3 — Instrument for detecting adulteration in paint material, with directions for using it

Free on request to any reader who asks for Houseowners' Painting Outfit F.


Seneca Adapter Hingeless The Film Pack

Every Plate Camera User can convert his instrument into a film camera by using the

Seneca Adapter (Hingeless) For FILM PACKS

With it you can make 12 film exposures as easily as 2 plate exposures. Does away entirely with the dark room for loading and unloading purposes.

In appearance it is like the ordinary plate holder consisting of a cherry wood frame with slide and light trap [illegible] The slide has no handle to break off. [illegible] No hinges to become loosened and perhaps spoil the film. [illegible] exposures are made in the regular way. The ground glass may also be used for focusing and [illegible] may be removed for development [illegible]

If you are using a hinged adapter, discard it.

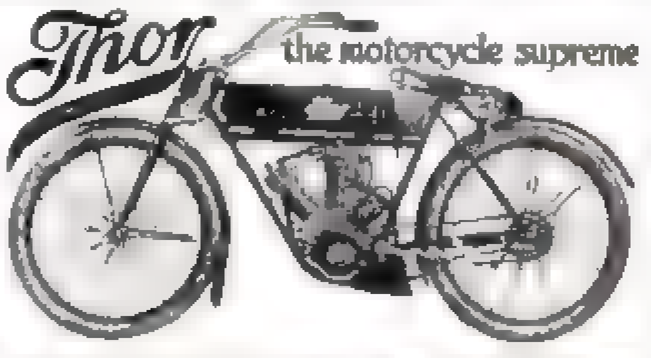
The Seneca is the only one with which good results are positively certain. [illegible]

Ask your dealer for the Seneca Adapter and a copy of the Seneca Catalog with handsome Indian Baby Poster cover suitable for framing.

If your dealer can't supply you send direct to us

SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO., Rochester, N.Y.

Largest Independent Camera Mfrs. in the [illegible]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Speed 5 to 60 miles an hour. Fast enough for [illegible] Thor [illegible]

Agents Wanted in Every City and Town

Largest [illegible] Thor [illegible] motorcycle. Catalogue [illegible] free.

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Style and Comfort

Whatever the style—whatever the individual taste—whatever the waist size—"Nufangl" Trousers always meet every requirement for appearance and comfort. There are no straps or buckles requiring constant attention. The waist adjustment principle of

Present "Nufangl" *Trousers*

comprises vents at the side seams, each having two strap fasteners, giving a "play" of nearly five inches, and three variations in waist measure.

"Nufangl" Trousers *hang from the hips* and require neither belt nor suspenders, though either can be worn.

They adapt themselves to the figure without puckering, wrinkling or bagging.

Prices, $4 to $9.

[illegible] both made "Nufangl" way.

If not at your dealer's we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics, specifying whether Summer or Fall weight and style of trousers preferred. Enclose 2c. for postage.

PRESENT & CO., 592 Broadway, N.Y. City

THE JUSTICE OF GIDEON

(Continued from Page 18)

"I'm askin' you a question."

"Well, I suppose it is my word against his."

"You told the constable about it?"

"Yes; and he pretty near laughed in my face. Never mind. I'll take this case to the county seat."

"The law reads the same at the county seat as it does here, Mrs. Luce. Say I give you a warrant. Bert serves it. Homer lands in jail. He says he never seen the nuggets. You say he has 'em, but you can't locate 'em. What could a jury do about it? So—take a night t' think it over."

She shook her head decidedly. "No."

"An' don't forgit it'll hurt his maw, too," urged the Judge. "She ain't strong this summer—malaria, I reckon."

"I don't intend to give him a chance to skip on that down train."

Once more the Judge rose and began to pace the floor, his hands clasped behind him, his chin on his breast. One minute passed, and Mrs. Luce sat quietly. But when another went by she settled her hat preparatory to leaving, and tucked some stray wisps of hair into place.

At that the Judge returned to his desk. There was no fear in the gray eyes now, and his manner was resolute, even cheerful. "All right," he said almost briskly. "I'm a-goin' to do what you ask. A-course, I'd like to have the case rest easy for a few hours, so's I could find out one or two things on the q. t. But"—putting several articles to rights on his desk—"that ain't possible. I'll have to ask you to write me out a statement."

"Got to have one, Judge?"

"Shore. Allus got to have a statement of ev'ry case. Would you mind goin' into the jail office to write it? There's some private business to attend to in here. It's cool in the jail office, an' you'll have the hull place to yourself. But be awful certain about one thing, Mrs. Luce."

"What's that?" She looked a little startled.

He led the way out of the rear door of the courtroom and around to the back entrance of the jail. "Don't leave out nothin'," he counseled. "Take plenty of time to git the statement ready. I won't break in on you more'n I can help."

"I've got some things on the line at home that ought to come in before noon. They'll fade."

"Your nuggets is more important, though. Don't you want everything settled before that down train? Here—write at this table. I come in here when I don't want nobody to find me. Here's pen an' ink an' paper."

"I'll use a pencil if you don't mind."

"No, statements allus got to be writ in ink. An' make as nice a copy as you can."

He left her, closing the door softly behind him. Outside, he drew a key from his pocket, noiselessly fitted it into the lock and turned it. Then he reëntered the courtroom on a run, lifted one edge of the flag, disclosing a telephone, rang the bell twice, listened, rang it again, asked for his number in a low voice, and when the reply came began to speak with decision: "Homer, this is Gid. Run up for a minute. Yas, it's important. I must see you. Can't tell you over the 'phone. But don't you wait—come. All right." Then he hung up, rang for a second number—the constable's—gave some quick directions and, having drawn the flag into place over the telephone, sat down.

He waited, bowed over in his chair, with his elbows upon the arms of it, and his head supported by his hands. But when the rickety sidewalk gave warning of an oncomer he straightened, and smiled in welcome as Homer entered the door. "Wal, here you are," he said by way of salutation.

Homer flung himself into a chair before the Judge's desk, fanning himself with his hat. His thin face was tense, like the face of a man under a strain.

"Boy, this is what I want to say: Don't josh Mrs. Luce."

Homer crimsoned. His hat fell to his knee. "Mrs. Luce is crazy!" he burst forth.

"She's been tellin' me how you hung on to her nuggets. Give 'em back to her, boy. She's got a bad tongue."

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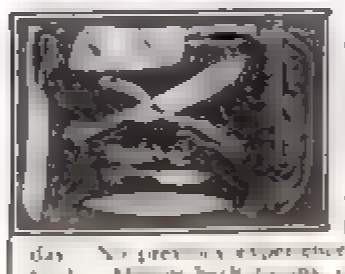

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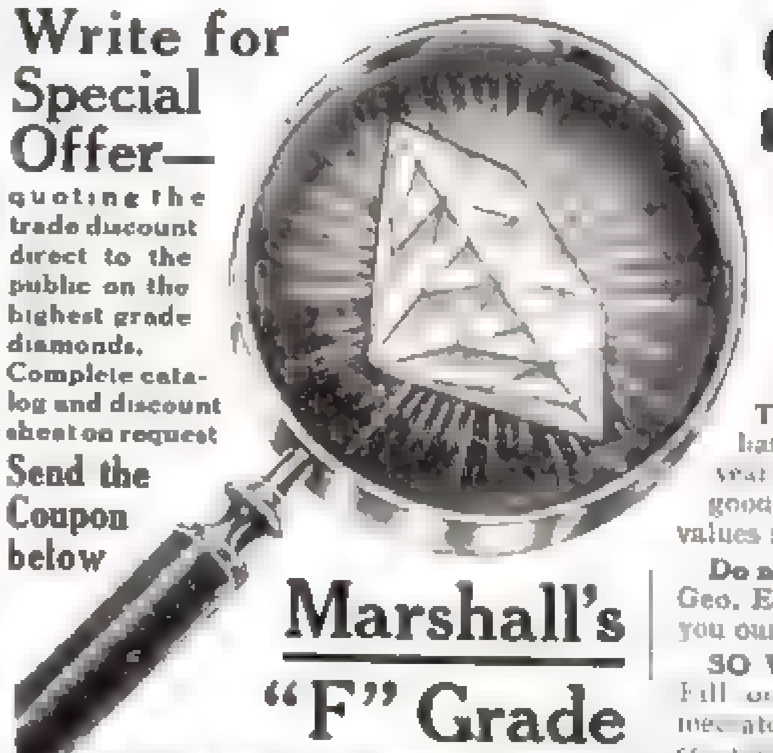

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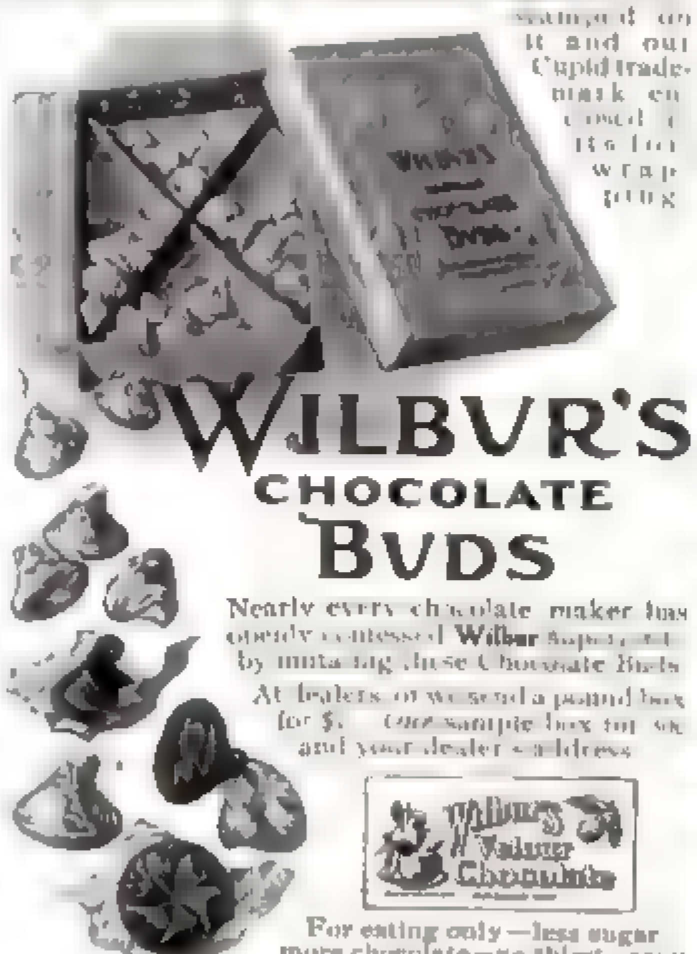

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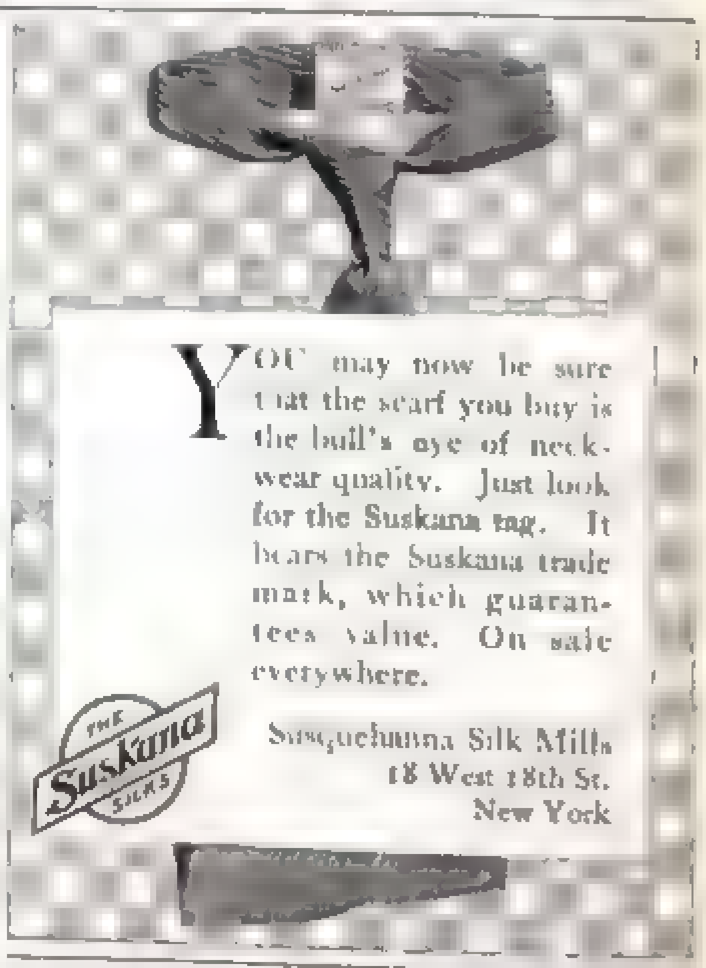

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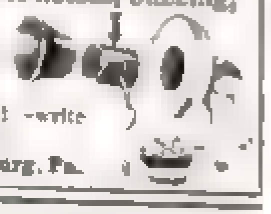

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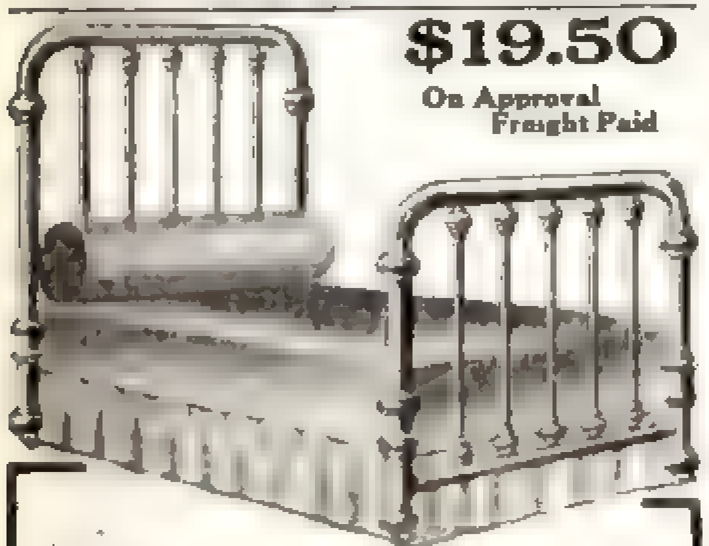

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"Her nuggets! What does she mean? She needs her brain examined."

"You ain't got 'em, Homer?"

"Of course I haven't got 'em. I don't believe she ever had any. Did you ever see 'em?"

"No."

"What on earth could I do with a string of nuggets?" His chest heaved angrily.

"Good collateral," said the Judge, "case a man needed money."

"I don't need money." He said it sullenly, and shifted in his chair.

"Come to me when you do, boy."

There was a long silence. The elder man sat, his grave look fixed on the younger, who crossed and uncrossed his feet and wiped at his forehead and neck with a folded silk handkerchief.

"How's your work comin'?" inquired the Judge presently. He took up a pen and began to write.

"Oh, pretty good."

"I reckon Mister Fruit-Buyer is satisfied, hey? He couldn't find a better man than you for the place, anyhow."

"Oh, he's satisfied, I guess. But I don't think I—I care to hang on to the job."

"No?" The Judge thrust a sheet of paper into a pocket. "How long's Carpenter stayin' over this time?"

"Till the down train."

"That so? Wal!" He paused a moment, examining the end of his pen. "Say, you don't wear your Business College medal no more."

"I carry it in my pocket."

"I see. Got it now? I like to take a peep at it ev'ry once in a while."

The younger man reached into a vest pocket and drew forth a small silver piece, shield-shaped and engraved. He handed it across the desk.

"It's mighty pretty," said the Judge, holding it up. He rose, still looking at it. "Must 'a' cost somethin', too. Excuse me a minute." He went to the front door, looked out, opened it, disappeared for a moment and then entered again.

His hands were deep in his trousers' pockets now, and as he talked he walked to and fro. "Homer," he said, "you're right about not hangin' on to that fruit job. I think you oughta begin to plan on goin' into business for your own self. You'll want t' settle down soon an' have a little home. I'd like to help you out on it, 'cause I've got your good at heart, boy. You could build right on that lot of your maw's. It's a big lot. An' then about a good, payin' business for you—I've got two or three ideas I'd like to propose. (Y' see, I'm in a gassy mood t'day.) Now, the first idea is like this ——"

Five minutes passed; then five more, and still the Judge talked on. Homer listened without raising his eyes.

At last the rattle of a board in the rickety sidewalk made the Judge pause. Once more he went to the door and stepped outside.

When he came back into the courtroom he walked unsteadily, like one suddenly seized with a sickness. He sat down, not at his desk, but in the chair next to the younger man; then he reached out a trembling hand. "Homer," he said huskily, "forgive me for comin' back to that nugget business. It's made me feel turrible, somehow. Boy, you know I'm your friend, don't you? Now, let's have the hull truth about Mrs. Luce. Homer"—he lifted a hand and pointed to the flag—"look at that an' tell me: Have you got them nuggets?" His voice broke with its pleading.

Homer jerked away his hand and sprang to his feet. "Do you want me to lie and say I stole her nuggets?" he demanded. "All right, I'll lie! I'll ——"

The Judge also rose. And now his voice was calm and cold. "I don't like lies," he said. "And I think this matter has been drug out far enough." He reached into an outer coat pocket for the medal and handed it to the other. Then he reached into the pocket a second time and drew forth—a string of nuggets.

Homer's face whitened to ghastliness, his jaw fell. He retreated, knocking over his chair and backing into the Judge's desk. There he hung, panting.

"Oh, boy!" said the Judge.

The other strove to speak; but his voice would not come, and the hands that clutched at the desk were shaking.

"I sent your medal to Carpenter," explained the Judge. "An' he sent the string."

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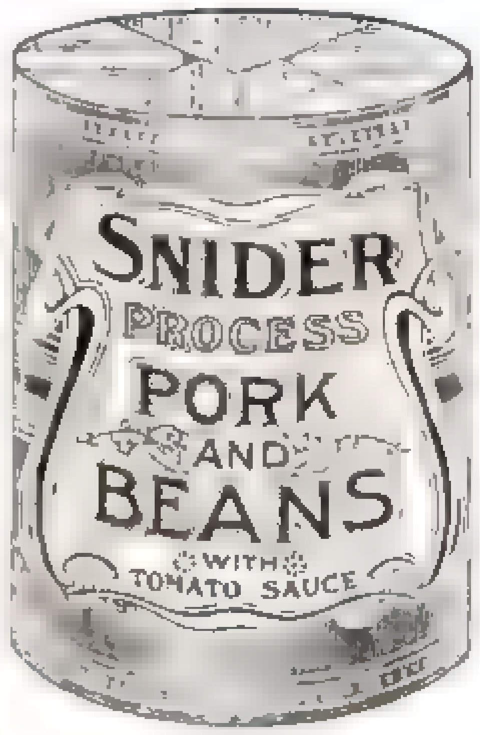

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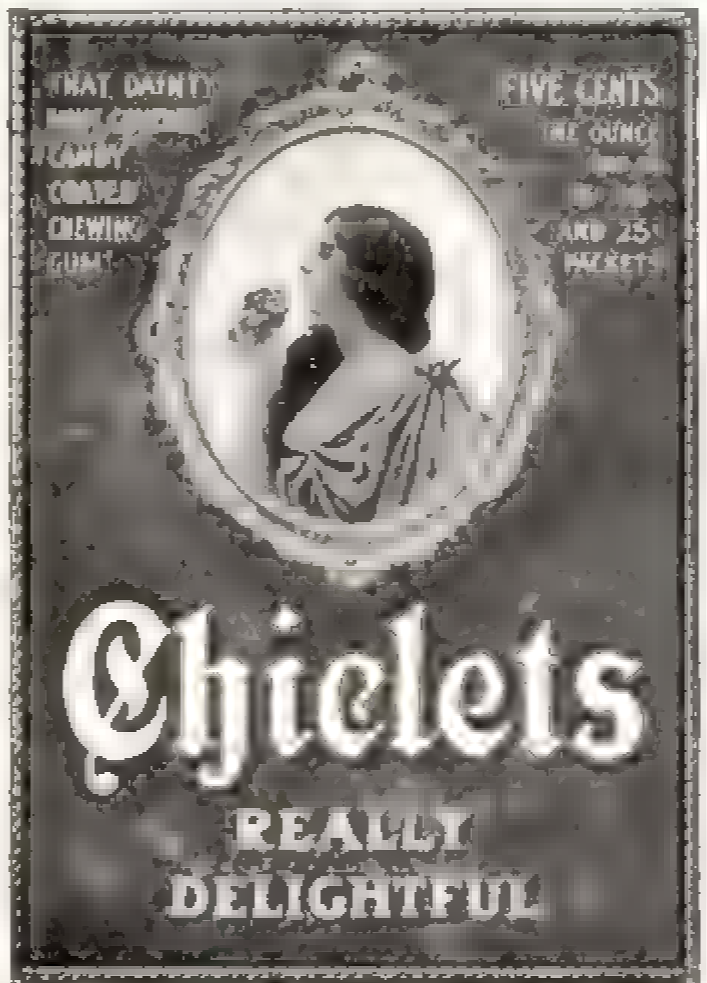

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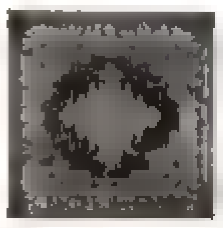

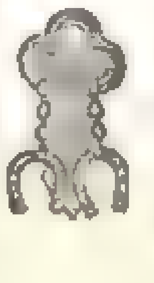

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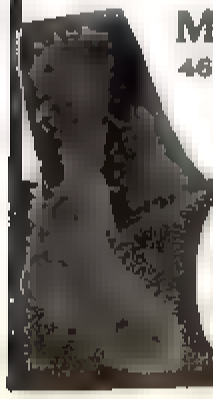

"Then he'll grab me. It's embezzlement. I can't pay him back. I'll go to jail!"

"Sh! I sent a check, too."

"For how much? Oh, Gid!" The trembling hands were lifted to cover his face.

"I didn't know how much, so I just left the check blank an' sent word you'd forgot the exact amount you owed. I reckon my bank'll stand for a' overdraft."

Now the white face was slowly uncovered again and the staring eyes were fixed upon the Judge. "Carpenter came—I didn't expect him—I told him I was short. I asked him to take the nuggets to the Mint—it was the only thing ——"

"Never once thought of ole Gid?" The Judge wiped at his eyes with the back of a hand.

"Oh, you're too good to me!" Now Homer broke down and fell to sobbing.

"Don't do that." The elder laid a kind hand on the shoulder of the younger. "No; it's a-goin' to be all right, boy. Only I won't spoil you no more, you bet your life. I'll come down turrible hard on you if ever you do this kind of business again. You just quit your gamblin', Homer. If you don't I'll never let you marry Alicia."

"She wouldn't marry me, Gid."

A knocking sounded from without, at the rear.

"What's that?" Homer caught the Judge's sleeve in a frightened grasp.

"It's Mrs. Luce. I kept her in there, writin', till I could git them nuggets back. Now, you skip. Go home. Here's your hat. Stay there till I come. Now, don't forgit." He hurried the other to the front door, opened it and shoved him on to the sidewalk. Then, with long strides, he gained the rear yard.

"By Jingo!" he called out. "Is that door stickin', Mrs. Luce? You're a shore enough prisoner! Wal, that's a good one! Never mind. Come along. Where's that statement?"

Mrs. Luce handed him several sheets of foolscap. "I don't think I've left anything out," she said. "Can you read my awful writing?"

When they were in the courtroom, in their former places, the Judge laid the written sheets upon his desk, leaned back, looked at her a moment silently, and then began to smile across at her.

"Say!" he said. "You shore can't take a josh."

"What d' you mean?"

"What I said to you when you first come in. How many people did you say you'd tole?"

"The constable and you."

"That's good. 'Cause if you'd tole anybody else I'd have to ask you to go an' untell 'em."

Sudden hope came into her eyes. "Judge! You ain't ——"

"Yas," said the Judge. He dropped a big hand into his coat pocket once more. It came out, the nuggets dangling from it.

In an instant she was beside him and had seized the string. "Glory!" she exclaimed.

"Now, I'm goin' to ask a favor of you," said the Judge. "It's this: Just forgit about the nuggets an' Homer. Will you? The hull thing makes you look silly an' wouldn't help the boy."

"All right," she promised. "My, but I'm happy!" She ran the nuggets through her fingers, fondling and counting them.

The Judge watched her for a moment. Then his face suddenly brightened; he smiled in his slow way. "I wouldn't wonder if Homer thought you tattled to Alicia about him playin' cards with Jim at the Occidental."

"Yes, I did," she admitted a little shamefacedly.

"Wal, he's got even with you."

She moved away. "I'm glad he was only joking," she said. Then from the door: "I wonder when he and Alicia'll marry. My, but they'll make a fine-looking couple, her so dark and him so light! Of course, I don't exactly favor these marriages where the groom and bride have been acquainted with each other for so long. They get to know each other too good. Give a woman something to find out, I say, so that she can live with her husband two or three years, anyhow. Now, I met Jim one week and was married the next, and it was four years before we was what you might call fighting."

"Oh, wait," said the Judge. "There's one thing more. In a case like this, where

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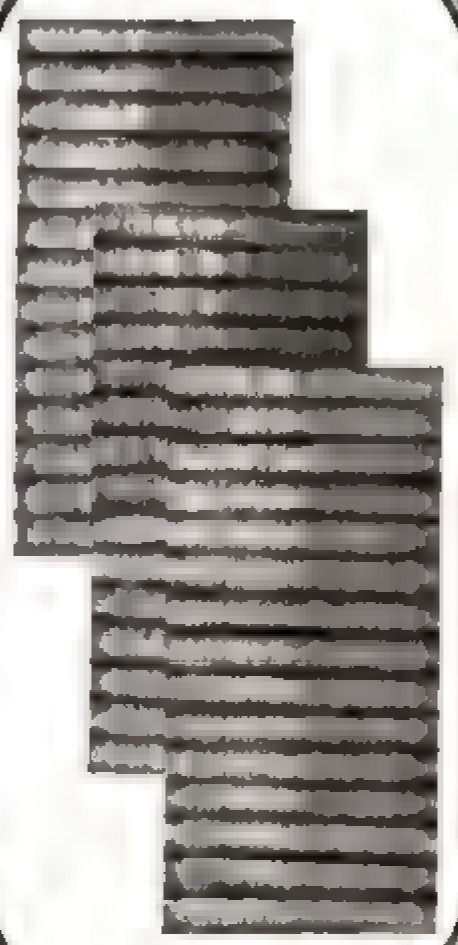

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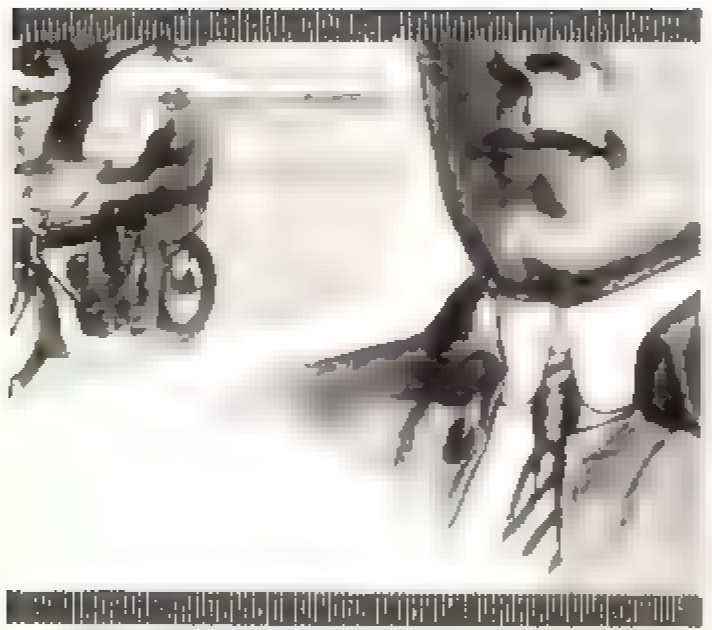

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a statement has been writ out, it's the rule, in law, for the statoress ——"

"The statoress?"

"You're the statoress in this case Y'see, you writ the statement. It's the rule for her to make a second statement, appended to the end of the first, sayin' that the first ain't so."

"All right, Judge."

"I'll just write the second statement, an' you can sign it." He scribbled a few lines hastily.

"Wish you'd wrote the first statement," she said enviously, when she had come back and was standing at the desk once more. "Can't you go fast!"

"That's because mine's a fountain-pen," he explained. "Here, sign right on this line."

"An' say!" he added as she started away a second time, "lemme repeat what I advised once before—don't never give security, especially collateral security, without you git a receipt, Mrs. Luce. The next feller, mebbe, won't be jokin'."

"I won't, Judge," she promised.

When she was across the railroad track on her homeward way he went back to his armchair, sat down, laid his arms upon his desk and his head upon his arms.

Noon came and passed unnoticed. The down train snorted by, and he did not look up. Then the long afternoon went slowly. He stayed where he was, scarcely moving. Afternoon merged into twilight. Darkness crept into the courtroom.

The banging of the unfixed section of the rickety sidewalk roused the Judge at last. And as the loose boards nearer at hand flapped and creaked under a light tread he sat up and got stiffly to his feet.

The knob of the front door turned and a slender figure in white appeared in the doorway. Then, "Gid!" called an anxious voice—a girl's voice. "Gid! Are you there?"

"Yas," answered the Judge. "I'm here. Is it Alicia?"

"Gid!" she cried tremulously; "poor, poor Gid!"

He walked toward her slowly. "What you 'pore Giddin' me for?" he asked.

"Mrs. Luce told me—about what Homer's done."

The Judge came short. "She did? Can't that woman keep nothin' to herself? W'y"—pleadingly and reaching out a hand—"let me explain before you—w'y, that boy, Alicia, he only ——"

"Oh, it wasn't a joke!" she interrupted. "Mrs. Luce thinks it was. But I know. Oh, you dear old Gid, you're trying to shield him. And he doesn't deserve it."

"Now, Alicia, he didn't ——"

"He did—and right at a time when it could hurt your chance to be district attorney."

"District attorney?" repeated the Judge and laughed—a little sadly, but bravely. "Aw, wal! I can wait t' be district attorney."

"You see! It's so! It's so! He's taken your money to get himself out of his trouble! The coward!"

"Alicia! You're turnin' on the boy! Please don't let a little thing like this come between you an' Homer."

"Between me and Homer!" she exclaimed in surprise. "What makes you say that, Gid?"

"W'y, you come here that day an' tole me about him gamblin', an' cried."

She laid a white hand on his sleeve. "I knew this whole thing was coming, Gid, and you'd be the one to suffer."

"Me?" he questioned.

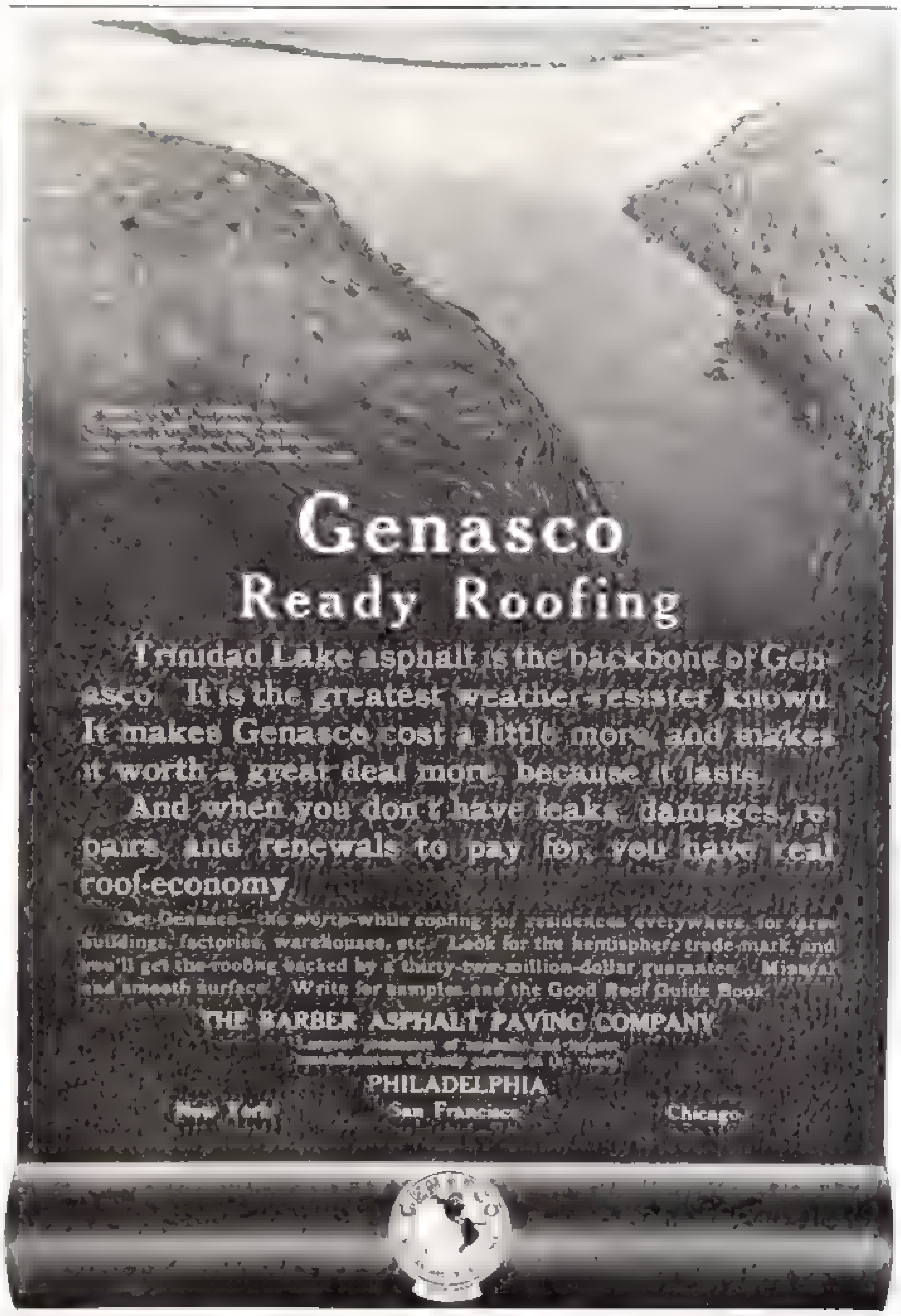
"Homer Scott! I never did like him, and I've hated to see you wasting yourself on him. What does he care about you, or your ambitions, or your dreams?"

He was silent for a moment—so silent that he seemed to be holding his breath. Then he spoke gently: "There's only one dream I got that counts. An'—an' I don't dare t' hope it might come true."

Her face was lifted to his almost appealingly; his eyes eagerly searched hers in the dimness. Presently he reached down and took the hand that was hanging at her side and lifted it, pressing it against his breast.

She smiled up at him. And, little by little, her other hand began to creep its way to his shoulder. There it rested, and she whispered to him softly: "Gid! Dear Gid!"

A smothered cry of great happiness answered her. The next moment he dropped her hand and his arms went out, sweeping her slender figure to him.



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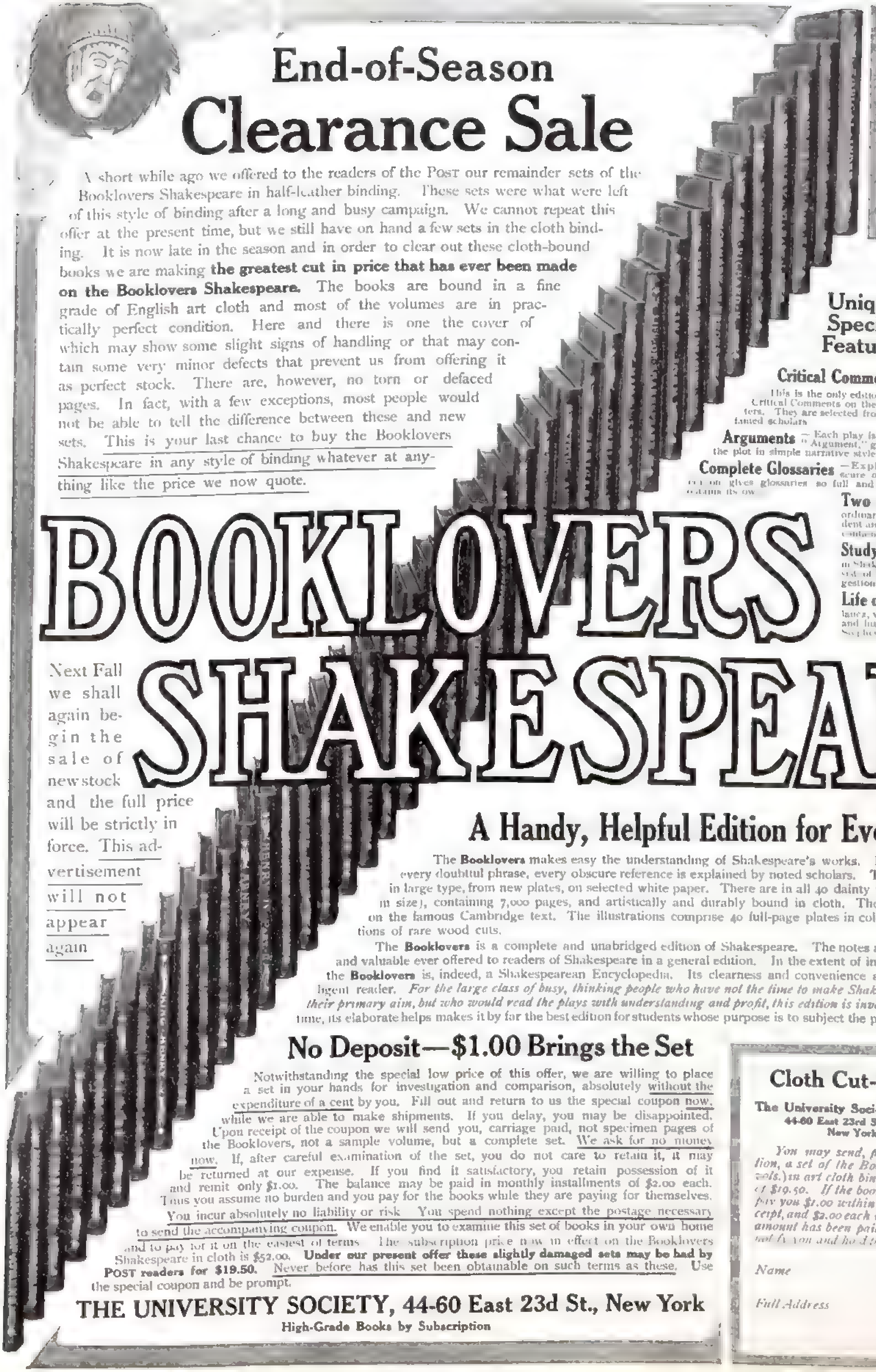

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A CHANGE OF HEART

By Blanche Goodman

DE LONGER I lives de mo' I b'lieves dat men an' women's mighty nigh alike when dey's all shuck up together an' you comes to take account of de diffunce between 'em."

As she spoke Viney drew from the tub before her a piece of snowy linen and wrung it vigorously. The visitor who had "drapped in for a spell" nodded in acquiescence.

"Ef a woman's fool enough to git down on de groun' an' let a man tromp on her neck, he ain't a-gwine to lose no time a-doin' it," resumed Viney. "An' on de other han', ef a man fin's out dat a woman ain't a-gwine to stand no browbeatin', but jes' turns roun' an' lights in on him good an' strong when he starts his nonsense, w'y, he'll come to his senses fo' long, an' have all kinds er 'spect fo' her.

"Me an' Isom got along as peace'ble as a pair o' doves fo' de firs' few yeahs. He didn't 'low me to work hard; so I only took in two washin's a week, an' he give me spendin' money off an' on. Co'se I had to pay fo' de groceries wid it, but he give it to me fo' spendin' money, anyhow.

"We went along dat a way till 'bout de time Susannah was past fo' yeahs, an' Henry Clay three, an' de twins, Sodom an' Gomorrah, was jes' beginnin' to crawl.

"Den Isom commenced to drap off in his work, an' took to drinkin' an' beatin' me mos' every night, stid er jes' Sat'days. I tried hard to put up wid him, but looked like de harder I tried de wusser he 'have hisself. Mo'n once I started to take de chillen an' pick up an' leave him; but when hit came to de p'int I jes' couldn't.

"Things kep' goin' f'um bad to worse, but I helt my mouf shet 'bout my troubles an' kep' my haid up as high as ever, tho' de Lawd knows hit was propped by a achin' neck.

"One day I was at Mis' Fanny's washin' windows, an' feelin' so miser'ble I wouldn't 'a' cared ef I'd drapped in my tracks dat minit, when Mis' Fanny says to me: 'Viney, how is you an' Isom gettin' 'long?'

"I knows now dat mealy-moufed Ros'bel, her housemaid, had been tellin' her things; but when she spoke I didn't stop to think of nothin'. I jes' busted right out cryin' an' kep' hit up till mighty nigh dark, Mis' Fanny gittin' at de trouble by bits, meantime, 'cause I hated to air my mis'ry. But she an' me was raised together on her pappy's plantation, an' I was almos' like her own blood an' kin to her.

"'Co'se,' she says, 'I could sen' fo' Isom an' have de Cunnel tell him what's what, but I don' believe in any mixtry 'tween outsiders an' husban' an' wife, twel ev'ything else has been tried fus'.' She studied fo' a while. 'Has you prayed to de Lawd to soften Isom's heart to'ds you, Viney?' she said.

"'Shucks!' says I. 'Prayed? Why, I's prayed twel my tongue feels loose at bofe en's. Looks like de Lawd Hisself done give Isom up.'

"'My goodness, Viney,' says Mis' Fanny, lookin' awful s'prised at me. An' den she tol' me dat my troubles mustn't make me blas' furnace—er som'p'n like dat. 'What I wants you to do,' she says, 'is to go home dis very night an' pray yo' hardest, an' de Lawd'll send you a sign. Only, you's got to remove all doubt from yo' heart while you prays.'

"Hit was pas' suppertime when I got home, an' de house was all dark an' de chillen crying. Not a sign of Isom. But I was 'spectin' dat. I fixed de chillen a snack an' put 'em to bed. When dey was all quiet an' soun' asleep I went an' tuck out de Bible what Mis' Fanny give me long ago, an' went down on my knees an' prayed."

"I prayed loud an' I prayed low; I prayed hard an' I prayed sof'; I prayed long an' I prayed strong. Ef dey was evah a mo' pow'ful reques' sent up to de Jedgment Seat I'd like to shake hands wif de pusson what sent hit. An' all thoo de prayer I kept repeatin: 'Lawd, sen' me a sign! -Lawd, sen' me a sign!'"

"I was a-sayin' it as hard as I could when down draps somethin' on de flo' besides me an' like to scairt me stiff, 'cause I wasn't lookin' fo' nothin' to happen. I grabbed de candle an' helt hit so as I could see, an' what you reckon hit was? A ol' buggy whip what Cunnel Slocum had give to Buddy—dat's Henry Clay—an' I had laid hit on top of de wardrobe 'cause he had mighty nigh pestered de life out of Sodom an' Gomorrah wid it.

"I couldn't un'erstan' how come dat whip to fall, an' I stood dere wid it in my han', lookin' at it sorter stupid-like, when, all of a sudden, 'Glory hallelujah!' I shouted, 'Glory hallelujah! De Lawd done sent me a sign! Praise His name!'

"I was goin' on dat a way when I hears Isom fumblin' at de do'. I kept on a-shoutin', meanwhile holdin' on to de whip wid one han' an' takin' a piece of clo'es-line off'n a cheer wid de other. Wid dat Isom fell into de room.

"I didn't wait fo' him to exchange de time of day wid me. I reached out, tuck dat nigger by de scruff er his neck, sot him in de cheer, an' wrop dat clo'esline roun' him so quick dat he didn't have time to make no 'bjections—dat is, not to 'mount to nothin'. Den', when he seen what I done, he commence to git madder'n a hornet. An' I felt de Sperrit risin' in me.

"'You let loose er me,' says Isom.

"'Isom Harris,' says I, 'de Lawd has showed me a way dis night to bring you back to de fol'. You has been a stray sheep fo' a long time, but, wid me'n Him workin' together, we's a-gwine to bring you back. Glory hallelujah!'

"'Quit yo' fool talk, woman,' says Isom loud-like, 'an' let loose er me, er else I'll make you smaht fo' dis.'

"De Sperrit kep' a-risin' in me. 'He's done sent me a sign,' says I. 'Glory, glory hallelujah!' An' wid dat, kerblam! I come down on his shoulders jes' as hard as I could cut. He seen hit a-comin' an' tried to dodge, but hit didn't do him no good. Down I come faster 'n' faster, an' him beggin' me to stop.

"'Glory be!' says I every time de whip come down. 'Hallelujah! I has prayed fo' a sign, an' my prayer was answered.'

"'Viney, baby,' says Isom, a-whimperin', 'don't you love your husban'?'

"'De Bible say,' says I, 'ef you nourishes a serpent's toof in yo' bosom hit'll turn to a adder. Isom Harris, you has been a serpent's toof, but dis heah very night you shall be washed white by de help of de Lawd.' Wid dat I begin layin' it ovah his shoulders agin.

"'De Bible say,' says Isom, a-hollerin' between licks, '"Wives, obey yo' husban's."'

"'I ain't never saw any sich in de Bible,' says I, while de Sperrit jes' swelled an' swelled in me, 'but I'll b'lieve hit's dar ef you'll show me whar hit says a woman's 'bleeged fo' to let her husban' dance on her haid (kerblam!) an' was'e his money on craps an' drinkin' (kerblam!) an' all sorts er meanness (kerblam!). Isom Harris, de Lawd still loves you, an' dat's why He's a-chastisin' you an' has done chose me as de instrument. I asked Him to gimme a sign, an' behol! I was give de sign. Glory hallelujah!' Wid dat I fetch him one mo' lick.

"By dat time Isom had got mighty nigh sober. He looked at me skeered-like.

"'What you a-gwine to do now?' he says, weak-like an' small.

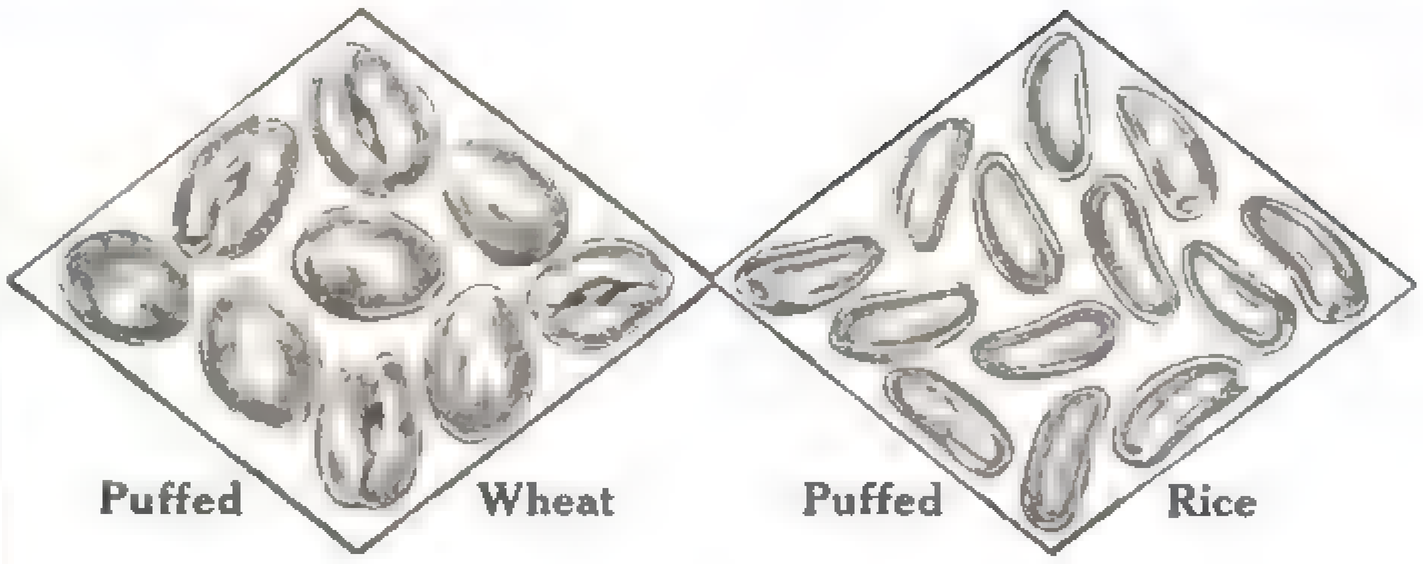
"'I's a-gwine fur to loose you so's you can give praise fo' what has come to pass.'

"Isom groaned when he riz up out er de cheer after I unwrop de rope, but he was beginnin' to see de light an' he 'sponded feebly, 'Amen!' to all what I said."

"I went on up to Mis' Fanny's de next mawnin' to tell her 'bout de mir'cle what was worked. She an' de Cunnel was at breakfus', but she had me come right in jes' de same. When I finished tellin' her she jumped up an' come ovah an' pat me on de back an' says: 'Ain't I done tol' you, Viney, dat de Lawd don' never let a earnes' prayer go unanswered?'"

"What de Cunnel say?" inquired the visitor.

Viney snorted contemptuously. "De Cunnel? Well, he's de mos' curouses'-actin' pusson, sometimes, evah you saw. All de time I was tellin' Mis' Fanny 'bout de mir'cle he was down behin' his newspapah, an' when Mis' Fanny tell me what she did he made de stranges' splutterin' soun' an' lit out er de room like he was tryin' to ketch de lightnin' express!"



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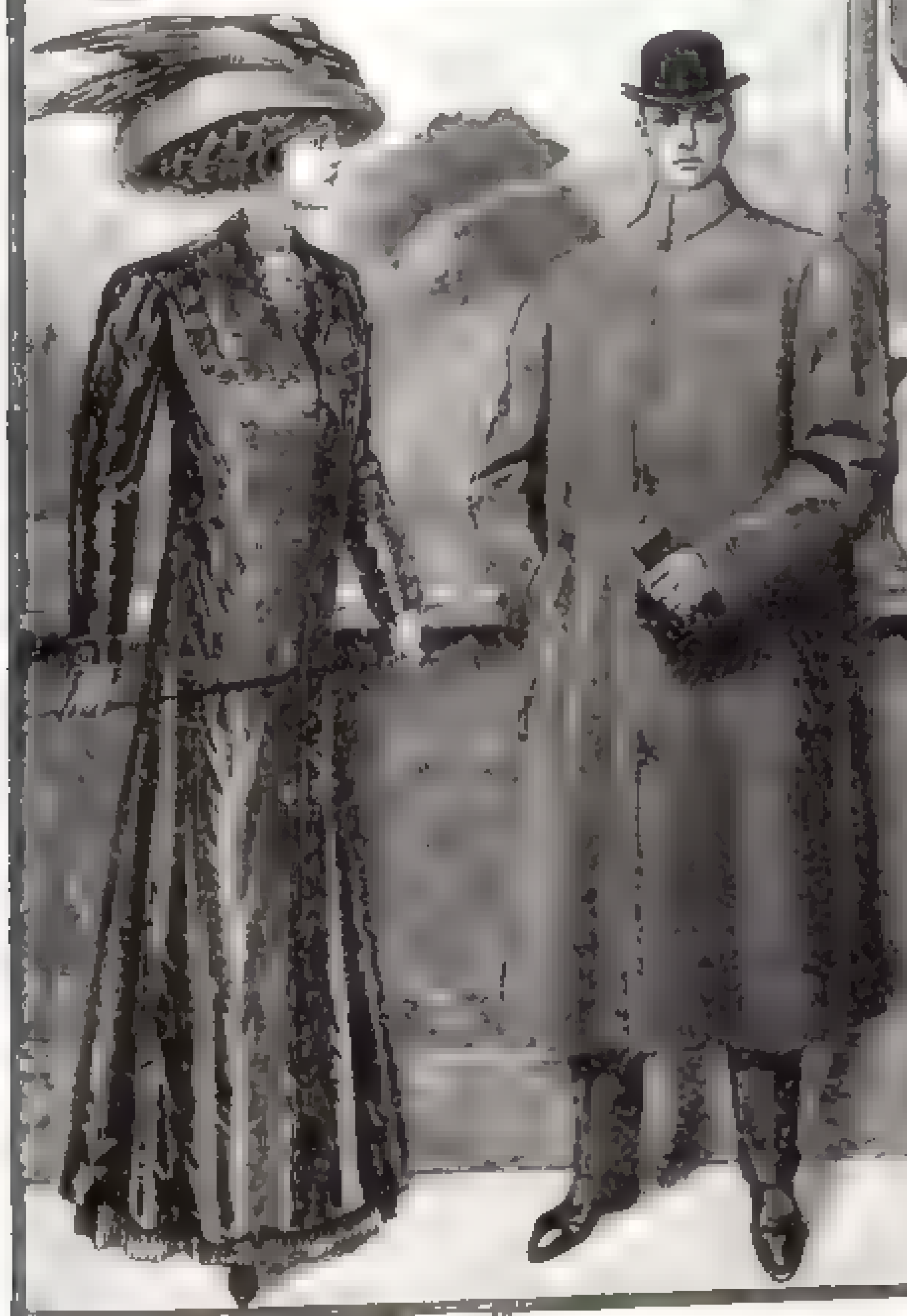

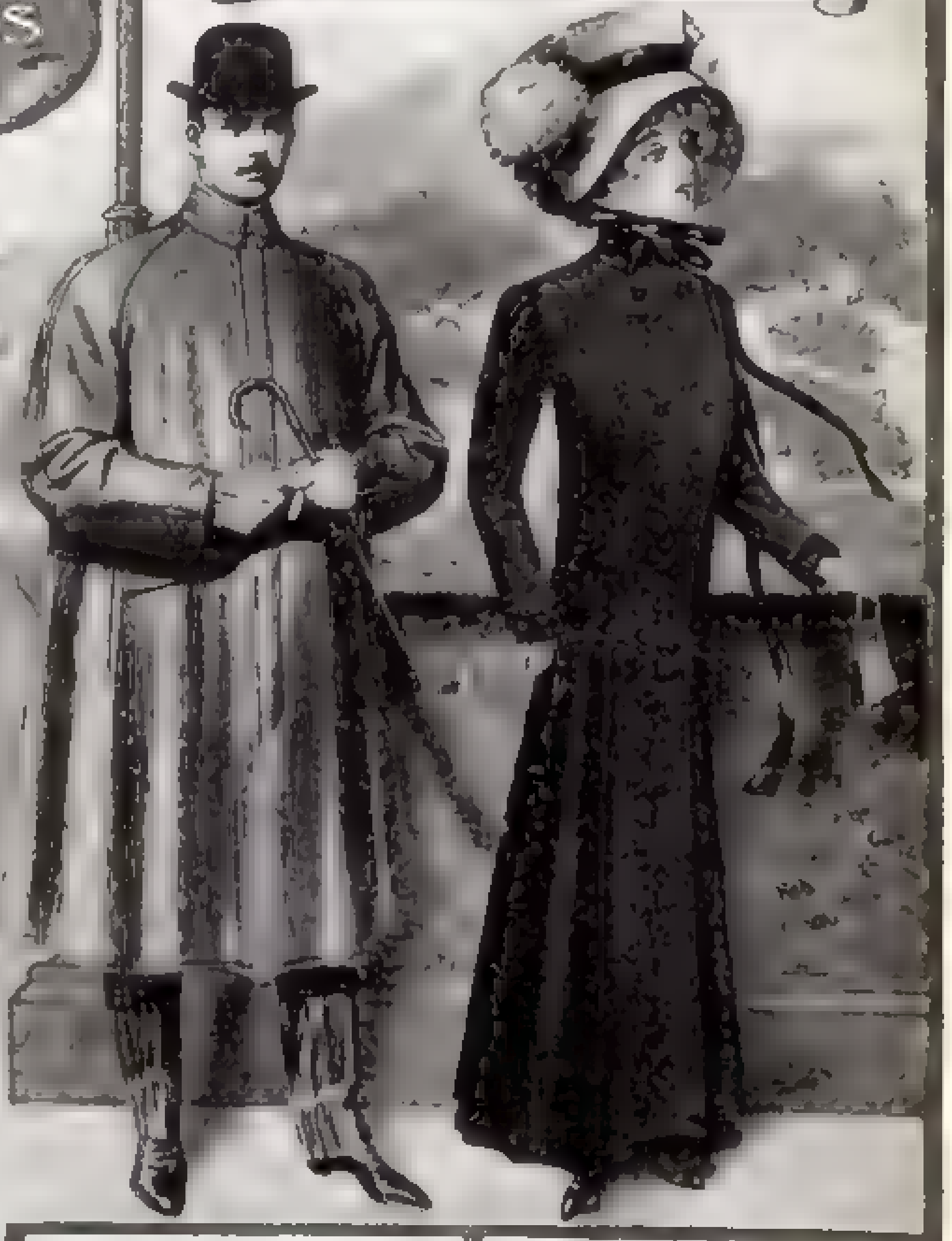

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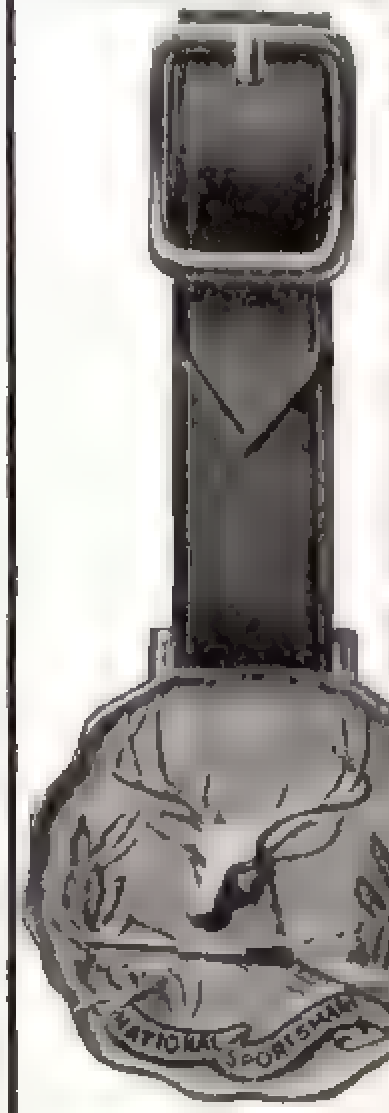

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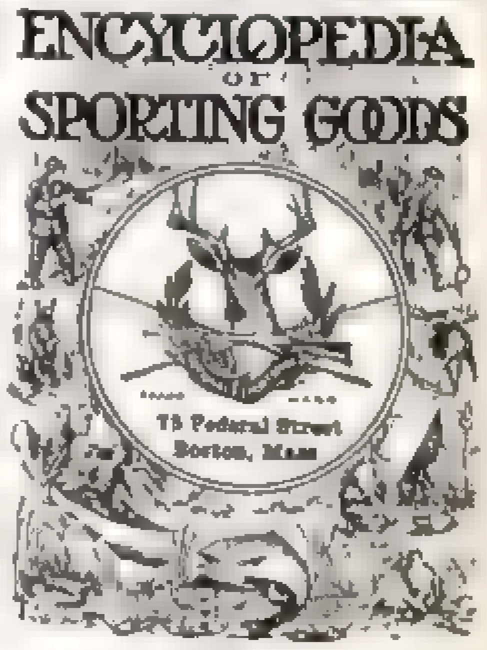

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THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 21)

"We have talked that over ——"

"Yes, and it is settled!"

"No, Duane ——"

"I tell you it is!"

"No. Hush! Somebody might overhear us. Quick, dear, here come Bunny and Reggie Wye and Peter Tappan, all mad as hatters. I've behaved abominably to them. Will you find me after the third dance? Very well; tell me you love me, then whisper it, quick! . . . Ah-h! *Moi aussi, Monsieur.* And remember: after the third dance!"

She turned slowly from him to confront an aggrieved group of masked young men who came up very much hurt, clamoring for justice, explaining volubly that it was up to her to keep her engagements and dance with somebody besides Duane Mallett.

"*Je ne demanderais pas mieux,*" she said gayly. "Why didn't somebody ask me before?"

"You promised us each a dance," retorted Tappan sulkily, "but you never made good. I'll take mine now, if you don't mind ——"

"I'm down first!" insisted the Pink 'un.

They squabbled over her furiously; Bunbury Gray got her; she swung away into a waltz on his arm, glancing backward at Duane, who watched her until she disappeared in the whirl of dancers. Then he strolled to the edge of the lantern-lit glade, stood for a moment looking absently at the shadowy woods beyond, and presently sauntered into the luminous dusk, which became darker and more spacious as he left the glare of the glade behind.

A dainty masked figure in demon red flitted across his path. He hailed her and she turned, hesitated, then, as though convinced of his identity, laughed and hastened on with a nod of invitation.

"Where are you going, pretty mask?" he inquired, mending his pace and trying to recognize the costume in the uncertain light.

But she merely laughed and continued to retreat before him, he hard on her heels, pressing her closer, closer, until the pace became too hot for her, and she turned to face him, panting and covering her masked face with her fan.

"Now, my fair unknown, we shall pay a few penalties," he said with satisfaction; but she defended herself so adroitly that he could not reach her mask.

"Be fair to me," she gasped at last; "why are you so rough with me when when you need not be? I knew you at once, Jack."

And she dropped her arms, standing resistless, breathing fast, her masked face frankly upturned to be kissed.

He ought to have let her go then; he hesitated, wondering which Jack she supposed him to be; and before he realized it her arms were on his shoulders, her mouth nearer to his.

"Jack, you frighten me! What is it?"

"N-nothing," he continued to stammer.

"Yes, there is. Does your—your wife suspect—anything ——"

"No, she doesn't," said Duane grimly, trying to free himself without seeming to. "I've got an appointment ——"

But the girl said piteously: "It isn't — Geraldine, is it?"

"*What*?"

"You — you admitted that she attracted you—for a little while. . . . Oh, I *did* forgive you, Jack; truly I did, with all my miserable heart! I was so fearfully unhappy—I would have done anything. . . . . . . But you do love me, don't you?" And the next moment her lips were on his with a sob.

Duane reached back and quietly unclasped her fingers. Then very gently he forced her to a seat on a great fallen log. Still looking up at him, droopingly pathetic in contrast to her gay début with him, she naïvely slipped up the mask over her forehead and passed her hand across her pretty blue eyes. Sylvia Quest!

The sinister significance of her attitude flashed over him; all doubt vanished; all the comedy of their encounter was gone in an instant. Over him swept a startled sequence of emotions—bitter contempt for Dysart, scorn of the wretchedly-equivocal situation and of the society that bred it, a miserable desire to spare her vexation at himself for what he had unwittingly stumbled upon. The last thought persisted, dominated, was succeeded by a disgusted determination that she must be spared the shame and terror of what she had inadvertently revealed, that she must never know she had not been speaking to Dysart himself.

"If I tell you that all is well—and if I tell you no more than that," he whispered, "will you trust me?"

"Have I not done so, Jack?"

The tragedy in her lifted eyes turned him cold with fury.

"Then wait here until I return," he said. "Promise."

"I promise," she sighed, "but I don't understand. I'm a — a little bit frightened, dear. But I — believe you."

He swung on his heel and made toward the lights once more, and a moment later the man he sought passed within a few feet of him, and Duane knew him by his costume, which was a blue replica of his own gray silks.

"Dysart!" he said sharply.

The masked figure swung gracefully around and stood still, searching the shadowy woodlawn inquiringly.

"I want a word with you. Here—not in the light, if you please. You recognize my voice, don't you?"

"Is that you, Mallett?" asked Dysart coldly, as the former appeared in the light for an instant and turned with a curt gesture.

"Yes. I want you to step over here among the trees, where nobody can interrupt us."

Dysart followed more slowly; came to a careless halt:

"Well, what the devil do you want?" he demanded insolently.

"I'll tell you. I've had an encounter with a mask who mistook me for you. . . . And she has said—several things—under that impression. She still believes that I am you. I asked her to wait for me over there by those oaks. Do you see where I mean?" He pointed and Dysart nodded coolly. "Well, then, I want you to go back there—find her, and act as though it had been you who heard what she said, not I."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly that. The girl ought never to know that what she said was heard and—and *understood*, Dysart, by any man in the world except the dirty blackguard I'm telling this to. Now do you understand?"

He stepped nearer:

"The girl is Sylvia Quest. *Now* do you understand?—damn you!"

A stray glimmer from the distant lanterns fell across Dysart's masked visage. The skin around the mouth was loose and ashy; the dry lips worked.

"That was a dirty trick of yours," he stammered. "It was a scoundrelly thing to do."

"Do you suppose that I dreamed for an instant that she was convicting herself and you?" said Duane in bitter contempt. "Go and manufacture some explanation of my conduct as though it were your own. Let her have that much peace of mind, anyway."

"You young sneak!" retorted Dysart. "I suppose you think that what you have heard will warrant your hanging around my wife. Try it and see."

"Dysart," Duane said slowly, "I never thought you were any more vicious than what is called a 'dancing man.' What are you, anyhow?"

"You'll learn if you tamper with my affairs," said Dysart. He whipped off his mask and turned a corpselike visage on the younger man. Every feature of his face had altered; his good looks were gone; the youth in his quenched eyes had disappeared; only a little evil luster over them, and out of the drawn pallor Duane saw an old man peering, an old man's lips twitching back from uneven and yellow teeth.

"Mallett," he said, "you listen to me. Keep your investigating muzzle out of my affairs; forget what you've ferreted out; steer clear of me and mine. I want no scandal, but if you raise a breath of it you'll have enough concerning yourself to occupy you. Do you understand? Well, then, to be more precise, if you lift one finger to injure me you'll cut a figure in court. . . . And you can marry her later."

"Who?"

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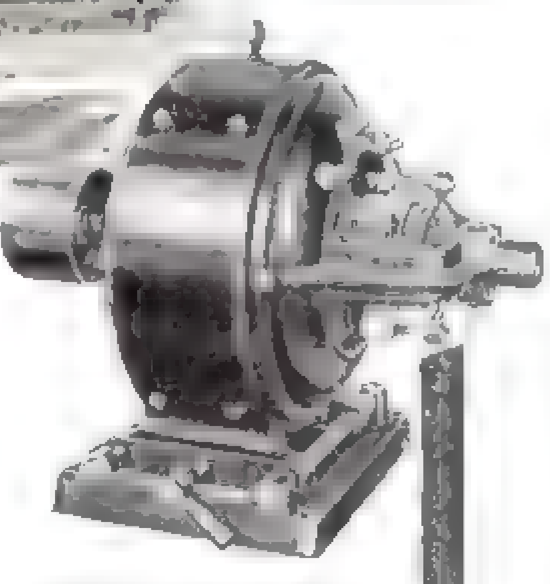

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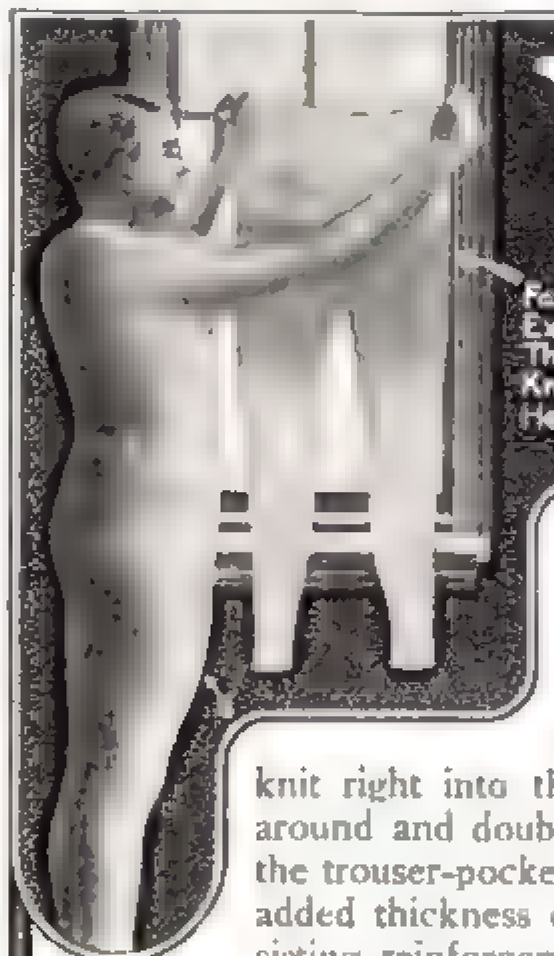
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"My wife. I don't think Miss Seagrave will stand for what I'll drag you through if you don't keep clear of me!"

Duane gazed at him curiously.

'So *that* is what you are, Dysart," he said aloud to himself.

Dysart's temples reddened.

"Yes, and then some. . . . . I understand that you have given yourself the privilege of discussing my financial affairs in public. Have you?"

Duane said in a dull voice: "The Algonquin Trust was mentioned, I believe. I did say that you are a director."

"You said I was hard hit and that the Clearing House meant to weed out a certain element that I represented in New York."

"I did not happen to say that," said Duane wearily, "but another man did."

"Oh! *You* didn't say it?"

"No. I don't lie, Dysart."

"Then add to that negative virtue by keeping your mouth shut," said Dysart between his teeth, "or you'll have other sorts of suits on your hands. Remember this: I have warned you now to keep clear of me and mine."

"Just what *is* yours?" inquired Duane patiently.

"You'll find out if you touch it."

"Oh! Is—is Miss Quest included by any hazard? Because if the right chance falls my way I shall certainly interfere."

"If you do I shall begin suit for alienation within twenty-four hours."

"Oh, no, you won't. You're horribly afraid, Dysart. This grimacing of yours is fear. All you want is to be let alone, to burrow through the society that breeds your sort. Like a maggot in a chestnut you feed on what breeds you. I don't care. Feed! What bred you is as rotten as you are. I'm done with it—done with all this," turning his head toward the flare of light. "Go on and burrow. What nourishes you can look out for itself. . . . . Only"—he wheeled around and looked into the darkness where, unseen, Sylvia Quest awaited him—"only, in this set, the young have less chance than the waifs of the East Side."

He walked up to Dysart and struck him across the face with open palm.

Dysart was down on the leaves struggling up to his knees, then to his feet, the thin blood running across his chin. The next instant he sprang at Duane, who caught him by both arms and forced him savagely into quivering inertia.

"Don't," he said. "You're only a thing that dances. Don't move, I tell you. . . . Wipe that blood off and go and set that silly girl's heart at rest."

He set his teeth and shook him so wickedly that Dysart's head rolled and his wig fell off.

"I know something of your sloppy record," he continued, still shaking him; "I know about your lapdog fawning around Miss Seagrave. Keep clear of *me* and *mine*, Dysart. . . . . And that will be about all."

He left Dysart planted against a tree and walked swiftly toward the lights once more, breathing heavily and in an ugly mood.

On the edge of the glade, just outside the lantern-glow, he stood somber, distrait, inspecting the torn lace on his sleeves, while all around him people were unmasking amid cries of surprise and shouts of laughter, and the orchestra was sounding a march, and multicolored Bengal fires rolled in clouds from the water's edge, turning the woods to a magic forest and the people to tinted wraiths.

Behind him he heard Rosalie's voice, caressing, tormenting by turns; and, glancing around for her victim, he beheld Grandcourt at heel in calflike adoration.

He walked off among the noisy, laughing groups, his progress greeted uproariously from table to table. He found Kathleen, Naida and Bunbury Gray and asked them to reserve a table while he went in search of Geraldine.

"Geraldine was here a little while ago," said Gray, "but she walked to the lake with Jack Dysart. My, but she's hitting it up," he added admiringly.

"Hitting it up?" repeated Duane.

"For a girl who never does, I mean. I imagine that she's a novice with champagne. Champagne and Geraldine make a very fetching combination, I can tell you."

"She took no more than I," observed Naida with a shrug; "one solitary glass. If a girl happens to be high-strung and ventures to laugh a little, some wretched man is sure to misunderstand! Bunny, you're a gadabout!"

She made her way out from the maze of tables, Bunny following, somewhat abashed. A little later Duane walked toward the shore, where dozens of lantern-hung canoes bobbed. The glare was gone; the pasteboard cylinders of Bengal fire had burned to smoldering sparks.

In the dim light he came on the people he was looking for, seated on the rocks. Dysart, at her feet, was speaking in an undertone; Geraldine, partly turned away from him, hands clasped across her knees, was staring steadily across the water.

Neither rose as he came up; Dysart merely became mute; Geraldine looked around with a start; her lips parted in a soundless, mechanical greeting, then the flush in her cheeks brightened, and as she rose Dysart got upon his feet and stood silently facing the new arrival.

"I said after the third dance, you know," she observed with an assumed lightness that did not deceive him. And, as he made no answer, he saw the faint flicker of fright in her eyes and the lower lip quiver.

He said pleasantly, controlling his voice: "Isn't this after the third dance? You are to be my partner for supper, I think."

"A long time after, and I've already sat at Belshazzar's feast, thank you. I couldn't very well starve, waiting for you, could I?" And she forced a smile.

"Nevertheless, I must claim your promise," he said.

There was a silence; she stood for a moment gazing at nothing, with the same bright, fixed smile; then turned and glanced at Dysart. The glance was his dismissal, and he knew it.

"If I must give you up," he said, cheerfully at his ease, "please pronounce sentence."

"I am afraid you really must, Mr. Dysart."

There was another interval of constraint; then Dysart spoke. His self-possession was admirable, his words perfectly chosen, his exit in faultless taste.

They looked after him until he was lost to view in the throngs beyond, then the girl slowly reseated herself, eyes again fixed on the water, hands clasped upon the knee, and Duane found a place at her elbow. So they began a duet of silence.

The little wavelets came dancing shoreward out of the darkness, breaking with a thin, splashing sound against the shale at their feet.

"Well, little girl?" he asked, at last.

"Well?" she inquired, with a calmness that did not mislead him.

"I couldn't come to you after the third dance," he said.

"Why?"

He evaded the question: "When I came back to the glade the dancing was already over; so I got Kathleen and Naida to save a table."

"Where had you been all the while?"

"If you really wish to know," he said pleasantly, "I was talking to Jack Dysart on some rather important matters. I did not realize how the time went."

She sat mute, head lowered, staring out across the dark water. Presently he laid one hand over hers, and she straightened up with a tiny shock, turned and looked him full in the face.

"I'll tell you why you failed me—failed to keep the first appointment ever asked of you. It was because you were so preoccupied with a mask in flame color."

He thought a moment.

"Did you believe you saw me with somebody in a vermilion costume?"

"Yes; I did see you. It was too late for me to retire without attracting your attention. I was not a willing eavesdropper."

"Who was the girl you thought you saw me with?"

"Sylvia Quest. She unmasked. There is no mistake."

So he was obliged to lie, after all.

"It must have been Dysart you saw. His costume is very like mine, you know ——"

"Does Jack Dysart stand for minutes holding Sylvia's hands—and is she accustomed to place her hands on his shoulders, as though expecting to be kissed? And does he kiss her?"

So he had to lie again: "No, of course not," he said, smiling. "So it could not have been Dysart."

"There are only two costumes like yours and Mr. Dysart's. Do you wish me to believe that Sylvia is common enough to put her arms around the neck of a man who is married?"

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There was no other way: "No," he said, "Sylvia isn't that sort, of course."

"It was either Mr. Dysart or you."

He said nothing.

"Then it *was* you!" in hot contempt.

Still he said nothing.

"Was it?" with a break in her voice.

"Men can't admit things of that kind," he managed to say.

The angry color surged up to her cheeks, the angry tears started, but her quivering lips were not under command and she could only stare at him through the blurr of grief, while her white hands clenched and relaxed, and her fast-beating heart seemed to be driving the very breath from her body.

"Geraldine, dear——"

"It wasn't fair!" she broke out fiercely; "there is no honor in you—no loyalty! Oh, Duane! Duane! How could you—at the very moment we were nearer together than we had ever been! It isn't jealousy that is crying out in me; it is nothing common or ignoble in me that resents what you have done! It is the treachery of it! How *could* you, Duane?"

The utter hopelessness of clearing himself left him silent. How much was to be asked of him as sacrifice to code? How far was he expected to go to shield Sylvia Quest?

"Geraldine," he said, "it was nothing but a carnival flirtation—a chance encounter that meant nothing—the idlest kind of ——"

"Is it idle to do what you did—and what she did? Oh, if I had only not seen it—if I only didn't know! I never dreamed of such a thing in you. Bunny Gray and I were taking a short cut to the Gray Water to sit out the rest of his dance—and he saw it, too—and he was furious—he must have been—because he's devoted to Sylvia." She made a hopeless gesture and dropped her hand to her side.

"What a miserable night it has been for me! It's all spoiled—it's ended. . . . And I—my courage went. . . . I've done what I never thought to do again—what I was fighting down to make myself safe enough for you to marry—*you* to marry!" she laughed, but the mirth rang shockingly false.

"You mean that you had one glass of champagne," he said.

"Yes, and another with Jack Dysart. I'll have some more presently. Does it concern you?"

"I think so, Geraldine."

"You are wrong. Neither does what you've been doing concern me—the kind of man you've been—the various phases of degradation you have accomplished ——"

"What particular species of degradation?" he asked, wearily, knowing that Dysart was now bent on his destruction. "Never mind; don't answer, Geraldine," he added, "because there's no use in trying to set myself right; there's no way of doing it. All that I can say is that I care absolutely nothing for Sylvia Quest, nor she for me; that I love you; that if I have ever been unworthy of you—as God knows I have—it is a bitterer memory to me than it could be to you."

"Shall we go back?" she said evenly.

"Yes, if you wish."

They walked back together in silence; a jolly company claimed them for their table; Geraldine laughingly accepted a glass of champagne, turning her back squarely on Duane.

Naida and Kathleen came across.

"We waited for you as long as we could," said his pretty sister, smothering a yawn. "I'm horribly sleepy. Duane, it's three o'clock. Would you mind taking me across to the house?"

He cast a swift, anxious glance at Geraldine; her vivid color, the splendor of her eyes, her feverish laughter were ominous. With her were Gray and Sylvia, rather noisy in their gayety, and the boisterous Pink'un, and Jack Dysart, lingering near, the make-up on his face in ghastly contrast to his ashen pallor and his fixed and unvaried grin.

"I'm waiting, Duane," said Naida.

So he turned away with her through the woods, where one by one the brilliant lantern flames were dying out, and where already in the east a silvery luster heralded the coming dawn.

. . . .

When he returned Geraldine was gone. At the house somebody said she had come in with Kathleen, not feeling well.

"The trouble with that girl," said a man whom he did not know, "is that she's had too much champagne."

"You lie," said Duane quietly. "Is that perfectly plain to you?"

For a full minute the young man stood rigid, crimson, glaring at Duane. Then, having the elements of decency in him, he said:

"I don't know who you are, but you are perfectly right. I did lie. And I'll see that nobody else does."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Meaning of Colors

THE symbolical significance of the colors was once much believed in. During the eighteenth century some of the practical significations of these colors were as follows.

Yellow worn by a man signified secrecy, and was appropriate for the silent lover. Worn by a woman it indicated generosity. Golden yellow was the symbol of the sun and of Sunday. The precious stone was the chrysolite or the yellow jacinth. The animal connected with the color was the lion, doubtless from the association of the zodiacal sign Leo with the midsummer sun. Of the seven ages of man yellow typified adolescence.

Roman matrons covered their heads with a yellow veil to show their hope of offspring and happiness. Because garments of this color were a sign of grandeur and nobility, a golden vestment is assigned to the Queen of Heaven as a sign of her preëminence, as we read in Psalm xlv, 9: "Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir." Gimma's explanation of this, as referring to the Virgin Mary, is in accord with the Catholic exegesis of his time.

White signified for men friendship, religion, integrity; for women, contemplation, affability and purity. It was associated with the moon and with Monday, and was represented by the pearl. The animal having an affinity with white was quite naturally the ermine. The mystic number was seven and white was the color of infancy.

Among the ancients white was a sign of mourning and sadness, and the Greek matrons attired themselves in white on the death of their husbands. Gimma states that, in his time, in Rome, widows used to wear white as mourning for their husbands, while throughout Italy a white band worn around the head was a sign of widowhood.

Red garments on a man indicated command, nobility, lordship and vengeance; on a woman, pride, obstinacy and haughtiness. This was the color of the planet Mars and of Tuesday, and it was represented by the ruby. Why the lynx should have been selected as the animal for red is rather difficult to understand, but as red is the most vivid color its choice as a type full of manhood need not surprise us. Its number was the potent nine, three multiplied by itself.

The ancients covered with a red cloth the biers of those who had died valiantly in battle, as Homer shows when he relates that the brothers and companions of Hector covered the urn containing the hero's ashes with soft purple (scarlet) robes. Plutarch asserts that the Lacedæmonians clothed their soldiers in red to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies and to manifest a thirst for blood. The Italian code of criminal laws known as the Digesto Nuovo was bound in red to signify that a bloody death awaited thieves and murderers.

Blue on a man's dress indicated wisdom and high and magnanimous thoughts; on a woman's dress, jealousy in love, politeness and vigilance. Friday and Venus were represented by blue, and the celestial-hued sapphire was the stone in which this color appeared in all its beauty. Blue was a fit symbol of the age of childhood, but it is less easy to understand the choice of the goat as the animal associated with the color. The significant number was six. Natural science, the contemplation of the heavens and of the heavenly bodies, and the study of stellar influences were all typified by blue.

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CLIFF-DWELLING IN GOTHAM

(Concluded from Page 25)

duck at four dollars and a half, grouse at four dollars, imported pheasants at four dollars. No doubt, to get those things costs much money, and to prepare them properly requires skill. But anybody can get a porterhouse steak, and anybody that knows anything can cook it. So two dollars and a quarter for a porterhouse steak, or four dollars for an extra porterhouse, seems high. Chicken *en casserole* at three dollars may be all right, for they may have to import the *casserole* at great expense; but two dollars for a mere broiled chicken, or two dollars and a half for a broiled, milk-fed chicken seems almost unreasonable."

"That's true," said Mr. Wimple; "and look at the vegetables. Here's a dish of string beans at sixty cents; stewed tomatoes at half a dollar, onions in cream at forty cents, plain mashed potatoes at thirty cents, and so on. I wish I had a contract to supply the navy with vegetables at those prices. I would cheerfully divide with the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. It might be alleged that the surpassing skill of the chef imparts even to a dish of cauliflower or asparagus such extraordinary excellence as to make it worth sixty cents. But here is cold ham at seventy-five cents, and cold corned beef at fifty cents. How in the world can the most expert of chefs so exercise his art upon a few slices of cold corned beef as to make them worth half a dollar?"

The Luxury of the Silver Coffee Pot

"I haven't noticed that the coffee was anything more than good coffee," said Mrs. Wimple; "yet for coffee with cream the price is thirty-five cents."

"The coffee," her husband replied, "exhibits the whole philosophy of the swell hotel. What we want is just a full-sized cup of good coffee, with a tablespoonful of cream. What we get is one elegant silver pot of coffee, one elegant silver pot of hot water, one elegant silver jug of hot milk and one elegant silver jug of cold cream, all on an elegant silver tray, elegantly stamped with the monogram of the hotel, and borne by an elegant waiter. Now, for what we get, the price is not excessive, and we have to take and pay for the whole outfit in order to get the simple cup of coffee that we really want.

"On the second floor of this hotel," he continued, "is a grand ballroom, with a *foyer*, dressing room and all fixings properly appertaining to a ballroom; also a grand banquet room, decorated in the style of Louis XIV—that is, with cubes of gold and silver bullion, certificates of Standard Oil stock, tips on the market and other enormously costly articles of *vertu*. A splendid reception room adjoins the banquet hall, and a state suite, with hand-carved and gilded oak and other simple notions. Now we are not thinking of giving any grand balls during our sojourn in New York. We shall not invite our half dozen casual acquaintances to a grand banquet, nor hold a reception. We have, in short, no use for the apartments mentioned. Our humble part is merely to assist in paying the rent on all that vacant magnificence.

"We occupy a very nice little room, with a couple of neat brass beds in it, and a nice little bath adjoining, for which we pay seven dollars and a half *per diem*. That, you will see, is at the rate of twenty-seven hundred and odd dollars per annum, or something like ten dollars a year for each square foot of floor space. That seems high, but in order to get our little room we have to take and pay for our share of all the sumptuousness downstairs, just as in order to get the coffee we have to take all the trimmings."

"I suppose a good many people want the trimmings," Mrs. Wimple observed.

"Some do," said he, "and others merely want other people to think they want 'em—thereby raising the flattering presumption that they've always been used to 'em. First, there are the guests who really enjoy blowing themselves. Next, there are those who hate to pay the bill, but would rather perish than have it known they were staying at any but a very expensive place. Then there are those who simply don't know anywhere else to go. They are sure to know of the most expensive places, because those places are sure to be talked about. So the simple formula is to fix prices as high as the most extravagant person will stand. That reminds me that we are about broke. *Excelsior* has been our motto while the money lasted, yet in seeking what the papers call an 'exclusive' hotel we have pursued a will-o'-the-wisp. The only hotel I know of which really merits that description is the old Jones House at home, which—thanks to a protracted process of elimination—the vermin now have practically to themselves."

To supply New York with swell hotels was long supposed to be the historic function of the Astor family. But a family, no matter how opulent, could not keep it up. A work so vast and costly could be carried on only by the more or less united effort of society—that is, by corporations. Thus the Plaza is an enterprise of the United States Realty and Improvement Company, a corporation that is capitalized at thirty-odd million dollars and has a great many city undertakings and investments. The hotel itself is owned and conducted by another corporation, the Plaza Operating Company, which has issued upward of nine million dollars of bonds and three millions of stock, the total investment in land, building and furniture slightly exceeding twelve and a half millions.

Far down on Broadway, below the City Hall and next St. Paul's ancient chapel, stands a sad but solid structure of dun dressed stone, five stories high. Passing through the entrance hall, you reach a larger apartment, circular in shape. Semicircular counters occupy the center of the room, and are provided with high stools upon which guests may sit and absorb sandwiches, coffee and sinkers or other nourishment with ease and rapidity.

A Vision of Future Scrumptiousness

Iron fire escapes clamber here and there over the exterior of the building, and the most conspicuous corner is occupied by an enterprising tradesman who offers to make you a fine suit for twelve dollars.

This is the far-famed Astor House, whose amazing magnificence dazzled our grandfathers from Bangor to New Orleans, and which was fondly supposed to be the last word in hotel splendor.

Today, some seventy blocks farther north, the twelve-million-dollar Plaza challenges the awe and admiration of triumphant democracy. It almost makes one weep to reflect that when our grandchildren come to New York—the high spot then being in the neighborhood of Two Hundred and Ninety-ninth Street—the Plaza will be a municipal lodging house and soup kitchen for the unemployed. Cracks will then appear in its marble walls. Its menu will read as follows:

> Bean Soup, per pint, 4 cents; per quart, 7 cents.
>
> Oyster Stew, plain, 5 cents.
>
> Ditto, with oysters in it, 8 cents.
>
> New England boiled dinner, consisting of corned beef, codfish, cabbage, potatoes, carrots, onions, oats and alfalfa, 12 cents.
>
> Pie, one-hand slab, 3 cents; two-hand slab, 5 cents.
>
> Coffee, per bowl, if grounds are consumed, 3 cents; if grounds are returned, 2 cents.
>
> One hunk of bread and one dab of oleomargarine furnished free; extra hunks, two for a cent.
>
> N. B.—Guests wishing forks will please apply to *maître d'hôtel*, in basement, who will furnish same at one cent each.

And the Indescribably Scrumptious, to which the Wimples of that day will joyfully repair, will be situated somewhere in the Bronx or beyond. Before its magnificent façade, composed of bronze gilt, cut glass, rare first editions and precious stones, will stand a fortified booth, where you will part with your letter of credit, Government bonds, bullion and banknotes. You will then be privileged to pass through the serried ranks of infantry that guard the splendid portal of hand-carved radium. A field marshal will open one leaf of the door for you. Stepping in, you will find yourself outside. In other words, the hotel will consist entirely of façade, which is a foreign word meaning front.

INGRAM'S
ZODENTA
FOR THE TEETH

ZODENTA

A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

I regard the two great crimes against the teeth as, first, neglect; second, the use of the wrong dentifrice. Which of these is the greater I know not—but this *I do know*—that the use of the wrong dentifrice is practically the same in result as neglect. Necessarily the requirements of the teeth are neglected if what is required is not used, unsightly appearance and heavy dentist's bills then follow.

Because a dentifrice is put up in an *attractive package* does *not* constitute it as a proper *cleansing agent* for the teeth. For much harm to the teeth may lurk in the contents of that package: it may not be positive harm but it certainly does negative harm if it delays use of a proper corrective, for delays often are dangerous.

Chemical agents that may eat or destroy that vital enamel, cellulose matter that may scratch it and leave abiding places for germ life to cause decay and discoloration.

These and many other agents of teeth distress may be contained in the package regardless of its beauty.

Now, I put my Zodenta tooth cream up in a good, honest collapsible tube.

The tube is attractive, but it's only a container after all.

It's the Zodenta in the tube that I spend my time on—that I make good—for Zodenta is for the teeth and *must* do them good and not harm.

Let me tell you just a few things I do to insure the superiority of Zodenta.

The ingredients are the *very best*, by our process the paste cannot form at all if there exists any lack or defect in any article used.

I mill or grind them until they can easily sift through fine silk.

Then I mix them together and in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit they form a true and inseparable combination.

That's why in Zodenta there are no acids, no cellulose, no injurious ingredients.

That's why Zodenta doesn't break up into separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc.

That's why Zodenta doesn't cake solid as stone in the tube.

I'm proud of Zodenta—I have every reason to be. I have so much confidence in Zodenta as being the most superior tooth cream that I will do this:

If your druggist doesn't carry Zodenta, send me 25 cents for a large 2½ ounce tube. I will mail it to you promptly and if it does not bear out all the claims I make for it, return to me, no matter how much you use, and I will refund your money.

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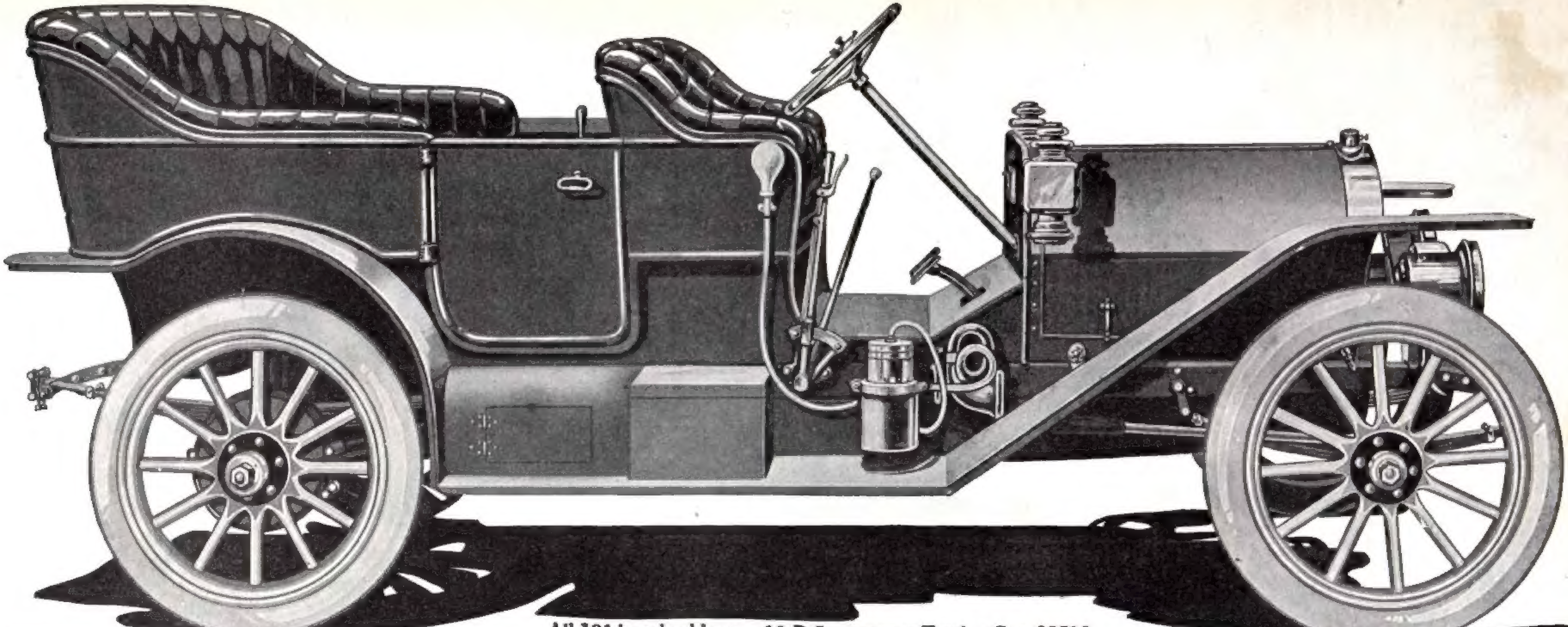

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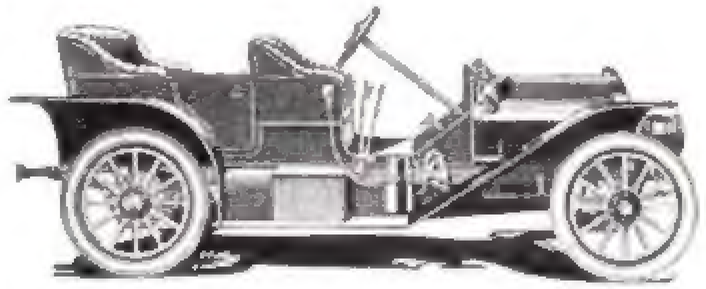

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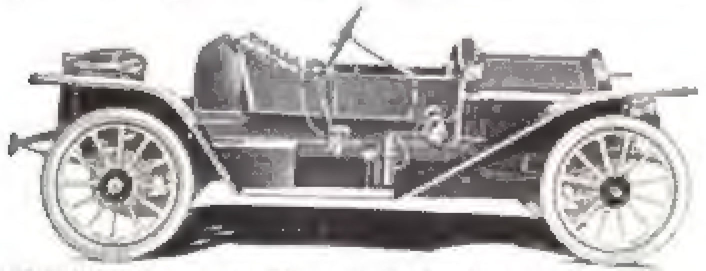

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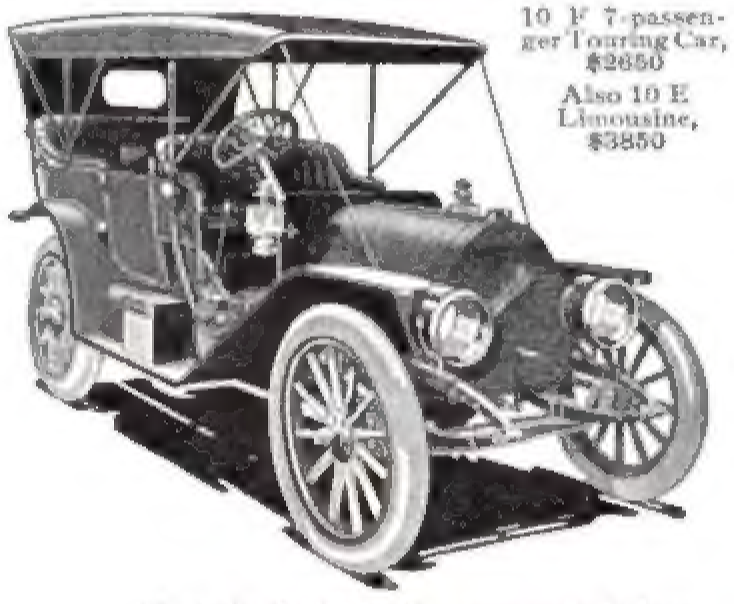

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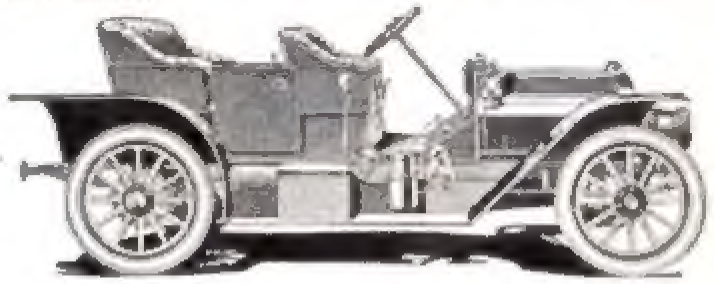

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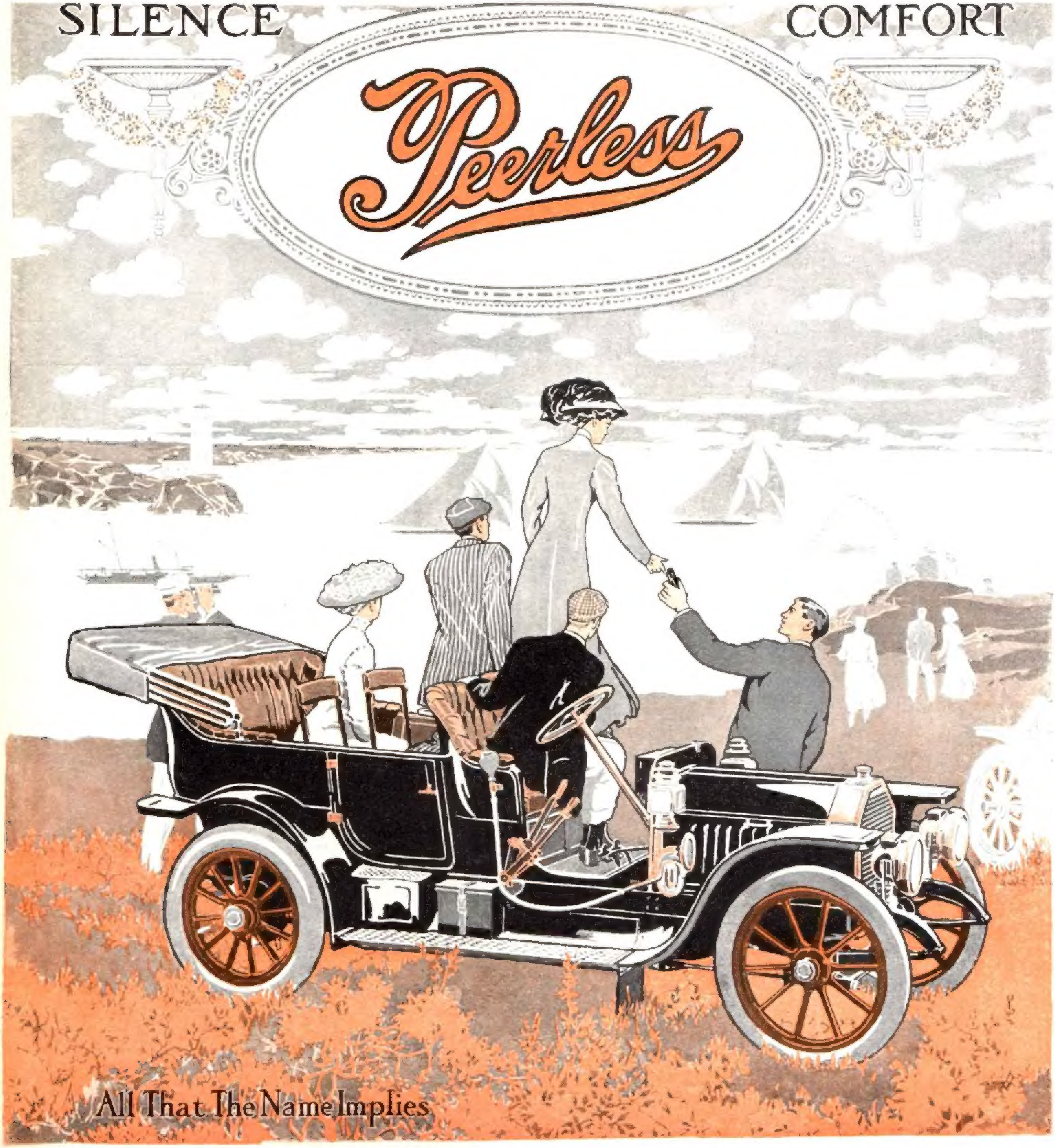
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